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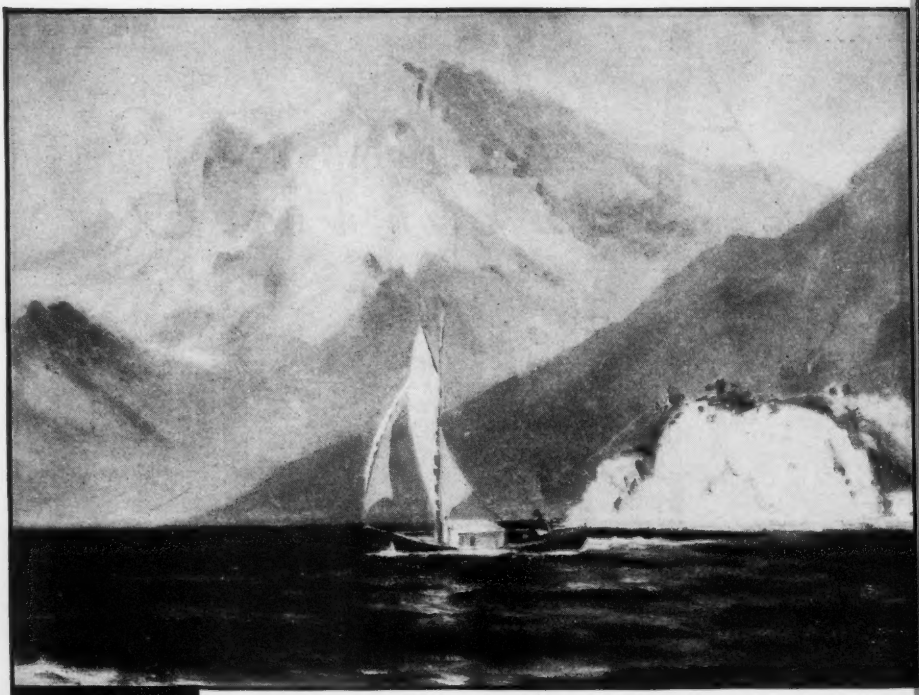

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The Questions

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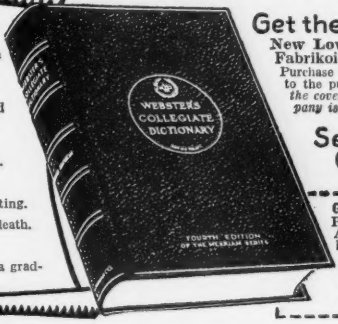
2. When did Amundsen discover the South Pole?
3. What region in America was called the "Bad Lands"?
4. Who was Bluebeard's seventh wife?
5. What ability distinguishes the bat from all other mammals?
6. Beau monde has what meaning?
7. What is an affidavit?
8. How does the opossum try to deceive its captor?
9. What famous prize was awarded to Germany's Stresemann in 1926?
10. What is a baccalaureate sermon?

The Answers

1. The sunlight reflected from the earth to the moon.
2. December 14, 1911.
3. S. W. South Dakota and N. W. Nebraska.
4. Fatima.
5. It is capable of true flight.
6. The fashionable world.
7. A sworn statement in writing.
8. When caught it feigns death.
9. Nobel Peace Prize.
10. Farewell discourse to a graduating class.



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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

WALTER D. EDMONDS was studying and writing at Cambridge during those very years when Harvard, as Heywood Broun quaintly put it, 'had sold her birthright for a mess of touchdowns.' With Philip Barry, Oliver La Farge, John Mason Brown, and a dozen others, he harks back to the days when The Signet served the best luncheon, had the best talk in town.

Born and raised on the bank of the Black River Canal, a tributary of the Erie, Edmonds was saturated with the talk and vigor of the old 'Canawl' as early as his sophomore year, when his first short story appeared in *Scribner's*. His first two novels, *Rome Haul* and *The Big Barn*, were opening links in a chain of narratives designed to compass the stirring epochs in New York's history.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

WALTER D. EDMONDS

Erie Water

[Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, $2.50]

WALTER D. EDMONDS'S *Erie Water* is as fresh and as full of sap and racy flavor as an apple. It was evidently written by a man for whom the rustic landscape is a passion only less strong than his passion for unspoiled human nature. One feels hopeful of the American novel after reading such a book by so young a man; because if the newer generation of novelists, after saturating themselves with American life, past or present, can still present it with so much of faith, hope, and charity, this suggests that they are penetrating below the surface — which until recently they found ugly and monotonous — to the roots and finding them sound.

Of course *Erie Water* deals with events of something over a hundred years ago; but there is little in it, except manners and customs, that cannot be duplicated to-day in any similar environment. Jerry Fowlers still marry quiet wives, whom they neglect for their work or for a woman more romantically interesting, and as like as not they return to their quiet wives in the end; and women are still unable to see why men love lifeless things, like canals, which they have made. And the world is still full of restless Epicureans, engaging nonentities, quiet workers, large-hearted women, fiery Irishmen, puzzled Negroes, futile dreamers, and men of vision, such as crowded the roads, dug the ditches, worked the farms along the route of the Seneca Turnpike in 1817. It is the reality of these scores of people and the warmth with which the rural landscape is painted that make the book seem not a historical novel at all. And this effect is greatly heightened by the skill with which the author has caught the very tone and cadence of popular speech. No one could do this who had not lived long and lovingly in one spot and tuned his ear to words as they are spoken and not as they are written in books.

The double theme of love and work — of Jerry and Mary Goodhill, a redemptioner, whom he marries, and of the construction of the Erie Canal and Jerry's building of the locks — is carried through with quiet strength and is engrossingly interesting; but the book dwells in the mind as an experience in the open air — a long, leisurely tramp, punctuated by moments of excitement, but, on the whole, one in which the senses respond sharply to odd but half-familiar impressions and the mind is incessantly caught by quaintness, beauty, humor, and homely truth. One will not soon forget the gypsying on the 'piece of grass against woods,' with the wedding among the 'movers'; or the horse, Bourbon; or the fight between O'Mory and Jay-Jay; or the finding of Norah in the cabin in the woods; or 'the water coming through,' when the Canal at last is flooded.

R. M. GAY

***The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. by Aldous Huxley**

[Viking, $5.00]

THIS seems, at the present time, an important volume. Lawrence was our contemporary, and his influence on us is still alive; is still, probably, growing. It is an influence as difficult to describe as it is significant; no one who knew Lawrence was, apparently, the same person afterward; no impressionable reader can know his books without being in some way changed. His philosophy, as philosophy, may have been one-sided and crazy; he may have lacked the true novelist's ability to create a world that we can recognize as the world our own experience defines for us; as a poet he was perhaps tentative and insecure. But he *felt* with what for many people was a new and heightened awareness; he orientated emotions in a fresh direction. I should like to suggest that Lawrence was the embodiment, in a single individual, of the most important emotional theories of our time. We believe that to be good

BOOKS for MARCH

James Truslow Adams

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

artists we must see reality afresh, with the eye of a child, uncontaminated by preconceived ideas. Lawrence was always seeing reality afresh. 'It was,' says Aldous Huxley in his introduction to the Letters, 'as though he were newly reborn from a mortal illness every day of his life.' Lawrence, more than any of our contemporaries who have been articulate, was pure impulse, in his life and in his writings. He felt the need of an appropriate 'societal' background, as all artists do, and he felt more intensely than most artists that to-day it cannot be found. He believed that a mechanical civilization kills the essential human instincts; he restlessly traveled all over the world looking in vain for a place where they still might flourish. He was thrown back on his own emotions; and, significantly enough, he did not emphasize the articulate emotions that involve reason before they can be completely expressed, but the inarticulate emotions that can only be expressed, if at all, in a kind of blind action. 'Why can't you darken your minds,' he wrote, 'and know that the great gods pulse in the dark, and enter you as darkness through the lower gates?' His egoism, his fascination, his insistence on his own rightness, might be regarded, to put it crudely, as the characteristics of a man who had never grown up, who retained, heightened to an extraordinary degree, the sensibility, the direct impulses of a child, and who, as a result, symbolized the desires of a civilization grown sick of itself, incapable of rational solution, and anxious for emotional escape.

Lawrence himself would have angrily repudiated any such interpretation. And it is only on reflection that it seems justified; as one reads these letters one is carried away by their reality, and the picture they give of the individual life they make so moving. Some of them are admirable, especially the letters to Middleton Murry, Mrs. Godkin, and Lady Cynthia Asquith. But the whole book should be read, for even if one denies that Lawrence has any final value except as a type of sensibility, one cannot help respecting, perhaps envying him. And it is a proof of his vitality that after reading his letters the accomplished introduction by Aldous Huxley seems literary and unreal.

THEODORE SPENCER

THERE are, it is said, over 10,000 biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte in existence. Yet, so persistently does this man of destiny capture our imagination that each succeeding generation must reinterpret him anew.

To condense in a comparatively short volume the story of the Emperor Napoleon and to leave the reader under the impression that nothing of importance has been neglected would in itself be a remarkable achievement. In his ***Napoleon*** (Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, $3.75), **Jacques Bainville,** in addition, has succeeded in giving a rare quality of artistic simplicity and unity to a study which rests on careful documentation and thorough meditation.

Execrated and worshiped in turn by the multitude, exalted for his military genius and his reorganization of France after the Revolution, severely criticized by the individualists for having crushed the citizen and strengthened the State, Napoleon presents in his life such an extraordinary combination of dramatic contrasts that even among his contemporaries he appeared an epic and legendary character. Such is, over a century after his death, the halo which surrounds the figure of the Corsican adventurer. Paris is still so full of his memory and the monuments he erected to perpetuate his victories that his biographer admits it is difficult not to be 'dazzled' by the swiftness of his rise, as well as by its height.

But no historian has a right to be dazzled very long, and, without neglecting the purely picturesque and narrative part of his account, M. Bainville has undertaken to find in circumstances and in Napoleon himself the explanation of this prodigious destiny.

Circumstances occurred, opportunities arose, some of them were neglected, most of them were eagerly pounced upon by the eagle-eyed genius during the first part of his career. But in the midst of his glory the Emperor was haunted by a sense of futility — he felt that he was supporting on his shoulders the great structure he had erected. In order to protect it against outside enemies he must continue fighting even if he wished for peace; he had no guaranty and little hope that after his disappearance his work would stand, no certainty that the frail son Marie-Louise had given him would ever succeed him on the throne he had hewn with his sword. He had rebuilt the empire of Charlemagne, but he did not represent a deep-rooted tradition; unlike the sovereigns he had defeated, he had not inherited the allegiance, the loyalty, and the devotion of generations of men. He was the product of eighteenth-century intellectualism, the son of the Revolution, and he himself dimly felt that he could found no dynasty. This bitter sense of unfulfillment, this search for permanency, this fever in building and organizing so that something of himself might survive, give a poignant unity to the figure of Napoleon delineated by M. Bainville.

Looking at the Empire after an interval of a century, and trying to estimate it as a modern Frenchman and a modern European, the author cannot help feeling that Napoleon's apprehensions were fully justified. He left France with the frontiers of Louis XVI; his Civil Code, now obsolete, is disintegrating. It is impossible to forget Napoleon, and the ears of men still catch his footsteps echoing ever more faintly in the reaches of time; but to the last *why* that comes to his mind the biographer can only answer negatively: 'It would be better if Napoleon had never existed.'

Such a conclusion, however, **Hilaire Belloc** refuses to accept in his ***Napoleon*** (Lippincott, $4.00). To him

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The BOOKSHELF

Napoleon is above all the extraordinary genius who attempted the unity of Europe and caught up again the undying Augustan tradition, the inheritance of the Cæsars, 'the legacy of Rome to our race.' He succeeded in making generally accepted certain postulates of civil law and certain principles of the French Revolution, but he failed in reëstablishing and fixing completely their 'noble culture.' If Europe at the present time stands disorganized and disrupted, it is because the Napoleonic ideal of unity has been abandoned; her only hope is to resurrect it.

For this contention, which Mr. Belloc develops with great sincerity and eloquence, there is much to be said, particularly as the author admits that this reuniting of Europe must result from a 'living conscious unity.' Thus, to determine why Napoleon failed to accomplish his task becomes a problem of to-day.

He failed, according to Mr. Belloc, because, of the three great aspects of society, he was able to understand and utilize only two. A genius in civil and military matters, whom his biographer justifies even in having underestimated the importance of sea power, Napoleon failed to grasp the moral value of the ecclesiastical element in the life of modern Europe. No complete unity could be achieved by a man who had ostensibly shown disrespect to the head of the Church and, in so doing, prevented a complete pacification of the Vendée and even aroused against him the religious and national spirit of Spain.

After this long and stimulating introduction, which will not be accepted without reservations by every reader, Mr. Belloc proceeds to illustrate his thesis with a series of highly colored and picturesque episodes presenting Napoleon's life from the cradle to the tomb. Unlike the French biographer, M. Bainville, he does not hesitate to accept legends, for to him legend is almost as true and sometimes much more significant than history. He is at his best, however, when dealing with military scenes, in his analysis of tactics which will delight all those who, by the fireside, like to fight again the battles of old by which kingdoms were won and lost.

GILBERT CHINARD

THE PAGEANT OF THE COSMOS

MYSTERIOUS new world of expanding space, stars older than the universe that gave them birth, matter formed of waves, paradox piled on paradox — does the contradictory jumble hide an underlying unity, a system, order and not chaos? Yes, answers **Willem de Sitter,** the Leiden astronomer, in ***Kosmos*** (Harvard University Press, $1.75). However revolutionary and undisciplined it may appear, modern science is still science and trying to do what science always has done: to correlate different phenomena. The story of these attempts through the centuries is the theme of this packed book — and it is a beautiful story, appreciatively told. From Pythagoras, 'first who had the courage to think of the earth as freely floating in space in the centre of the universe,' to Einstein and the later moderns, there march through these pages glimpses of world builders and of their worlds — each an upsetter of old ideas, and yet each building on the fragment of truth that was in the discarded dream of his forerunner.

This pageant of supplanted scientific theories recalled to me a scene from Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship.* He imagines the voice of the dead generations calling to us, from the depths of the past, their interpretations of the cosmos: 'This then is what *we* made of the world: this is all the image and notion we could form to ourselves of this great mystery of a Life and Universe. Despise it not. You are raised high above it, to large free scope of vision; but you too are not yet at the top. Your notion too, so much enlarged, is but a partial, imperfect one.'

Now our current notion, according to this book, is of a distending universe, a vast bubble blowing up with incredible rapidity. Is this idea final? Will it last? No, concludes de Sitter; it too 'bears all the marks of a transitory structure,' and to-day the theory of the expanding universe 'is much less definite than we supposed it to be a few months ago.'

GEORGE W. GRAY

Our Times, Vol. IV: *The War Begins* (1909–1914), by Mark Sullivan

[Scribners, $3.75]

MR. ALLEN's brilliant book, *Only Yesterday,* appearing between the third and fourth volumes of *Our Times,* may have caused some of us to forget what a monumental and extraordinary work Mr. Sullivan instituted when his first volume was published in 1926, and now has brought to its penultimate stage. History is difficult enough when time has supplied the perspective which the present — a forest filled with obscuring trees — is incapable of affording. To write the history of a past which has barely ceased to be the present, the journalist and the historian, each of uncommon capacity, need to be rolled into one. If Mr. Sullivan's preceding volumes have indicated that he represents such an amalgam, this new volume establishes the fact little short of triumphantly, and makes the fifth and last an event to be awaited with the keenest anticipation.

In careless retrospect the five years with which this volume deals may seem to have resembled the calm that precedes a storm. In reality they were years of peculiarly rapid and momentous change. The many aspects of it cannot even be suggested in these few words. With the skill of an accomplished journalist the author pounces on the topics, large and small, that 'signify' and lets none of their saliency escape in the presentation. Even one such slip as taking a passage in the Anglican

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Catechism for a prayer recited every Sunday by millions is a comforting reminder of fallibility.

Instead of trying to look at the book as a compound of a wide diversity of elements, let us concentrate on one chapter and one substantial section made up of nineteen chapters. The single chapter is called 'New Influences on the American Mind.' In this Mr. Sullivan deals with Freud, Omar Khayyám, Shaw and his contemporary iconoclasts, and New York as an influence in itself. With none of the dogmatism of an outraged graybeard, but with a rare perception of the facts of the matter in each case, — none more fairly and searchingly treated than that of Freudism and its effects, — he sets forth the plight of those who 'feel always the need of stability and security, of fixed anchorages of faith, authority, rule, command, familiar paths, fixed ways, appointed hours, the protecting walls of rutted courses.' Mr. Sullivan's study of the rapidly changed America marks him as a penetrating chronicler of much besides exterior things.

The longer passage, of nineteen chapters, — nearly half of the book in bulk, — has to do with Roosevelt and Taft, their ruined friendship, and the portentous consequences. Mr. Sullivan's editorial association with *Collier's Weekly* allied him with the Progressive side of the conflict, yet without blinding him to the admirable qualities of Taft, a part of whose 'tragedy,' he says, was that he 'was a static man in a dynamic age.' Nor does a recognition of what was admirable in Roosevelt blind the writer to his limitations. The result, growing in large measure also from a rare inside knowledge of the political and social intricacies of Washington, is a picture of a tragic episode in our presidential history so faithfully and poignantly drawn that it may well occupy a permanent place in the annals of American life. This picture would of itself be the making of any history owing so much to the best journalism as this.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

Before the spring freshets begin and while influenza is still with us, I may be doing a service to invalids and their friends by calling attention to *Fun in Bed* (Simon & Schuster), an entertaining handbook for convalescents who want to make a little effort but not much. Never before have so many fresh ways of diverting the mind been wrapped up in one package. . . . A striking example of how far a good title helps to sell a book is to be seen in *Life Begins at Forty*, by Walter B. Pitkin (Whittlesey House), a collection of good-natured papers demonstrating that the last forty years are the easiest. Just the kind of optimism the doctor has ordered for lean years. . . .

The New Year has already brought some new leaders into the field. *Ann Vickers* by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran), started off with an advance sale of 54,746 copies; even such a veteran

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as H. G. Wells has had his thirty-eighth novel, *The Bulpington of Blup* (Macmillan), begin with a first push of over 10,000. . . . For some time I have looked forward to reading ***The Narrow Corner*** by **Somerset Maugham** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A short novel by a past master of technique, the book, I confess, left me with an impression of shortcoming. This story of a Malay island drags in its preliminary stages, and although for a brief spell at the climax there is an extraordinary suspense (while Eric sits in reverie and the reader waits for Louise's shocking betrayal), on the whole this seems to be the work of an expert, keeping his hand in, but only mildly interested in what he is doing. . . . ***The Last Adam,*** by **James Gould Cozzens** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is a warm-blooded, robust story, easy to like. The author writes about a Connecticut town which he knows from the ground up. He is successful to an uncommon degree in bringing you within the closed corporation of village life. You see these people, especially a telephone girl and a country doctor, in all their casual rounds; you observe their fallibilities, their quarrels, spites, and redeeming kindness, all set down in the most natural, readable fashion. The story passes in a series of rapid-fire 'shots,' sustaining the reader's attention more by variety and surprise than by steady development.

Ever since the Crimea, Russia has exerted a peculiar fascination upon Englishmen. The autobiography which I next want to urge upon you is the life story of a somewhat reckless, altogether candid young Scotsman who fell in love with Russia in the last years of its corrupt majesty, who gave the best part of his own career in an attempt to further the diplomatic understanding between England and Russia, a man who came to know Trotsky and the Bolshevik leaders as well as he had known the Tsarist officials, and who was finally imprisoned by the Soviets, from whose death sentence he escaped by the skin of his teeth. ***British Agent*** (Putnam, $3.75) is the title of this remarkable book, and the man himself, **R. H. Bruce Lockhart,** was in Moscow as an accredited English diplomat and agent continuously from 1911 till 1918. His picture of the days that are gone forever, of the great gypsy parties, of the irreconcilable Russian temperament, is, of course, touched with melancholy. But there is nothing mawkish about this book: it is the most honestly vivid, the most honestly exciting picture of Russia, in wealth and in revolution, I have read.

Edward Weeks

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THE FORGOTTEN MAN TO HIS PRESIDENT

BY WILSON FOLLETT

We have given you what you asked for — our votes. In unprecedented millions we have sanctioned your aspiration to the office which you now assume. Thousands of us who never before cast a ballot for any nominee of your party have cast our ballots for you. Other thousands who never before participated in a national election at all, because they never detected in national politics a contest of principles worth a trip to the polls, have helped swell your majority. Many of the sound, disinterested, incorruptible men of the party lately in power worked against their nominal affiliations to procure your triumph, and brought to your cause the support of all who value the judgment and trust the motives of these leaders. You go to your inauguration bearing the ostensible mandate of all parties, all social classes, all occupations, all sections of the country, in a way and to a degree never granted to any man since America came into her full stature as a nation.

You might pardonably look upon yourself, therefore, as having won, by either the arithmetical or the moral scale of measurement, every plaudit and every tribute within the power of your fellow countrymen to bestow. Nevertheless, we beg of you not to see yourself in that light. It would be natural enough, human enough, for you to surrender yourself to the elation of the victor in a partisan contest; but we want you to be a little more than human in this one respect, and to feel something less than elation. The glow of triumph, the gusto of an overwhelming and merited vindication — that might excusably be the mood in which you contemplate your success and approach the responsibilities of your office; but to us it seems desperately important that you attain a mood for which no excuse need be framed.

Superficially considered, the circumstances invite you to take your oath of office as a victorious general, the resplendent conquering hero who leads a triumphal procession in his plumed and gilded coach. We can perhaps forgive you if you so feel and

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act, for are we not human and ordinary folk ourselves, capable of petty exultations and gloatings, fond of a bit of pageantry or dramatic retribution now and then, prone to imagine ourselves with a foot on the necks of fallen enemies, and touched with humorous charity for our own average weaknesses made manifest in the conduct of other men?

At the same time, we should far prefer not to be obliged to forgive you for being even as we are; we have seen enough and to spare of arrogant fatuity in office. We should like to be satisfied with you, satisfied with the choice we have made. And satisfied we shall never be until we have seen you go to your task, not arrayed in self-confidence and pride, not vestured in the illusion of power, glory, and importance to which one of us might succumb in your place, but rather clothed in the sackcloth of an invulnerable humility.

II

We have given you the votes you asked for; but is there not one other thing, even more important, which you require from us along with them? It seems to us that there ought to be, and that without this other thing your handsome majority will turn out to be worthless to you and to us. We hope you want what goes with the votes; but, whether you do or not, we want you to have it. We have a moral right to demand that you accept it, and even to force it upon you if we can find the way.

What is it that we are so insistent upon your having? Simply an understanding of what we meant by all those ballots cast for your electors.

To whom can you turn for this urgently necessary understanding? Who is going to challenge you with a truthful interpretation of your victory? Not your late campaign workers and managers and backers and their astute lieutenants. These men's game is not truth, but flattery; not wisdom, but tactics. Up to the eve of the election they were busy flattering us, the electorate, in what they thought to be your interest. Precisely at that point their usefulness ended.

An hour after the result was known, most of them had turned to flattery of you. They began with one consent to inform you that we voters had just given a stupendous and crushing demonstration of our confidence in you. There you have the measure of their hopeless remoteness from us plain, non-political folk and our mental posture. It was perhaps an inevitable bit of comedy that they should make you that hollow declaration; but if by clamor and repetition they get you to believe a word of it, then you will have become the victim of tragedy, and we the spectators of tragi-comedy.

The underlying truth of what the country meant by its behavior on election day is not to be had, then, from those interested ones who have the readiest access to your ear. It is not to be had, save in vestiges and glimmerings, from even the most disinterested of political specialists and regionalists. These can help you to some extent with techniques and devices — admitted. But for a knowledge of what has really been happening of late in the mind of America, for trustworthy counsel as to the actual basic obligations and policies of your administration, there is only one quarter to which you can afford to turn, and that is the quarter occupied by the inarticulate forgotten man made memorable in the phrase which you borrowed from Sumner for your campaign.

Let us not be technical about whether by 'the forgotten man' you mean precisely what Sumner meant. We

know what you mean, or think we do; and it is something real. You mean us, the forgotten people of forgotten America, the country nobody knows — us, the plain folk, distrustful congenitally of politics and politicians, us whose votes put the rungs in your ladder. As well as we knew how, we said by those votes, 'See here, all you officeholders and interest servers and blind mouths generally, *we* live in America, too. It is high time someone thought of *us* for a change; and, mark you, we mean sooner or later to be remembered.'

If, having once really understood that we exist, you are resolved to keep us in mind, to work for the advancement of our legitimate hopes, and to ignore all expert advice to the contrary, then you possess the first and greatest qualification for becoming the President of all the people, and you can have any degree of support from us that you will ever require. If, on the other hand, you lose touch with us among the intricacies of bureaucratic manipulation; if you rest content with the conventional executive ideal of being merely a plausible party leader and industrious fence builder; if you let politicians sell you their political interpretations of our extremely non-political state of mind — then you are primed for exactly the disaster which overtook your predecessor in office. You will find yourself the marshal of an army with a pretentious plan of campaign, an elaborately organized staff, and not a corporal's guard of privates in the ranks.

III

In the long interval between your election and your inauguration, we hope that you have devoted your time to measuring and collecting your merely human powers against the appalling demands ahead, studying to make yourself a better man than the one your party convention nominated and we elected. We hope especially that you have spent some of it in feeling out the new spirit of the country, striving to penetrate the smoke screen of mere party strategy to the realities of your forgotten man.

Believe, if you can, that the very voice and spirit of that naïve fellow are trying to speak to you from these pages. They have no panacea to offer, no sure cure for the ills which beset us, for the forgotten man has not been educated to the point of believing in the magic of his own words. The intellectual ones will bedevil you more than enough with their pat little formulas of salvation. These paragraphs, then, contain not a hint of anything that could be called a political programme. They are merely an attempt to suggest to you, in the most general way, how the masses of us feel about you, our President, and what we meant by that overpowering majority in November, and what manner of service we shall have to receive from you to escape the conviction that once more we have been sold, made to waste our votes.

You will find nothing here which does not faithfully represent the thoughts of unnumbered Americans — clerks and sales persons trying to get along on a third of a job apiece; foreclosed ranchers in the high plains, ruined farmers and planters in the Mississippi belt; newspaper men who privately revile the policies of their managing editors; mechanics in garages, attendants at filling stations, waiters in restaurants; the bankrupt clients of city and country lawyers who cannot collect one fee in seven due; mill operatives and bench hands in towns built on a single industry now idle; fishermen the length of both coasts; folk who have come to the pass

of accepting public aid for their children, and other folk who have pawned belongings to help the children of neighbors; tenants struggling to pay rent, landlords struggling to collect rent or to meet their necessities without collecting it; movie extras and librarians and teachers and writers and the mining engineers of mines two years closed down — in fine, *us*.

You cannot say that it is officious of us to wish that we might make you feel and hear us. After all, we hired you, and you ought not to object to knowing what we expect of you. You cannot very well say that our opinion of you has ceased to be worth your hearing since we recorded it en masse in November, when you were so gracefully deferring to it. The fact is, we are about the only ones from whom you have much chance of hearing the astringent truth; for we are about the only ones who ask nothing for themselves individually and expect nothing save in terms of the common good. It seems to us that you must care to know what we think.

Here you have what we think, or some of it. Believe it if you can. Our greatest hope for ourselves politically is that you may have discovered for yourself that the account here given is, in its spirit and essence, true.

IV

To go back for a moment to the beginning: —

You must not let your advisers tell you, or believe if they do tell you, that the statistics of the election demonstrate an overwhelming popular confidence in either your party or yourself. The campaign oratory is over now, and all may gratefully forget it and the moods in which it was delivered and heard — heard as often as not, by the way, with a wry skepticism which might have disconcerted the speakers and given them some new ideas about the general acumen of the American people. We have come to the time and the place for a friendly sort of candor; and you will have lost the most salutary part of your self-preparation for office if you do not let us tell you candidly that you must not mistake the vote for a vote of confidence. It was not that, for the simple reason that confidence was not what we voters felt in you.

What we felt, and all we felt, was hope; and the only way for any holder of a national office to capture our confidence is to justify a reasonable fraction of our hope by his conduct in the office itself. The head of the ticket, in this of all presidential years, is no exception. What we have given you is an opportunity to earn our confidence hereafter.

Your opponents elected you. We did not so much accept you as reject them; and we rejected them, not because their campaign suffered by comparison with yours, but because their acts in the preceding twelve years suffered by comparison with any tolerable standard. As one of them, an ostensible liberal, has lately declared, they had taken advantage of every major opportunity to be wrong since the year 1919. Our cumulative realization of that wrongness eventually defeated them. They had conducted the national administration in a way to make it almost a test of patriotic endurance, concentrating at Washington more than were ever seen in one place of the forces which one who loves his country must love it in spite of.

They devoted their campaign to showing that the nation's plight might have been worse. It might; but not, we told ourselves, in any way which the Federal Government could conceivably have affected. We turned

them out of office; and with them we got rid of their local counterparts almost to a man. No such general sweeping of political dead leaves and cobwebs has ever been seen on this continent. That it was not, as charged, the outcome of an insensate rage against all present incumbents, a mere mania for change at any price, we showed in a number of scattered instances by retaining in office persons of notable integrity and ability, regardless of their party connections.

You became the beneficiary of our conviction, rightly or wrongly held, that a change of administration might just possibly improve our condition, and could not sensibly be expected to make it worse. You were elected by our almost universal belief that the worst calamity overhanging us in the political sky was four years more of what we had been having.

V

About you, personally, we have never as yet felt that our knowledge went very deep.

We realize that you are what is called a good fellow; and we are inclined to believe that you are also a good man — one whose heart is in the right place. We can easily imagine that you would go to almost any length of personal sacrifice to relieve misery or promote happiness among your fellow men. And we are utterly unable to imagine that you would ever use your office for any of the cruder forms of self-interest or class interest. There will be no scandal connected with your discharge of your executive functions — we understand that.

Also, we count upon you to select your advisers from among men of admitted probity, breadth of outlook, and public spirit. If you have judicial appointments to make, your nominations will be beyond challenge. We admire you as a man of really civilized and urbane qualities — a man who confronts his work with the healthy gusto which a good many persons devote only to their play, and who does his work all the better for finding in it an enjoyable excitement.

If you had had the destitute veterans of the bonus army on your hands last summer, we suspect that you would have gone to the Anacostia flats very informally in a White House limousine, talked companionably with leaders and men, had a grand time yourself, and left the whole outfit feeling that you were their personal friend. You would never have put them out of Washington for a reason or by a method that would not stand examination; and if it had become necessary for you to put them out, we conjecture that you would have made it your business to go and tell them why. Your tact and candor would have made them see it, too, and the vast majority — all who were not there expressly to make trouble — would have gone cheering you.

You have, we think, a really fine gift of making it easy for all sorts of persons to like you, to feel your color and reality as a man, office or no office. That is in itself a great gift. It will constantly enable you to profit by doing the thing which is at once politically advantageous and morally genuine. We shall never begrudge you an ounce of that sort of profit. Being nobody's fool, you will probably enjoy a private chuckle whenever the ideally right thing for you to do is also the commandingly popular thing; and, being nobody's fools ourselves, we shall chuckle with you.

Your detractors tried to make us feel last summer that your little cruise in New England waters was a hollow and rather childish bid for publicity;

but those of us who are coast dwellers understood perfectly why you chartered that yawl. It was because, loving the sea and sail exactly as so many of us do, you had a sapient little premonition that for the next eight or nine years you might not be allowed to be at close quarters with the sea again except with a good part of the United States Navy in attendance. We American people may be a little thick-witted at times, but when a man is genuinely keen about doing a certain thing we are not so dull as to forbid him because he knows that his doing it may catch him a few headlines and some votes. Such a cruise is an admirable way to spend time, even if people admire it; and you will never alienate our regard by collecting the applause which is due to your qualities.

The question is, not how much support you win by doing the right thing, but rather how many wrong, dubious, or evasive things you are capable of doing to win support. And here, we must admit, is the point at which our actual knowledge of you breaks off and gives place to the high hopes already referred to.

VI

We see clearly that it will take a very great President indeed to bring about any positive betterment in the state of the Union during the next few years. The merely shrewd administrator, the expert party leader with talents for getting himself liked and putting the opposition at a disadvantage, can help us only in the obvious negative ways. That is, such a one can make it fairly hard for government to waste our diminished substance, further dishearten our morale, and interfere with the slender existing impulses toward health and recovery. Frankly, we have not dared count upon much more than that from our next Chief Executive.

Regardless of what anybody has said, we never believed either that the party in power produced the depression or that the party just coming into power could end it. We made the depression ourselves, without even as much help from Europe as some of the bad consciences among us insist; and we fully expect to cure it ourselves in the long run, by revaluation and relocation of the various misunderstood, misplaced things in our civilization.

About all we can really demand of the political system is that it shall stand out of our sunlight. To *make* sunlight for us, our President would have to be of altogether uncommon stature both intellectually and morally. There would have to be a good deal of the seer in him, something of saint and stoic, and possibly a touch of the martyr, all over and above the clever politician and good fellow. He would have to be both the man of the hour and a man for the ages. We have *hoped* to find that paragon in you. (One of the great things about the American political scheme is the way it can keep hope alive by just the perpetual dim possibility of miracles.) But we have certainly not had the hardihood to count on anything of the kind. We do not know enough about you to justify such expectations; and some of what we do know rather tends to discourage them.

Surely you will see how events have worked together to unsettle our minds and muddle them with doubt.

For months before your party convention, it appeared that to get the nomination you were ready to go to any length within the canon of political decency. That appearance dismayed, even staggered us. A man, obviously not insane, who *wanted* to become President of the United States at such

a time — that struck us as a bizarre phenomenon indeed, hardly accountable at all save on the hypothesis of a well-nigh pathologic personal ambition. There are plenty of us ordinary forgotten men who, if we had a bear by the tail, would hang on as long as we could (which is why the obstinate campaign of your rival seemed intelligible and human), but not many of us would go about gratuitously seeking a grizzly to tackle barehanded.

Your insistence upon assuming the man-killing task was so prolonged and became so passionate that at last we began to entertain the speculation that there must be in it something quasi-religious and dedicated, something of the inspired major prophet. Did you possess a secret fanatical conviction of being the man uniquely provided for the great emergency? That was a thought pretty difficult to reconcile with your suavity, your level-headedness, and your twenty-two years' practice in playing the game. Nevertheless, whenever you opened your lips in the campaign we half expected them to give forth flames and lightnings. It was somehow an anticlimax when, every time, they yielded only the restrained, polished, conciliatory, sometimes slightly evasive utterances of a well-bred candidate who had made up his mind to run no avoidable risks.

We made allowances for you on tactical grounds. We admired your discretion as a master of loyal party team play. We told ourselves — with less and less conviction as time went on — that just as soon as the votes were counted you would dare show us the real calibre of your mind. Now we wait with the same hopeful expectancy for your inaugural message. Sometimes we ask a little wistfully: 'Will 1936 find your official spokesmen assuring us that, whereas you have had to spend your first four years subtly working for reëlection, in your second term you can afford really to let yourself go?' We are in a comparatively realistic and skeptical frame of mind this year, and less given than of old to counting chickens unhatched.

You see how it is. With all the will in the world to expect of you the great things for which the exigency itself cries out, — greater things, we suppose, than have been required of any President since Lincoln, — we have been led by the march of events to wonder if there is quite enough sheer power in your composition to meet with inspired energy the stupendous demands of the time. More than we have ever wanted anything from public life, we want to find in you a leader enduringly great by the standards of world history. Only let us see that you are that leader, or even that you comprehend the necessity which calls for him, and there is no length to which we will not follow you and support you. But if, as President, you try too urbanely to please everybody, if you substitute even the highest grade of practical politics and diplomacy for uncompromising courage, if you lose our realities among the plausible and convenient misrepresentations which always so loudly outshout them in Washington — what, then, can we do but heave the same old familiar sigh over our wasted votes?

We shall have asked for the bread of wisdom and leadership, only to be given, not perhaps exactly a stone, but the cut glass of some graceful forensic diction. Is it, after all our hopes, to end so? We are ready, heart and ear, for a savior. Have we him? Or have we, instead, an attractive and facile man, an able politician, a fluent compromiser, whose importance to history in the long run will be that he once called attention to the neglected works of William Graham Sumner?

VII

Probably you have no idea how many substantive errors in policy we common forgotten people could forgive you, or how easily we could forgive you them, if only we might find you cherishing some broad general convictions akin to our own and fighting with the courage of those convictions. Few errors of policy are irreparable, and we had rather see you arrive at all the wrong answers in the right spirit than at all the right answers in the wrong spirit.

We do not primarily demand to be convinced by the details of what you do about the tariff, or the bonus, or prohibition, or the foreign debts, or farm mortgages, or even the relief of hunger. We quite appreciate the insoluble element in all such problems, and, unlike professional politicians and lobbyists, we do not make your circumstantial agreement with our view a first condition of supporting you. We concede you a really handsome margin for experiment and the making of mistakes — especially if, against all political usage, the mistakes be admitted and, as far as may be, corrected.

The thing that we need from you is not infallibility in practice, but unquestionable generosity and candor in motive. The fact is, we ordinary folk have always understood that the world is not going to be saved by holding the right ideas about political and economic questions. That is where we differ from the intellectual liberals and radicals; and that is why we read their weekly manifestoes rather seldom, and then ordinarily to smile with indulgent irony.

The important consideration about a man, a horse, a dog, or a President, is how he is *disposed*. Man is, it seems, an animal who can be saved, not by great truths about things in general, but by his affections, his desires. Now, the masses of us love our America and desire to see her become in certain ways a better land to live in. It is your privilege as our elected leader to clarify, to crystallize that love and that desire — to reveal to us the essential unity of purpose underlying the apparent diversity of our clamorings, and to hearten us for acceptance of the fundamental lessons which we are beginning to learn and must sooner or later master.

You cannot give us prosperity, but you can help create the atmosphere in which real prosperity breeds. You can lay the basis for a new and tenable definition of prosperity, which is the first desideratum. Nine tenths of all discussion of American prosperity is tacitly based on a premise which we do not accept: the premise that everything will be right-side-up as soon as those who were making money four years ago can make it again as fast and as easily, by the same methods.

We not only do not believe that that sort of prosperity is just around the corner, but we do not *want* to believe that it is. Half of this so-called depression is débris from the inevitable explosion of that so-called prosperity. The other half is our open-eyed repudiation of prosperity on those illusory terms — our discovery, better late than never, that we really prefer security, continuity, thrift, and more modest values that will stay put longer. Presumably you share our preference; but we are waiting for the day when everyone in North America will be dead certain that you share it, including all bankers, financiers, wildcat promoters, members of the New York Stock Exchange, and every vendor of insecurities.

Why should the American people be miles ahead of their nominal guides in these matters? Why should it be im-

agined that the last thing we can bear is the harsh truth about what lies just ahead? We are a patient, a philosophical people, — witness the unprecedented good nature and forbearance with which we have stood the pinch of want in the midst of a mocking surplus, — and we can go through almost any passage, however long, if shown a chance of coming out at the right end. What we cannot stand much more of is false encouragement. If there is ever a social revolution in this country, — which may God forbid, for what we really believe in is individual choice and chance and a lot less government, not mass efficiency and more government, — it will not be the product of exhausted fortitude in the national character. It will be the product of unfulfillable reactionary promises made to keep us quiet.

VIII

If you want to lead us in 1936, lead us now. Support our morale by justifying the best hopes we have placed in you. Grasp and use the elements of unity, of serenity, underlying the troubled surface of American life to-day. Keep in touch with us non-political folk who elected you for non-political reasons. Forget all about the Presidency as a drum major's job of beating time to hold the party band together so that it can drown out the rival band. Perhaps someone says that the Democratic Party has a right to count upon you for this and that. Has the Democratic Party (if there is such an entity to-day) a right to count upon you for anything of doubtful value to the American people?

What a magnificent, what an altogether unparalleled opportunity is yours to be the President of all the people! Elected by the votes of all parties and classes throughout the country, you take office without damaging commitments or entanglements. No President of modern times has been more free to respond to the changing demands of current facts and the fixed demands of his own principles. None has been in a better position to take the country into his confidence, or to talk honest talk to the plain citizen over the heads of political obstructionists. There is not a legislator or a lobbyist whom you could not place in a withering light before his constituency if he were to take the wrong side of a question touching the public interest. In short, everything invites and even commands you to solidify your political position by the ideal method of transcending party politics.

You probably realize that there is a disastrous tendency to over-professionalization in American life to-day. No doubt you see it operating in phases of life remote from your own. Many professions have become so large that they constitute within their own ranks a body of opinion, the force of which gradually substitutes itself for the opinion of the actual public. You have perhaps observed writers and publishers unconsciously producing books for the impression they will make on critics and other writers. The motion-picture people are industriously imitating each other's dreariest work, on the naïve assumption that it must be what the public wants. Metropolitan journalism has become so exclusively an expression of journalists that you might about as well go to a burlesque show for a true picture of American life and taste as to open your morning paper. Almost any ordinary driver of an automobile could tell the motor-car manufacturer some startling things about his present unsuspected opportunities to serve the public better, to his own incalculable profit, but the manufacturer would not believe a

word of it, because he has so largely lost touch with his market. Out of his own technique he has evolved a convenient but fictitious notion of what the public is and wants, and that idea designs his product and tries to sell it.

The man in political life is assuredly not immune from this lamentable tendency. Plenty of Washington politicians do not even see a normal private citizen of the United States from year's beginning to year's end, and they forget that there is any such animal. When they do see one they dread his approach as a potential embarrassment and nuisance. During campaigns they confront him only en masse, not to find out what he wants, but to tell him. In short, they breathe, think, and exist for the approbation and support of other officeholders. The higher the office, the higher the fence separating its holder from the people and their realities. The Presidency itself can easily become a mere catch-as-catch-can bout with the desk work of day-to-day administrative routine. Even a pretty capable executive, unsustained by a broad conception of the trust committed to him, can become snarled hand and foot in festoons of innocent-looking official red tape, like a kitten in a ball of yarn.

You cannot eliminate this tendency, to be sure. But you can resist it. When the knowing ones suggest to you, as they will, that the Presidency is not social philosophy or homiletics or generalizations, however inspiring, but simply the oiling and adjusting of an incredibly complicated machine; when they try to convince you that any appeal to us against them will be disloyalty and cheap demagoguery on your part — why, we hope that you will then remember certain things out of the past. You might remember Theodore Roosevelt, who lives in history just in so far as he crystallized the non-political sentiments of millions by very much that sort of disloyalty and demagoguery. You might perhaps think of Woodrow Wilson, who asserted the non-political moral sense of mankind against all the narrowly political motives, and whose thought is a conserving force in the world today, while the expediencies which he denied are wrecking the world.

And we hope you will think of that immense popular and electoral majority which we gave you. That is to say, we hope you will think continually of *us*. We shall not bother you very much. We are not conspicuously articulate. We do not clamor at our officials or hound them. We shall be so quiet that you may be tempted to wonder sometimes whether we do, after all, exist. We do; we have eyes, ears, hearts, even if we do but little shouting and self-asserting; and, as you have seen, we have votes. We shall be here when you have need of us; we will answer when called upon.

Work for us, and we will stand by you. Let us feel that you believe in us, and nothing can undo our belief in you. Remember the forgotten man, and he will make you a remembered President.

THE INNOCENT EYE. I

BY HERBERT READ

I

When I went to school I learned that the Vale in which we lived had once been a lake, but long ago the sea had eaten through the hills in the east and released the fresh waters, leaving a fertile plain. But such an idea would have seemed strange to my innocent mind, so remote was this menacing sea. Our farm was toward the western end of the Vale, and because all our land was as flat as once the surface of the lake had been, we could see around us the misty hills, the Moors to the north, the Wolds to the south, meeting dimly in the east where they were more distant. This rim of hills was nearest in the south, at least in effect; for as the sun sank in the west the windows of Stamper's farm in the south caught the blazing rays and cast them back at us, continually drawing our eyes in that direction. But we never traveled so far south as those hills; for the Church and the Market, the only outer places of pilgrimage, lay to the north, five or six miles away. By habit we faced north; the south was 'behind.'

I seemed to live, therefore, in a basin, wide and shallow like the milk pans in the dairy; but the even bed of it was checkered with pastures and cornfields, and the rims were the soft blues and purples of the moorlands. This basin was my world, and I had no inkling of any larger world, for no strangers came to us out of it, and we never went into it. Very rarely my father went to York or Northallerton, to buy a piece of machinery for the farm or to serve on a jury at the Assizes; but only our vague wonder accompanied him, and the toys he brought back with him might have come from Arabia or Cathay, like sailors' curios.

The basin at times was very wide, especially in the clearness of a summer's day; but as dusk fell it would suddenly contract, the misty hills would draw near, and with night they had clasped us close: the centre of the world had become a candle shining from the kitchen window. Inside, in the sitting room where we spent most of our life, a lamp was lit, with a round glass shade like a full yellow moon. There we bathed before the fire, said our prayers kneeling on the hearthrug, and disappeared up the steep stairs lighted by a candle to bed; and, once there, the world was finally blotted out. I think it returned with the same suddenness, at least in summer; but the waking world was a new world, a hollow cube with light streaming in from one window across to a large bed, holding, as the years went by, first one, then two, and finally three boys, overseen by two Apostles from one wall and adjured from another, above a chest of drawers, by a white pottery plaque within a pink lustre frame, printed with a vignette of an angel blowing a trumpet and the words: —

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Sometimes the child's mind went on living even during the darkness of night, listening to the velvet stillness of the fields. The stillness of a sleeping town, of a village, is nothing to the stillness of a remote farm; for the peace of day in such a place is so kindly that the ear is attuned to the subtlest sounds, and time is slow. If by chance a cow should low in the night, it is like the abysmal cry of some hellish beast, bringing woe to the world. And who knows what hellish beasts might roam by night, for in the cave by the Church five miles away they once found the bones of many strange animals, wolves and hyenas, and even the tusks of mammoths. The night sound that still echoes in my mind, however, is not of this kind: it is gentler and more musical — the distant sound of horse hoofs on the highroad, at first dim and uncertain, but growing louder until they more suddenly cease. To that distant sound, I realized later, I must have come into the world, for the doctor arrived on horseback at four o'clock one December morning to find me uttering my first shriek.

I think I heard those hoofs again the night my father died, but of this I am not certain. Perhaps I shall remember when I come to relate that event, for now the memory of those years, which end shortly after my tenth birthday, comes fitfully, when the proper associations are aroused. If only I can recover the sense and certainty of those innocent years, — years in which we seemed not so much to live as to be lived by forces outside us, by the wind and trees and moving clouds and all the mobile engines of our expanding world, — then I am convinced I shall possess a key to much that has happened to me in this other world of conscious living. The echoes of my life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility — so that we only hear a tone once, only see a color once, see, hear, touch, taste, and smell everything but once, the first time. All life is an echo of our first sensations, and we build up our consciousness, our whole mental life, by variations and combinations of these elementary sensations. But it is more complicated than that, for the senses apprehend not only colors and tones and shapes, but also patterns and atmospheres, and our first discovery of these determines the larger patterns and subtler atmospheres of all our subsequent existence.

II

I have given the impression that the farm was remote, but this is not strictly true. Not half a mile on each side of us was another farmhouse, and clustering near the one to the east were three or four cottages. We formed, therefore, a little community, remote as such; in Doomsday Book we had been described as a hamlet. The nearest village was two or three miles away, but to the south, so that it did not count for much until we began to go to school, which was not until toward the end of the period of which I write. Northward our farm road ran through two fields and then joined the highroad running east and west; but eastward this road soon turned into a road running north and south, down which we turned northward again, to the Church five miles away, and to Kirby, our real metropolis, six miles away.

The farmhouse was a square stone box with a roof of vivid red tiles. Its front was to the south, and warm enough to shelter some apricot trees

against the wall, but there was no traffic that way. All our exits and entrances were made on the north side, through the kitchen; and I think even our grandest visitors did not disdain that approach. Why should they? On the left as they entered direct into the kitchen was an old oak dresser; on the right a large open fireplace, with a great iron kettle hanging from the reckan, and an oven to the near side of it. A long deal table, glistening with a honey-gold sheen from much scrubbing, filled the far side of the room; long benches ran down each side of it. The floor was flagged with stone, each stone neatly outlined with a border of Bath brick, rubbed on after each washing. Sides of bacon and plump dusky hams hung from the beams of the wooden ceiling.

By day it was the scene of intense bustle. The kitchenmaid was down by five o'clock to light the fire; the laborers crept down in stockinged feet and drew on their heavy boots; they lit candles in their horn lanthorns and went out to the cattle. Breakfast was at seven, dinner at twelve, tea at five. Each morning of the week had its appropriate activity: Monday was washing day, Tuesday ironing, Wednesday and Saturday baking, Thursday 'turning out' upstairs and churning, Friday 'turning out' downstairs. Every day there was the milk to skim in the dairy — the dairy was to the left of the kitchen, and as big as any other room in the house. The milk was poured into large flat pans and allowed to settle; it was skimmed with horn scoops, like toothless combs.

At dinner, according to the time of the year, there would be from five to seven farm laborers, the two servant girls, and the family, with whom, for most of the time, there was a governess — a total of from ten to fifteen mouths to feed every day. The bustle reached its height about midday; the men would come in and sit on the dresser, swinging their legs impatiently; when the food was served, they sprang to the benches and ate in solid gusto, like animals. They disappeared as soon as the pudding had been served, some to smoke a pipe in the saddle room, others to do work which could not wait. Then all the clatter of washing up rose and subsided.

More peaceful occupations filled the afternoon. The crickets began to sing in the hearth. The kettle boiled for tea. At nightfall a candle was lit; the foreman or the shepherd sat smoking in the armchair at the fireside end of the table. The latch clicked as the others came in one by one and went early to bed.

The kitchen was the scene of many events which afterward flowed into my mind from the pages of books. Whenever in a tale a belated traveler saw a light and came through the darkness to ask for shelter, it was to this kitchen door. I can no longer identify the particular stories, but they do not belong to this period of childhood so much as to my later boyhood and youth, long after I had left the farm; and even to-day my first memories easily usurp the function of the imagination, and clothe in familiar dimensions and patterns, exact and objective, the scenes which the romancer has purposely left vague. Perhaps the effect of all romance depends on this faculty we have of giving our own definition to the fancies of others. A mind without memories means a body without sensibility; our memories make our imaginative life, and it is only as we increase our memories, widening the imbricated shutters which divide our mind from the light, that we find with quick recognition those images of truth which the world is pleased to attribute to our creative gift.

III

The Green, a space of perhaps two acres, lay in front of the kitchen door. It was square; one side, that to the left as we came out of the house, was fully taken up by a range of sheds. A shorter range of buildings continued in line with the house on the right — first the saddle room, one of my favorite haunts, then the shed where the dogcart and buggy were kept, and finally the blacksmith's shop. Beyond this were the grindstones and the ash heap (in just such a heap, I imagined, Madame Curie discovered radium), and then a high hedge led to the corner of the Green, where three enormous elm trees, the only landmark near our farm, overhung the duck pond. On the other two sides the Green was bounded by hedges. The farm road led past the sheds and then to the left through the stack yard; to the right there was a cart track leading across the fields to the next farm with its cluster of cottages.

Our dominion was really fourfold: the Green I have just described, and then three other almost equal squares, the one to the left of the Green being the farm outhouses, a rectangular court of low buildings enclosing the Foldgarth (or fold-garth), and two others to the south of the house, the orchard to the east, the garden to the west. Each province was perfectly distinct, divided off by high walls or hedges; and each had its individual powers or mysteries. The Green was the province of water and of fowl, of traffic and trade, the only province familiar to strangers — to the postman and the peddler, and the scarlet huntsmen. In winter we made the snowman there; in summer avoided its shelterless waste. On Mondays the washed clothes flapped in the wind, but for the rest of the week it was willingly resigned to hens, ducks, geese, guinea fowls, and turkeys, whose discursive habits, incidentally, made it no fit playground for children. The pond was more attractive, but because of its stagnation it could not compete with the becks not far away. I remember it best in a hot summer, when the water dried up and left a surface of shining mud, as smooth as moleskin, from which projected the rusty wrecks of old cans and discarded implements. Perhaps it was a forbidden area; it serves no purpose in my memory.

The pump was built over a deep well, in the corner of the Green near the kitchen; it was too difficult for a boy to work. One day, underneath the stone which took the drip, we discovered bright green lizards. Behind the pump, handy to the water, was the copper-house — the 'copper' being a large cauldron built in over a furnace. Here the clothes were boiled on a Monday; here, too, potatoes for the pigs were boiled in their earthy skins, and the pigs were not the only little animals who enjoyed them, for they are delicious when cooked in this way.

Outside the same copper-house the pigs were killed, to be near the cauldron of boiling water with which they were scalded. The animal was drawn from its sty by a rope through the ring in its nose: its squealing filled the whole farm until it reached the copper-house, and there by the side of a trestle its throat was cut with a sharp knife and the hot blood gushed on to the ground. The carcass was then stretched on the trestle, and the whole household joined in the work of scraping the scalded hide; it was done with metal candlesticks, the hollow foot making a sharp and effective instrument for removing the bristles and outer skin. The carcass was then disemboweled and dismembered. The copper was once more requisitioned to render down the superfluous fat, which was first cut into

dices. The remnants of this process, crisp shreds known as scraps, formed our favorite food for days afterward. In fact, pig killing was followed by a whole orgy of good things to eat — pork pies, sausages, and pigs' feet filling the bill for a season.

The scenes I have described, and many others of the same nature, such as the searing of horses' tails, the killing of poultry, the birth of cattle, even the lewdness of a half-witted laborer, were witnessed by us children with complete passivity — just as I have seen children of the same age watching a bullfight in Spain, quite unmoved by its horrors. Pity, and even terror, are emotions which develop when we are no longer innocent, and the sentimental adult who induces such emotions in the child is probably breaking through defenses which nature has wisely put round the tender mind. The child even has a natural craving for horrors. He survives just because he is without sentiment, for only in this way can his green heart harden sufficiently to withstand the wounds that wait for it.

On the south side of the Green were two familiar shrines, each with its sacred fire. The first was the saddle room, with its pungent clean smell of saddle soap. It was a small white-washed room, hung with bright bits and stirrups and long loops of leather reins; the saddles were in a loft above, reached by a ladder and trapdoor. In the middle was a small cylindrical stove, kept burning through the winter, and making a warm friendly shelter where we could play undisturbed. Our chief joy was to make lead shot — or bullets, as we called them; and for this purpose there existed a long-handled crucible and a mould. At what now seems to me an incredibly early age we melted down the strips of lead we found in the window sill, and poured the sullen liquid into the small aperture of the mould, which was in the form of a pair of pincers — closed while the pouring was in progress. When opened, the gleaming silver bullets, about the size of a pea, fell out of the matrix and rolled away to cool on the stone floor. We used the bullets in our catapults, but the joy was in the making of them, and in the sight of their shining beauty.

The blacksmith's shop was a still more magical shrine. The blacksmith came for a day periodically, to shoe or reshoe the horses, to repair wagons, and to make simple implements. In his dusky cave the bellows roared, the fire was blown to a white intensity, and then suddenly the bellows shaft was released and the soft glowing iron drawn from the heart of the fire. Then clang, clang, clang on the anvil, the heavenly shower of ruby and golden sparks, and our precipitate flight to a place of safety. All around us, in dark cobwebbed corners, were heaps of old iron, discarded horseshoes, hoops, and pipes. Under the window was a tank of water for slaking and tempering the hot iron, and this water possessed the miraculous property of curing warts.

In these two shrines I first experienced the joy of making things. Everywhere around me the earth was stirring with growth and the beasts were propagating their kind. But these wonders passed unobserved by my childish mind, unrecorded in memory. They depended on forces beyond our control, beyond my conception. But fire was real, and so was the skill with which we shaped hard metals to our design and desire.

IV

The front garden was an annex of the drawing-room, and not part of our customary world. If we went there during the day, it was to see if the for-

bidden apricots were ripening, or to play for a short time round the monkey-puzzle tree which grew in the middle of a small lawn. But a monkey-puzzle tree is not a friendly shelter: its boughs are too near the ground; it is hirsute and prickly. The lawn was enclosed by hedges of box, through which narrow arches led to the flower garden in front, to the vegetable garden on the right, and to the orchard on the left. Again, all these provinces were rectangular, without any picturesque charm, but riotous with natural detail, with great variety of shrubs, fruit bushes, and vegetables.

Through the wicket that led into the orchard, there came first the water trough, an immense stone tank fed from the eaves; this rain water was very precious for washing purposes, so we were forbidden to play with it. It is one of the few memories I have of the sternness of my father that on one occasion, finding me transgressing this law, he immediately picked me up by the seat and immersed me in the water.

Above the trough, high up on the gable of the house, was another forbidden object: the bell which was pealed at midday to announce dinner to the scattered laborers, none of whom was likely to wear a watch.

Behind the saddle room, in this region of the trough, was the sand heap, in a corner formed by a lime house and a low cowshed. The hours we spent in this corner were too habitual to linger much in the memory. It was a generous heap, allowing an extensive system of trenches and castles; near by was the shade of the apple trees and the elms; our days there were timeless. Once, playing in the sand, I slipped into the cowshed to stroke a young calf housed there, closing the door behind me. The calf was lying in fresh clean straw, and did not stir at my approach. Hours later I was missed, and after long searching and much shouting in the farm and the fields I was discovered sleeping with my head against the calf's warm flank.

The orchard, like the Green, must have been about two acres in extent. I have no memory of it, except in spring and summer, when the branches, with their succession of blossom, leaf, and fruit, met to form an overgrowth, supported by aisles of trunks, green with moss or misty gray-blue when the lichen was dry and crusted. One old russet tree sloped up from the ground at a low angle, easy to climb; and in its boughs we shook the blossom till it fell in flakes like snow, or helped ourselves unchecked to the sweet rough-skinned apples. I think the orchard held only two treasures besides the trees: an old disused roller about which we clambered, and in a far corner, by a bush whose hollow twigs made excellent stems for improvised pipes (in which we smoked a cunning mixture of dried clover and pear leaves), a small trough which usually held rock salt, brown and glassy. In the orchard, and in the paddock beyond, we dug up sweet pignuts, and ate them without much regard for the soil engrained in them.

When we emerged into the paddock, where our pony and the mare for the dogcart used to graze, there was a sudden sense of space. The ground sloped down gently toward our main stream, the Riccall, which formed the southern boundary of the farm. Beyond the Riccall, which flowed rather deeply in the soft earth and was quite impassable to us, lay a mysterious land we never explored: the south, with the hills rising in the distance, the farm with the fiery windows hidden in their folds.

V

The fourth kingdom, the Foldgarth, was the animal kingdom. We usually

entered it from the north corner of the Green, and here on the right were the main cowsheds, and the most familiar part of this complex of buildings. Morning and night, and most often by lanthorn light (perhaps it is only the winter scene which is impressed on my memory), the cows were milked in a glow and atmosphere which is for me the glow and atmosphere of the Nativity. The patient beasts stood in their stalls, exuding the soft, slightly sickly smell of cow breath; a girl or a man sat on a three-legged stool, cheek against a glossy flank, and the warm needle stream of milk hissed into the gleaming pails. At first it sang against the hollow tin drum of the base, but as the pail filled it murmured with a frothy *surr-surr*.

Here I learned my first bitter lesson of self-limitation; for, try as I would, I could not learn how to milk. To manipulate the teats so as to secure a swift and easy flow of milk demands a particular skill; I never acquired it, though my brothers, younger than I, seemed to find no difficulty. This was my first humiliation in the practical affairs of life. Another which I might mention here was an inability to make the *kuk-kuk* noise between the tongue and palate which is the proper sound to urge a horse on gently. These failures in trivial things loom much larger in childhood and affect us much more deeply than any backwardness in learning facts, for they reflect on our physical capacity, and that is much more real to us than any mental power.

Then, along the northern side of the Foldgarth, ran the stables for the cart horses. We were a little scared of these immense noble beasts, for some of them were known to be savage, and ready to bite anyone but the man whose duty it was to look after them. At the end of the stables a gateway led into the stack yard, and so out on to the road and the fields beyond. At this gateway I once witnessed a terrible scene. An ignorant laborer had taken a pregnant mare out to plough, and by overstraining her caused a miscarriage. My father and I met him bringing in the horse, with her ghastly trail, and so terrible was my father's passion that he quite forgot my presence as he heaped his curses on the offending man.

My memories of my father are too intermittent to form a coherent image. His sensitive face, his soft brown eyes, and his close curly black hair were not the features of a normal farmer. He loved his farm and was well known for his fervor and enterprise, a tradition he had inherited from my grandfather; he brought some visionary quality to his life and labor. He was a man of austere habits and general uprightness, whose friendship was sought by men of a more recognized intellectual standing. And yet I do not remember that he read much or was in any sense bookish. But they know little of the life of a farmer who imagine that it is consistent with a life of even elementary scholarship. Only, a sensitive and intelligent mind, in daily contact with all the problems and processes of farming, acquires more than a weather wisdom — an intuitive sense of reality and right values which no sheltered schooling can give.

Along the western side of the Foldgarth ran a line of higher, double-storied buildings. The first was a big hay barn, open to the rafters, with the pigeon house built in at the gable end. It was a favorite playing ground in wet weather; we could make giddy leaps from one level of hay to another; we could burrow into caves and hide completely in its scented warmth. A door at the other side of this barn led to a circular building, with a grinding mill in the middle and a circular track

round which a horse could drag the mill beam.

Then came various sheds for fodder and implements, and over these, approached by stone steps at the end of the building, and outside the Foldgarth, was the granary — a long, dry, sweet-smelling loft, with bins of golden wheat and stacks of oil cake, and a store of locust beans which we ate when we were hungry. A machine for crushing oil cake stood against one wall, and in this one day I managed to crush my little finger. I fainted with the pain, and the horror of that dim milk-white panic is as ineffaceable as the scar which my flesh still bears.

The other two sides of the Foldgarth were occupied by pigsties and cowsheds; the middle by a steadily steaming morass of sodden straw known as the Mig Heap, the infinitely precious store of manure from which the land recovered some of the strength given forth in corn and pasture. The acrid stench of this heap, never unpleasant to anyone brought up with it, pervaded the whole of the Foldgarth. The pigeons flocked from roof to roof. An inquisitive calf would lift its head over the low door of its stall. A scurry of hens, an occasional grunt or squeal of pigs, the running of a rope through a ring in the stables — these were the only sounds that disturbed the day's peace, until the men returned from the fields with the weary horses, and the Foldgarth was filled with the clatter of hoofs on the stone sets, with the whistling and hissing of the men over their grooming.

On the southern side of the Foldgarth, some of the stables opened into a lane whose other side was the high wall on the north of the vegetable garden. Here lived the hunters, beautiful pedigree horses which were the pride of the farm — lived in a cleanliness and comfort which put them in a class apart, halfway between humans and animals. I fancy that the fortunes of the farm depended far more on these splendid pampered darlings than on the normal crops and cattle. It was a great day when they were paraded in all their glossy splendor before some horse dealer, and a bargain struck. But sorrow must have been mingled with satisfaction when they left us, and a farm is, indeed, the scene of many sad farewells: pet lambs and ducks stolen away to go to the market with the rest, leaving a broken-hearted child to weep the day away until some consolation is found.

VI

Beyond the Foldgarth lay the stack yard, looking like an African village, especially after the harvest, when it was stored to its limits. The stacks were of two shapes, — circular and rectangular, — with swelling sides and neatly thatched roofs. The ridges of the rectangular ones were braided with osiers; the round ones were finished off with a fanciful panache of straw. Birds sheltered under the narrow eaves, and darted out at our strident approach. One summer evening something not bird nor bat fluttered among the stacks; the farm was roused to excitement and the winged creature finally netted. It was a rare death's-head moth, for which some collector paid the fabulous sum of five shillings. That such riches could lurk in a stack yard was a new portent. We learned that the death's-head moth was fond of the potato flower, and the season never afterward passed without a vain hunt among these despised blooms.

The great festival in the stack yard was threshing time. Late one afternoon we would hear the chuff and rattle of the engine and threshing machine far away on the highroad,

and off we would race to meet it. The owner of the engine, Jabez by name, was a great hero in the eyes of children. He was a small man with a little twinkling face and a fuzzy black beard. He would stop his rattling train and take us up into the engine cabin. I love to this day that particular smell of hot steam and oil which was then wafted to us. With amazement we watched Jabez push over his levers and set the monster in motion. With more chuffing and much complicated shunting, the machines were steered into position for work, and then left shrouded for the night.

Very early the next morning we would hear a high-pitched musical hum coming from the stack yard, and it was with difficulty that we could be made to eat any breakfast. Then we would run across the Green and find round the corner the most exciting scene of the year. The engine stood before us, merry with smoke and steam; the big flywheel winked in the sunlight; the bright balls of the revolving 'governor' (Jabez had taught me the technical names) twinkled in a minor radiance.

Jabez was in the cabin stoking the glowing furnace. The big leather belt swung rhythmically between the flywheel and the threshing machine. Two men on the top of a stack threw down the sheaves; two others cut them open and guided them into the monster's belly; the monster groaned and gobbled, and out of its yammering mouth came the distracted straw; elsewhere emerged the prickly chaff, and below, into sacks that reached the ground, trickled the precious corn. A cloud of dust and chaff swirled round everything.

As the stack disappeared, and approached ground level, we were armed with sticks, and the dogs became attentive and expectant. The last layer of sheaves was reached; out raced the rats which had made a home in the bedding of thorns on which the stack rested, and then for a few minutes the stack yard was an abode of demons: dogs barked, men and children shouted in a lust of killing, and the unfortunate rats squealed in panic and death agonies. Sometimes we found a nest of newly born rats, and then we were suddenly sad.

I think this festival used to last two or three days; it was our only contact with the Machine God. I suppose we were dimly aware of the railway six miles away, and must have traveled on it, for I know that once or twice we went to Scarborough; but for some reason I have no vivid memory of these excursions, nor of anything associated with them. They were not lived, but pushed without roots into the soil of our daily existence.

One curious experience, however, remains with me, and it may as well be mentioned here; it is the first of several instances in my life of which I remain incapable of asserting that the experience was of the dream world. My reason tells me, in this case at least, that it must have been a dream, but the mind does not necessarily assent to its reasoning. I 'appeared' (let me say) to walk down the cart track that led along the top side of two or three fields toward Peacock's farm; I climbed on to the gate that separated the last field from the highroad, and as I rested there I was terrified by the sudden onrush of a large steam roller, traveling northward. It was distinguished from ordinary steam rollers (which I had no doubt seen at work on the roads) by the fact that the boiler rested on an enormous bellows, and as the engine roared onward these bellows worked up and down and so seemed to throw up through the chimney a fiery column of smoke, steam, and sparks. This apparition, which

came to me perhaps in my seventh year, remains distinct in every detail in my mind to-day.

I do not think that I was more than usually subject to nightmares (if such this was), but one, which I fancy belongs to a common form, is also remembered by me with peculiar vividness, though it is difficult to describe. I am laid as in bed on a bank of clouds. The sky darkens, grows bluish-black. Then the darkness seems to take visible shape, to separate into long bolsters, or objects which I should now compare with airships. These then point themselves toward me, and approach me, magnifying themselves enormously as they get nearer. I awake with a shriek, quivering with terror. My mother hears me and comes quickly to comfort me, perhaps to take me back with her to sleep away the sudden terror.

VII

There was a sandy rankness about the fields stretching toward the river, but these were the main pasture lands. The cow pasture, by far the largest field on the farm, lay on the west of the farm buildings, and its boundary was the western boundary of our land. A path led across the middle of it, and across the neighboring fields to Riccall House, distinguished from the rest of us by its whitewashed walls and thatched roof. This pasture was rather a godless waste: it was pock-marked with erupted rabbit warrens, countless molehills, and dark fairy rings in the grass. We implicitly believed in the mysterious origin of these rings, and felt that we might any misty morning find the fairies dancing. Periodically the rabbits had to be decimated, and then fierce dark men with waxed moustaches appeared, bringing ferrets in canvas bags. We would go out in a party, carrying guns and spades, to attack the warrens. The ferrets were loosened from their bags and disappeared down the holes. We listened for subterranean squeals, watched for the sudden dart of terrified rabbits, and for the eager inquisitive emergence of the baffled ferrets. The spades, digging easily in the sandy earth, discovered the labyrinths and occasionally a nest of newly born rabbits.

There was a wide watery ditch on the south side of the cow pasture, inhabited by frogs, who spawned among the cress and kingcups. Beyond were narrow fields, running parallel with the river, lush and marshy. The river itself ran between banks, for it was liable to flood over. Eastward it ran for about half a mile, till it disappeared under a bridge which carried the road near Peacock's farm — the road of the dream engine. By the bridge was a pool with a projecting pier; this was the sheep dip, where annually the sheep were given some kind of antiseptic bath.

I remember the oily smell of sheep, sheep shearing, their ludicrous nakedness when first shorn. Most years there was a pet lamb, a weakling that had to be wrapped in blankets before the kitchen fire, fed from a bottle, and gradually nursed into life. His field would be the Green, and we were his playmates until the inevitable day of parting came. The long tails of lambs were usually bitten off, because of some tradition that human teeth were the only safe means. But the tails of young colts were cut off with special clippers, and then seared with a red-hot iron. Full-grown sheep are disgusting animals; their feet rot and have to be scraped and anointed. Maggots burrow into their flesh and pullulate, are gouged out and the sheep again anointed. Their wool is infested with nauseous black ticks. Only on the moors, where the sheep are black-faced and agile, with curled horns and quiver-

ing nostrils, does this animal acquire any dignity.

The greater part of the farm was given over to various crops, — wheat, oats, barley, and rye, — and the fields devoted to these spread northward. Some of them seemed very remote to us. One was sinister, for a large oak tree grew in the middle of it, and here a man sheltering under it had been struck by lightning and killed. Another field, at the extreme north of our land, had high hedges full of May blossom; I think there was a wood on one side; and here, years afterward when the farm was only a memory, I staged incidents from the *Morte d'Arthur*, or *Idylls of the King*.

In the nearer fields we watched the labors of the months. We were aware of the ploughing, the harrowing, the rolling, the sowing, and finally of the harvest. We followed the ploughman, and sometimes ran between the shafts of the plough, pretending to guide it to a truer furrow. At the harvest, as soon as we could walk we became laborers, because then the whole household would turn into the fields, the women to bind the sheaves and pile them into stooks. At lunch time my mother would drive out with the buggy laden with sandwiches, cheese, and bread, and great stone jars of draft beer. We played at hide-and-seek among the stooks, gathered the shorn poppies and cornflowers, watched the field mice scurry in fright among the stubble and scarlet pimpernel. At the end of the harvest, the last wagon was escorted back in triumph, often late at night in the moonlight, and a great harvest supper was spread in the kitchen, at which my father and mother presided.

In November all the hedges were trimmed and layered; the thorns were raked up into great heaps and fired. When we were old enough, my father would have a cartload of thorns pitched on the Green, and there one night we would dance around the bonfire.

Almost in the middle of the farm was the fox covert — a piece of land of perhaps four acres, thickly covered with gorse and scrub, hedged with hazel trees. Twice in a season the Hunt met at our house. They assembled on the Green — the Master, the Kennelman, and several others in their scarlet coats and peaked caps, the farmers and ladies in hard billycock hats. The hounds moved in a compact mass, their upcurved tails swaying rhythmically. When the Meet was present, they moved off to the fox covert, and always without much difficulty started a fox. My father rode one of his beautiful hunters; my mother had her pony. At first we children went on foot as far as the covert and saw them take off, and piped our tallyhos if we caught sight of the fox. We heard the huntsman's horn as they sped across the fields, waited until we could hear it no more, then went home to wait until the weary hunters returned. But when I was about seven I was given my first pony, and then rode away with the hounds — my first hunt ending in the middle of a hedge which my impetuous pony had taken too rashly.

At the first kill at which I was present I had to be 'blodded.' The severed head of the fox was wiped across my face till it was completely smeared in blood, and I was told what a fine huntsman I should make. I do not remember the blood, nor the joking huntsmen; only the plumed breath of the horses, the jingle of their harness, the beads of dew and the white gossamer on the tangled hedge beside us.

(*To be concluded in the April issue*)

NEW LANDS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

I AM on my way back to New York after a month spent on a yacht in the West Indies. Such a trip may suggest any one of several general impressions: strolling about spacious decks watching distant palms in the moonlight and listening to the strains of soft music while one endeavors to decide whether to while away an evening at bridge or to give way to the well-known languor of the tropics and doze quietly off. Or there might come to mind a succession of Baedekered islands, each checked off with satisfaction as having been thoroughly 'done' in the few allotted hours: Martinique, Statue-of-the-Empress-Josephine (double-starred); Antigua, discovered-by-Columbus-in-1493; chief places of interest, Anglican-Church-and-cemetery, Public Gardens, Lepers' Hospital, Rat Island, English-Harbor-with-dockyard-where-Nelson-refitted-his-fleet (double-starred), Valley-of-Petrifactions, etc., etc., etc.

There is a third method, which we chose. We visited eight islands, half of which are hardly known by name to the outside world: Grenada, Union, Mayero, St. Lucia, Martinique, Antigua, Barbuda, and Saba. And fortunate it is for the steamship companies that their passengers do not know the beauty, the unspoiled, dramatic, spectacular qualities of the untouristed volcanoes which lift themselves between the regular points of call.

A yacht is usually an ultra-complex structure which is of vital interest only to those who know a very great deal or a very little about her. I have lived on one of the most elaborate and have gazed with ignorance-infested awe at the great engines and the incomprehensible gyroscope, which is a sort of centrifugal-oil-upon-water. And I have been filled with pride at being allowed to break the law of the bridge and elbow the captain in his chart room. Then again it has been my privilege to take an old three-island freighter, and, by building a laboratory upon her and changing the title of passengers to 'guests' and rechristening her *Arcturus*, to have seen my name in *Lloyd's Register* as owner of the fifth largest yacht in the world. But I have experienced little more intimacy with the actual navigation and seamanship than with the almost equally complex culinary management of a hotel of which I might be temporarily a guest.

The moment I set foot on the deck of the *Antares* I felt at home. It was not a floating palace, but a floating home. Edwin Chance, her captain and owner, had spent years in thinking her out, but for general form and structure he had gone to the hardiest seamen in the world. Technically she is a Diesel ketch, actually a glorified Gloucester fisherman, with all the strength and sailing qualities and safeness that implies.

On this veriest chip upon the water, one hundred and five feet long by

twenty-two wide, fourteen of us lived and slept and ate and read and thought, comfortable in every respect. I even found a vibrationless spot where, in a rough sea, by squatting around and over my microscope like Gandhi with his spinning wheel, I could detect the cusps on the minute teeth of flying fish. We passed great ocean liners which were shipping seas and rolling most uncomfortably, while we, whose lines and length were exquisitely and mathematically moulded to the measurable waves, were as dry as if on land, and our brains refused to record the movement as unpleasant or remember it as disagreeable.

One of the most amazing things about this trip of five weeks and over four thousand miles was its reasonable cost. Five weeks in Europe would have been more expensive. I had always supposed that even the smallest yachts cost unthinkable sums to run; but here we had only fuel oil at ten cents a mile, the wages of a crew of five, food, harbor dues — all coming to well under fifteen hundred dollars.

Colonel and Mrs. Chance were fortunate in their two capable sons, who apparently had been born on the bridge and weaned on salt water. Seamanship, navigation, the wireless in all of its most intricate phases — of these they were thorough masters, and they took us into and out of awkward anchorages and threaded wicked reefs from which we were warned by all local pilots. At Bermuda we set the gyrocompass for Sombrero, and three and a half days and eight hundred-odd miles later someone had to shift its direction to keep us from piling up on the rocks of that island. Yet never was vigilance relaxed, and our several undergraduates divided the day and night watches between them — watches relieved by radio concerts from Schenectady to Argentina and by sumptuous midnight raids on the refrigerators — relieved but never relaxed.

For a month we never failed to record and plot the nightly weather reports in all clarity and detail, for we were within the temporal danger zone of hurricanes. But in all this time we did not record or regret a single fact of politics, finance, disarmaments, or mayhem. At the end of one weather report Henry or Britt had typed, sleepily and with complete lack of interest, 'The Damocritic Conwesion in Shicago has nomisaded Prraghos,' and we were quite content.

It was a joy to see the enthusiastic trio seize upon the Sun, Moon, Jupiter, Arcturus, stop them in their courses, reduce them to fractions and symbols, plot us somewhere within a tiny triangle, and finally, with a twist of a pencil point, place us exactly upon the chart, while from the deck one saw only waves exactly like those of yesterday and to-morrow.

II

At three o'clock one morning I climbed the companionway and looked upon the dying crescent of a moon set in gorgeous mountain ranges of trade-wind clouds, the very same moon which, only two weeks before, I had seen, in its youthful crescent, sink behind the crags of Ord in the Mojave Desert. Venus, low in the sky, was so brilliant that it cast strong lights and shadows on sails and deck. As I stretched out upon the hatch a flying fish skimmed close to my face, clearing the whole vessel, and before I had time to wonder about this a magnificent shooting star dropped comet-wise, apparently from the very heart of Venus. As if, indeed, it had been torn from the planet, Venus diaphragmed down to a low magnitude star — a faint mist sweeping across its face.

That day at high noon I had borrowed a sextant and, bracing my feet, had seen at last on the little mirror a pale dot bobbing about, — Venus high overhead, — plucked regardless from its diurnal invisibility, and forced to show us our position on the face of the waters.

Peculiarly appropriate seemed the name of our little yacht when, day after day, I perceived that our isolation, our disregard of all outside human affairs, had given us a very real cosmic identity; we seemed to be the centre of all things, reaching out ocular threads to the sun, stars, and planets, audible ones to distant harmonies, and rollicking through the heart of calms and wind. I had a certain conviction that all things were passing astern — the Southern Cross rising at our bow, the North Star sinking aft, days and nights and hours moving past, not settling down.

I was supposed to be still convalescent, but the last hints of weakness went with the first appearance of sargassum weed, which I pitched aboard by the bushel, salvaging my old friends the little frog and pipe and trigger fish. Flying fish were gathered from the deck every morning, and I had the good fortune to find five species among the first six specimens. One of these was new to science, with a single black barbel as long as the whole fish. I named it in honor of the yacht.

Swiftly we passed in review all the Windward and Leeward Islands, from Sombrero until we came to anchor in the harbor of the most southern — Grenada. As usual, I was excited by the tropical foliage and depressed by the insular lack of bird and insect life. Our most vivid memory of this harbor is of watching the fish-eating bats swooping and dipping into the circle of light cast by the bulb at the tip of the boat boom. With incredible swiftness they appeared out of the darkness, troubled the water, and vanished. The human eye could detect no detail of these visitations except that the bat struck the water in a somewhat upright position, so that the capture of the small surface fish was by means of the large, strong hind feet, much as an osprey would strike. There was no hint of scooping them up with the posterior part of the interfemoral webbing.

In a day or two we were laundered, watered, provisioned, and permissioned for adventures among the Grenadines, for I had long wanted to visit these little sharps and flats of volcanic tips which were strewn between Grenada and St. Vincent. Their very names pass beyond the significance of geography to the time of Caribs and buccaneers — Bequia, Mistique, Marquis, Kick-em-Jenny, Carriacou, Frigate, Les Taintes, Mayero, Batovia, Adam, and Isle de Caille. We were unanimous about Mayero, for it was surrounded with coral reefs, with an ideal anchorage in the shelter of Horseshoe and World's End Reefs. This dot of an island was under the jurisdiction of the revenue officer of Union Island, to whom we must first make our manners.

III

In three hours after leaving Grenada we dropped anchor in the lee of the unromantically named Union Island, in Chatham Bay, and except for exigencies of time and home and duties we should be there still. A thousand-foot range rose majestically up from the crescent beach before us, covered with rich verdure and without a house in sight; swooping pelicans and gulls, leaping fish and dolphins; a great eternal silence; cool breezes actually laden with strong spicy odors just as in

the storybooks — all these combined to make this one of the loveliest and most desirable of anchorages.

When we landed on the sandy beach, we were greeted courteously by a group of unbelievably ragged black urchins who said they lived on the other side of the mountain, and asked if we were in trouble, for in their minds nothing but necessity could possibly have brought us to their island.

The only mention of Union Island in our *Antares* library was a delightful paragraph by Davis concerning its geology, and I learned that by skillful use of adjectives and adverbs a geological description can have the charm and vitality of any biological account. 'Grenada,' he says, 'is a highly and relatively young volcanic island,' while the smaller and older Grenadines are 'well-subdued volcanic residuals.' The subdued forms of Union Island, 'taken in connection with its pronounced embayments and immature headland cliffs, suggest that it was first subjected to erosion for a long period, then moderately submerged and embayed and immaturely cliffed.' So we came to prefer the name of Subdued Island, especially appropriate after the raucous beggars and automobile horns of Grenada.

Every part of the island provided adventure or beauty, or both. At the northern horn of our crescent bay we discovered a minute, detached rocky island about one hundred feet long which, in this particular archipelagic scale, might be called a Grenadillissima. The first time I rowed past it I christened it Medusa Islet, for its rocky summit was covered with a pure culture of night-blooming cereus whose horrid creeping stems hung down on all sides like myriad, tangled, spiny serpent locks. These were even parted in the middle, and at the southern end were massed in a snarl like a psyche of the inferno. A single tree fought with the cereus for light and air, and in its branches nested a colony of yellow-crowned night herons.

Something drew me strongly to a little bay to the north of Medusa, and here, two fathoms down, in the clear water, we found a perfect reef for diving — paths of smooth white sand meandering about mounds ablaze with yellow sea fans, purple plumes, and towering strata of great, antlered elk-horn coral. Through and about these swam a multitude of friends and strangers. Parrots and wrasse and demoiselles floated in intimate fashion close to our helmets as in Bermuda and the Galapagos, and in the distance a quartette of great tarpons swept along — tarpons which refused to look upon any kind of bait or lure.

With only a foot rise of tide, pools along the shore were unknown, so we had to try to capture the rare young rock dwellers, in which we were especially interested, with hand nets or glass prisons. These methods, as usual, were only moderately successful, when suddenly Colonel Chance had an idea born of pure genius. He got the hand pump from the launch, removed the strainer, reversed the hose, and inserted a glass tube. Wading near shore and watching through the water glass, we would bring the open end of the tube as near as possible to a desired fish, and then roar out the command, 'Suck!' The operator at the other end of the pump would pull upward with all his might, and, when the indrawn water was squirted out into the bucket, there would be the rare specimen, in perfect condition, but vastly bewildered with his maelstromic experience. So a new type of submarine lethal weapon was added to our arsenal of traps, nets, hooks, grains, copper sulphate, and dynamite.

With Gloria Hollister I climbed to

the summit of the island one day to get a panorama photograph of the bay, when we stumbled upon an old cannon lying half hidden upon an ancient rock platform. An aged Negro approached, courteous and well-spoken. He was Emmanuel Stuart, and he called to his shy wife and daughter, Estrella and Priscilla, to come and shake our hand and make us welcome in their cassava field. I asked about the little cannon and he told me its story thus: —

'My father was a slave, and in old, old days a ship called the *Alabama* often came unexpectedly to the island and picked up all the fishermen offshore in their boats and carried them off into slavery. This got so bad that at last they write to Queen Victoria and he send small battleship and they build fort and set cannon, and next time *Alabama* come, they fire and drive him off. Soon the small battleship track *Alabama* and catch him up at Sail Rock. Then a cannon shot break mast and they take and tow him into Grenada.'

I asked if the *Alabama* was not an American ship, and Emmanuel was obviously embarrassed; unwilling to smirch any pride I might have in my national history, he replied, 'No, I think he Portugee.'

We talked a while longer, delighted with the friendly eagerness to please which inspired his conversation, and then made our way quickly down the steep bushy slopes, past a group of tethered goats, to the dory. There, waiting for us, showing no signs of haste, was little ebony Priscilla with a dish of two dozen turtle eggs just dug from the sand. Sixpence bought the eggs, plus two dimples and an amazing gleam of teeth; and, in answer to the question of how to cook the eggs, she answered, 'Boil and bust 'em,' which we ultimately did and found them delicious.

It seemed too good to be true, when we went around to the tiny village on the opposite side of the island, to find that our revenue officer was named Edgerton Sardine. His last word was to wish us good fishing.

IV

While we were anchored in the magic little bay of Chatham I came on deck very early each morning and watched the awakening of life in this crescent cosmos. Fish activities in the early morning begin through the large end of the field glass. Dawn is breathless, and, although behind me lies the whole expanse of the Caribbean, yet as I look eastward I seem to be floating in the centre of an *étang* in a wide crater, with slopes of Union Island rising steeply from the water on three sides. The sun is climbing up the hither, hidden slope of the range, while all my side is in deep shadow. Like the *chachalacas* in the South American jungles, some bird sends out a weird call from halfway up the mountain, '*Lickity-cah'-caw! Lickity-cah'-caw!*'

Now and then near the *Antares* a silvery sliver appears, and, looking over the side, I see a thousand thousand little forms darting about — the silversides are feeding. For just a little while the world seems at rest and peace. A dozen laughing gulls are sitting on a jagged rock and preening themselves; high up in air a small flock of brown pelicans are playing at eagles, soaring about, circling with no smallest motion of wings.

Suddenly a sound like nothing but itself comes to my ear — a gentle, slithering, liquid swish — and I look down in time to see the first shower of silversides, a living wave raised not by wind but by fear. Again a leaping forth of ten thousand and one, and others besides myself notice it. The

laughing gulls spurn their rock and all take wing together, one of them bursting into a rollicking peal of gull laughter. The unbelievably complicated day of life and death, war and peace, love and fear, of Chatham Bay has begun.

By the increasing crescent waves here and there in the bay we know that the big fish are on the move and are hungry, and at each spasm of silvery motes the gulls dash down and splatter among them. Often the birds are just too late and the silversides dive, only to reappear at one side or the other as they are hard pressed by submarine foes. Without warning, a meteor falls near the boat, sending up a cloud of spray, and from the half-submerged amorphous mass there emerges a pelican, rocking in its own wake and straining gallons of water out of its distended pouch. Finally it flings up its head and, with contortions innumerable, swallows its catch. Now and then a flicker of light shows where a silverside is escaping in the overflow, and the gulls know of these occasional holes in the net, and not infrequently I see a gull perched on top of the pelican's head eagerly waiting for a piscine crumb. Whether the pelican does not mind this balancing feat, or whether a pouchful of water and fish requires all his attention, I could not determine. Certain it is that a trio of brown pelicans can do infinitely more execution than a whole flock of hovering gulls.

A mob of sooty terns swings past, fresh from the open sea, knowing exactly what they want and how to get it. There is no awkward fluttering for them, but at the next break of living fish twenty arrows hit the surface and twenty beaks hold twenty silversides. Then the master of all fishers arrives. The silversides are beneath his notice, but their commotion is a sign language not to be mistaken. An osprey appears high in air, circles the *Antares*, and drops with all his force of wing plus sheer gravity.

Like an overladen plane he lifts slowly from the smother of foam, beating the water at first with his wings, and then winning clear with a great twisting mackerel in his talons. At masthead height he shifts his prey to head on, but at two hundred feet all his labor has gone for naught, for three tropical robbers have materialized from the upper sky and they beset the fish hawk with a speed and agility which nothing can withstand. Three frigate birds or man-o'-war hawks (blood brothers to the pelicans, but oh, how different!) threaten and swoop and harass until the osprey opens his talons and the fish drops free. Without apparent haste, almost nonchalantly, one of the black frigates lets itself go, and with a twisted flap of one angular wing curves up beneath the mackerel and with exquisite precision daintily seizes it in mid-air. With angry screams the osprey soars to invisibility in the blue Caribbean sky.

Then comes my turn, and where the fish hawk failed I succeed. Seated in the rear of the launch, we quarter the outer bay near Medusa Islet, and the last link in the morning's fishing is forged when my rod is almost jerked from its socket and the line goes whizzing out. So terrific is the fight, and for a time so even the odds, that Colonel Chance is moved to remark that it seems as if I were not fishing so much as the great mackerel was Beebeing. It came to gaff at last — a gorgeous kingfish which had been feeding on the silversides.

After we had taken cero, barracuda, tunny, and bonito and were on our way back, I saw that in my conceit I had overlooked the really important final act. From the open sea there poured into the southern part of the

bay an army of several hundred great dolphins, rolling and leaping and feeding, and from now on the silversides were safe, for the mightiest of fish flee before these masters of the water: the cycle was complete, from the microscopic copepods and inchling silversides to this legion of eight-foot mammals.

V

Martinique was like an old friend in a new dress, for we dropped anchor at ten in the morning of Bastille Day with forty-eight hours of continuous fête in full swing — color, noise, and absinthe as only French colonials can combine them. From a half-hundred inimitable memories one stands out as the most amusing. It was the last of a series of horse races. The horses were terrible crocks, but, since all were terrible crocks, it was exciting. This last was called a donkey race, but the contestants were two tall, rangy mules and a diminutive burro. The little donkey of course fell far behind at once, but on the farther side of the track the two mules stopped and began to kick each other, while a swarm of natives who had bet heavily ran across to push and pull their respective choices into action again. One mule at last took the bit in his teeth, laid back his ears, and tore around the track for the second time. But he failed ever to return. He must have straightened out his course, and for all we know is still galloping madly toward Mont Pelée.

The second mule found so many distractions along the way that the burro caught up with and passed him, and came down the home stretch cheered by the entire population. When he reached our grandstand we gave him such an ovation that he stopped in mid-track, raised his ears in excited interest in our direction, and refused every effort on the part of his jockey with whip, rein, and spur to get him past the winning post. Finally he heard sounds of hoofs behind, and he turned and with reconcentrated interest watched the mule approach, pass, and win at an amble, when of his own accord he consented, also at an amble, to take second place. The frenzied agony of the betters, who saw nothing amusing in all this, made it perfect comedy.

The last two islands which we visited were the climax of the whole trip, but they each deserve an essay to themselves. Here is only a staccato outline — the high points of memory: —

Barbuda — a weird, flat island of seventy square miles, surrounded by most dangerous reefs, the only landmark a squat, loopholed tower of ancient, unknown origin. At the foot of this we land in surf on a beach of ten billion minute, exquisite pink shells, which give out a tinkling singing in the wind and a warm sunset sheen even on cloudy days. Dwarf butterflies and tarantula hawks crowd the one road which leads to the one village — Codrington — three miles away. If we are lucky as we walk along, we may hear the grunts of wild boars, the cackling of guinea fowl, or even disturb a fallow deer stag in its form, for the Codrington family, many generations ago, stocked Barbuda as a game preserve.

Toward us comes a group of magnificent Negro woodcutters, six feet three and four, with shoulders and muscles of heavy-weight fighters, but gentle of voice and courteous of manner. They are the results of the breeding for superslaves which the Codringtons carried on for generations, bringing the finest types of black men and women to the island and breeding them for size, bone, and sinew. The village is a surprise, for many of the native huts are conical and thatched, and surrounded

by wattled compounds to keep out the wild animals, exactly as one sees them in Africa.

Our impressions end with the perfect hospitality of the British Agent, whose tales of the legends and the equally strange realities of this utterly isolated islet tempt one to spend many months here. On the wall is a large-scale map of Barbuda with a dense mass of black dots all around the coast. A closer examination reveals this swarm of dots as wrecked vessels, each labeled with its name, cargo, and toll of drowned men. Small wonder that for many years the Barbudians found wrecking to be much more profitable than agriculture or cattle raising. As we leave the Agent's home and stop to pat the ancient hound outstretched upon the steps, we are told it is the 'island dog,' maintained, for no remembered reason, at the expense of the British Government, the custom harking back for many generations.

VI

Saba (for no reason whatever, Sayba, not Sahba) is pointed out to all the passengers to the West Indies. But to them it is as inaccessible as the sea bottom over which they are passing. For no steamers touch there, and the single volcanic peak rising abruptly from the waves offers no harbor, wharf, beach, or anchorage. We go ashore in a dory, slithering up through the surf to a temporary hold on large black pebbles, and then rush the boat up out of the way of the next roller.

Pleasant half-Dutch boys greet us, and we wait for the customs officer, who finally comes riding down the eight hundred steps on a pony. We climb and climb and climb, view after view opening and closing behind us, until at last we turn a mighty spur and find ourselves on the bottom of the island crater, with the tiny capital spread out before us — the village of Bottom.

It is like nothing else in the world; its charm is wholly its own; narrow high-walled lanes or streets (there is not a wheel or a cart in the island), red and white houses, spick-and-span as if from a Christmas morning's toy village; shy women offering delicate lacework for 'anything you like to give'; the pleasant Episcopal rector, eager for real conversation, whose diminutive house shelters a marvelous collection of brasses, three brown doves, a black cat, and a green parrot. The adjoining church, which had once been a barn, and the cemetery might be translated direct from a typical English village.

I sit in the cool dim light and read the memorials on the walls. Each tells its own story of the perils of life of these people. Following is one, revealing the toll of life taken by a single storm: —

> In loving memory of
> John Simmons, age 52 years,
> David Simmons, age 40 years,
> Richard R. Simmons, age 22 years,
> Isaac Simmons, age 16 years.
>
> Lost at sea, September 1918.
>
> We cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
> But all is well that's done by Thee.

The Governor and his charming wife change our status within a few minutes from visiting strangers to friends. They love the island and apparently their only regret is that high lobs on their tennis court are inadvisable, since the ball might go down a quarter mile into the sea. Even in our three hours' visit we destroy many silly myths which have grown up around this fairy isle of five square miles, but we find that the men actually do build most excellent boats up to eighteen feet in the lofty crater, in Bottom; boats which are subsequently carried down

the hundreds of steps on the shoulders of a score of sturdy natives.

We steam regretfully away, and in answer to many dimly waving handkerchiefs we send up three good-bye notes from our siren — whose vibrations echo back and forth among the giant cliffs of the peak. As the afternoon sun lights up the greens and grays and illumines the mists swirling about the uttermost summit, a great Pan-American plane comes into view and steers her course directly above the crater of Saba. I wonder which are the happier: the passengers in this ultra-product of man's mechanical mind, eating up the miles almost a quarter as fast as the speed of sound itself; the host of restless passengers in the steamers, frantically eager to get somewhere as quickly as possible, too often wholly unable to appreciate what they see when they get there; or, on the other hand, the people of Bottom tending their strawberry patches, embroidering their fine linen, fashioning their sturdy boats, singing the old, old hymns in their little church — and watching the sunrises and sunsets which, for themselves and for every other human being, tick off the allotted spans of life in this glorious world.

THE REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

I

WHAT is called the modern 'revolution' in science consists in the fact that the Newtonian outlook, which dominated the scientific world for nearly two hundred years, has been found insufficient. It is in process of being replaced by a different outlook, and, although the reconstruction is by no means complete, it is already apparent that the philosophical implications of the new outlook are very different from those of the old. Science has become self-conscious and comparatively humble. We are no longer taught that the scientific method of approach is the only valid method of acquiring knowledge about reality. Eminent men of science are insisting, with what seems a strange enthusiasm, on the fact that science gives us but a partial knowledge of reality, and we are no longer required to regard as illusory everything that science finds itself able to ignore.

The enthusiasm with which some men of science preach that science has limitations is not really surprising. For the universe of science, if accepted as the final reality, made of man an entirely accidental by-product of a huge mindless, purposeless, mathematical machine. And there are men of science sufficiently human to find such a conclusion disconcerting. Even the sturdy Victorians who preached this doctrine betrayed at times a despairing wish that things were not so. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that the discovery that science no longer compels us to believe in our own essen-

tial futility is greeted with acclamation, even by some scientific men.

This change in the scientific outlook seems to have taken place suddenly. It is not yet sixty years since Tyndall, in his Belfast Address, claimed that science alone was competent to deal with all man's major problems; and it is not yet twenty years since Bertrand Russell, contemplating the scientific answers, said that 'only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.' But, in truth, so far as these remarks sprang from the conviction that the sole reality is 'matter and motion,' their foundations had already been undermined. The attempt to represent nature in terms of matter and motion was already breaking down. That attempt was at its most triumphant by the end of the eighteenth century, when Laplace was emboldened to affirm that a sufficiently great mathematician, given the distribution of the particles in the primitive nebula, could predict the whole future history of the world. The fundamental concepts isolated by Newton had proved themselves so adequate in the applications that had been made of them that they were regarded as the key to — everything.

II

The first indication that the Newtonian concepts were not all-sufficient came when men tried to fashion a mechanical theory of light. This endeavor led to the creation of the ether — the most unsatisfactory and wasteful product of human ingenuity that science has to show. For generations this monster was elaborated. Miracles of mathematical ingenuity were performed in the attempt to account for the properties of light in terms of the Newtonian concepts. The difficulties became ever more heartbreaking, until, after the publication of Maxwell's demonstration that light is an electromagnetic phenomenon, they seemed to become insuperable.

By this time the ether had become too complicated to be credible. It was not only complicated; it was ugly, and ugliness in scientific theories is a thing no scientific man will tolerate if he can possibly help it. Copernicus, at the very beginning of the scientific movement, was a true judge of the scientific temperament when he showed himself confident that the æsthetic charm of his theory would suffice to enable it to make its way against the insufferably complicated theory of Ptolemy. Science has never lost that spirit. The construction of ethers became a decaying industry, and largely because there was so little demand for the product. For it had dawned on men of science that there was, after all, nothing sacrosanct about the entities of Newton. It might be that his list of ultimates — mass, force, and so on — was not exhaustive. Instead of reducing electricity to these terms, it might be better to add it to the list. This was done. After a certain amount of hesitation, and a few last desperate efforts to make electricity mechanical, electricity was added to the list of irreducible elements.

This may seem to have been a simple and obvious step to take, but it was, in reality, of profound significance. For the Newtonian concepts were all of a kind that one seemed to understand intimately. Thus the mass of a body was the quantity of matter in it. Inertia was that familiar property of matter which makes it offer resistance to a push. Force was a notion derived from our experience of muscular effort. Of course, all these concepts, in order to be of use to science, had to be given quantitative expression. They entered our calculations as mathematical symbols. Nevertheless, we supposed that

we knew the nature of what we were talking about. But, in the case of electricity, its nature is precisely what we did not know. Attempts to represent it in familiar terms — as a condition of strain in the ether, or what not — had been given up. All that we knew about electricity was the way it affected our measuring instruments. The precise description of this behavior gave us the mathematical specification of electricity, and this, in truth, was all we knew about it.

It is only now, in retrospect, that we can see how very significant a step this was. An entity had been admitted into physics of which we knew nothing but its mathematical structure. Since then other entities have been admitted on the same terms, and it is found that they play precisely the same rôle in the formation of scientific theories as do the old entities. It has become evident that, so far as the science of physics is concerned, we do not require to know the nature of the entities we discuss, but only their mathematical structure. And, in truth, that is all we do know. It is not realized that this is all the scientific knowledge we have, even of the familiar Newtonian entities. Our persuasion that we knew them in some exceptionally intimate manner was an illusion. So far as the science of physics is concerned, the old entities and the new are on the same footing: the only aspects of them with which we are concerned are their mathematical aspects.

III

With this realization, it is no long step to Eddington's position that a knowledge of mathematical structure is the only knowledge that the science of physics can give us. Of all the philosophical speculations which have been hung on to the new physics, this seems to me the most illuminating and the best-founded. It seems to be true that 'exact' science is a knowledge of what Eddington calls 'pointer-readings' — the readings on an instrument of some kind. We assume, of course, that these readings refer to various qualities of the external world, but all we actually know about these qualities, for the purposes of exact science, is the way they affect our measuring instruments.

As Eddington says in 'The Domain of Physical Science,' an essay in *Science, Religion and Reality*, 'Leaving out all æsthetic, ethical, or spiritual aspects of our environment, we are faced with qualities such as massiveness, substantiality, extension, duration, which are supposed to belong to the domain of physics. In a sense they do belong; but physics is not in a position to handle them directly. The essence of their nature is inscrutable; we may use mental pictures to aid calculations, but no image in the mind can be a replica of that which is not in the mind. And so in its actual procedure physics studies not these inscrutable qualities, but pointer-readings which we can observe. The readings, it is true, reflect the fluctuations of the world-qualities; but our exact knowledge is of the readings, not of the qualities. The former have as much resemblance to the latter as a telephone number has to a subscriber.'

Eddington has given a very remarkable illustration of this point of view in his extension of Einstein's Relativity Theory, in *The Mathematical Theory of Relativity*. Eddington starts with undefinable 'point-events.' We do not know, and we do not require to know, what point-events *are*. All we know is that it takes four numbers to indicate a point-event uniquely — as it takes two numbers, the number of the street and the number of the house, to indicate a house in New York uniquely. Between neighboring pairs

of point-events is a relation called the 'interval.' Again we do not know the nature of this relation, but it has a mathematical aspect, and this is all we require to know.

From this primitive material Eddington manages to derive, by mathematical analysis, the world of physics, matter and its laws. It is true that the derivation is not complete. The atomic constitution of matter, all the quantum phenomena, are left on one side. But all the field phenomena of physics, the conservation of mass and energy, the laws of gravitation and electricity, emerge as necessary consequences of the elementary structural relations assumed in the beginning.

Whether or not this derivation of field physics — we know that Einstein prefers a different derivation — is of permanent scientific importance, it is obviously a very convincing illustration of Eddington's contention that exact science deals wholly with structure. For his derivation is not affected whatever nature we attribute to the point-events that constitute all phenomena. It could even be maintained that they are happenings in the mind of God if, like Newton, we supposed space to be God's 'sensorium.' Science throws no light on such questions. It would be confined to remarking, of the Big Four at Versailles, that they numbered four, to use one of Eddington's illustrations.

The fact that science is confined to a knowledge of structure is obviously of great 'humanistic' importance. For it means that the problem of the nature of reality is not prejudged. We are no longer required to believe that our response to beauty, and the mystic's sense of communion with God, have no objective counterpart. It is perfectly possible that they are, what they have so often been taken to be, clues to the nature of reality. Thus our various experiences are put on a more equal footing, as it were. Our religious aspirations, our perceptions of beauty, may not be the essentially illusory phenomena they were supposed to be. In this new scientific universe even mystics have a right to exist.

IV

The outlook just described may fairly be said to be a result of the new scientific self-consciousness. It is more than a mere speculation. But some of the other views that have been put forth by our scientific philosophers seem a good deal less secure. We have, for instance, Sir James Jeans's view that the universe is a thought in the mind of a Supreme Mathematician. His reason for thinking this seems to be that '*all* the pictures which science now draws of nature, and which alone seem capable of according with observational fact, are *mathematical* pictures' (*The Mysterious Universe*).

Moreover, these mathematical pictures are not pictures of anything that we can imagine. On the wave theory of matter, for example, an electron is a system of waves in a three-dimensional space. This sounds intelligible. We can identify this space with the physical space of our perceptions, and imagine the waves as being waves in some kind of ether. But we find that two electrons require a six-dimensional space, three electrons nine dimensions, and so on. It is evident that the space being talked of can have nothing to do with the space of perception. Also, we find that the waves being talked of are extremely elusive. It is suggested that they may be waves of probability, with no material existence whatever. It is obvious that the wave theory of matter is a description of something which is utterly unimaginable. From this, and similar instances, Sir James Jeans con-

cludes that the universe is more like a thought than it is like anything else. He concludes, indeed, that it is a thought in the mind of a Supreme Mathematical Thinker.

To this argument one objects, in the first place, that the universe possesses aspects other than its mathematical aspects. The artist and the mystic are concerned with aspects of the world which are not mathematical. Even the sciences, excepting physics and its allies, are dealing with phenomena which are certainly not obviously mathematical. Adopting Jeans's line of argument, we should have to say that the Creator is thinking of a great many things besides pure mathematics.

It might be said, of course, that all aspects of nature, except its mathematical aspects, are contributed wholly by our minds, and so are entirely subjective. This was very much the outlook of the early scientific creators, Galileo and Kepler. But, if we adopt this way of reasoning, it is not at all obvious that nature's mathematical characteristics are not also subjective. Mathematical characteristics, it may be argued, are put into nature by us. We inevitably arrange phenomena in a mathematical framework because of the structure of our minds. This was Kant's view, and it is also Eddington's view, when he says, 'We have found that where science has progressed the farthest, the mind has but regained from nature that which the mind has put into nature.' Jeans, too, believes that our minds think mathematically from their very construction, but he regards it as a significant coincidence that nature should also behave mathematically, and finds in that coincidence evidence that nature has a mathematical Designer. But if Kant's view be correct, there is no coincidence, and the fact that we arrange nature in a mathematical framework tells us nothing at all about its Designer.

Another point of view, which also has a respectable philosophic pedigree, maintains that mathematics is not *a priori*, is not an inescapable activity of the mind. These philosophers maintain that the laws of mathematics are derived from experience. Mathematical thinking, they assert, has resulted from our observation of the actual laws obeyed by phenomena. Thus the fact that we think mathematically, and that nature works mathematically, is not an extraordinary coincidence, but simply an example of adaptation. Indeed, Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us that it can be shown that a mathematical web of some kind can be woven about any universe containing several objects. If this be so, then the fact that our universe lends itself to mathematical treatment is not a fact of any great philosophic significance.

But even if we agree that the universe has a mathematical Designer, the next step, that the universe is a thought in a mathematical Mind, seems a very long one. Sir James Jeans appears to have been led to this conclusion by the difficulty of imagining anything material behaving in accordance with the equations that modern physicists have found. He says: 'The concepts which now prove to be fundamental to our understanding of nature — a space which is finite; a space which is empty, so that one point differs from another solely in the properties of the space itself; four-dimensional, seven and more dimensional spaces; a space which forever expands; a sequence of events which follows the laws of probability instead of the laws of causation — or, alternatively, a sequence of events which can only be fully and consistently described by going outside space and time, all these concepts seem to my mind to be structures of pure thought,

incapable of realization in any sense which would properly be described as material.'

The state of affairs described by Jeans certainly makes it likely that whatever it is that behaves in this extraordinary way is not something which we can represent to ourselves in terms of familiar concepts. The 'atom' of Victorian science could be pictured as a tiny grain of sand. The 'electron' of modern physics certainly cannot be pictured as an even tinier grain of sand. But surely this is not surprising? Why should not the intimate workings of nature outrun our capacity for pictorial representation? Lord Kelvin said that he could understand nothing of which he could not make a mechanical model, and for that reason he never accepted Maxwell's Electromagnetic Theory of Light. That seems to us now a strange criterion. Why should a man suppose that nature must be the kind of thing that a nineteenth-century engineer can reproduce in his workshop? What degree of unfamiliarity will Sir James Jeans permit before he declares that nothing material could act so oddly, and that the universe must be pure thought? It is also possible, we must remember, that some of these amazing mathematical webs which have been woven testify to the inefficiency of the mathematicians. It is perfectly possible that some of their paradoxes arise from the fact that they are using inappropriate concepts, and that the subject will take on a much more coherent form when new concepts are introduced.

V

Nevertheless, although they adopt very different routes, both Eddington and Jeans arrive at very much the same conclusion — namely, that the ultimate nature of the universe is mental. We have seen that Jeans has been led to this conclusion by the impossibility of conceiving anything save pure thought to which the modern mathematical description of the universe could apply. Eddington reaches his conclusion by reflecting that the only direct knowledge we possess is knowledge of mental states. All other knowledge, such as our knowledge of the material universe, is inferred knowledge — often the product of a long and complicated chain of inference. He holds the well-known theory that all our knowledge of the external world comes to us in the form of physical stimuli which travel along the nerves to the brain. Having arrived at the brain, these stimuli are somehow transformed into, or give rise to, mental states, which are apparently of an entirely different nature from the physical stimuli. But, he argues, the only link in this chain of whose nature we know anything is the last link — the mental state. Are we to suppose that this link is something absolutely different in kind from the other links?

Consider vision, for example. The process starts with the vibrating atoms of an external object. These vibrating atoms give rise to what the older physics called waves in the ether, but what the newer physics cannot yet satisfactorily describe. This physical process, whatever it may be, reaches the eye, and causes another physical process there. This, in turn, leads, presumably, to molecular movements in the brain. There then occurs the wholly dissimilar phenomenon that we call seeing a glowing red patch. This phenomenon appears so unlike those which preceded it that an absolute breach of continuity seems to have occurred. But why should we suppose this? We have seen that the only knowledge we have of the vibrating

atoms, ether waves, and so on, is knowledge of their *structure*. This tells us nothing about their nature. May it not be, then, that their nature is the same as that of the red patch — namely, mental?

This is, in essence, what Professor Eddington asserts. He quotes with approval W. K. Clifford's remark, 'The succession of feelings which constitutes a man's consciousness is the reality which produces in our minds the perception of the motions of his brain.' Seen from the outside, as it were, a living brain is a collection of molecules in movement. Experienced from the inside, it is a collection of mental states. The first view gives us knowledge of structure. The second view gives us knowledge of nature or substance.

Thus, for Eddington, the whole of what exists, the external universe and our minds, is homogeneous in its nature. 'The stuff of the world,' he says, 'is mind-stuff.' He goes on: 'The mind-stuff is not spread in space and time; these are part of the cyclic scheme ultimately derived out of it. But we must presume that in some other way or aspect it can be differentiated into parts. Only here and there does it rise to the level of consciousness, but from such islands proceeds all knowledge. Besides the direct knowledge contained in each self-knowing unit, there is inferential knowledge. The latter includes our knowledge of the physical world.'

It will be seen that Eddington leaves his notion of 'mind-stuff' very indefinite. It is not 'stuff,' since it is not spread in space and time; and it is not mind in the ordinary sense, since it is only here and there that it rises to the level of consciousness. It may be regarded, perhaps, as an extension of the 'unconscious' that psychologists talk about. Mr. C. D. Broad's very able analysis of the 'unconscious' in his book, *The Mind and Its Place in Nature*, shows us the lines on which this concept could be developed. Jeans, as we have seen, goes even further, and would make the universe even more fully mental, being, indeed, a thought in the mind of God.

VI

The humanistic importance of this outlook, in the minds of its authors, seems to be that it leaves us more free to attach the traditional significance to our æsthetic, religious, or, compendiously, mystic experiences. It does not actively reënforce any particular religious interpretation of the universe, but it cuts the ground from under those arguments which were held to prove that any such interpretation is necessarily illusory. This it does by showing that science deals with but a partial aspect of reality, and that there is no faintest reason for supposing that everything science ignores is less real than what it accepts.

The question as to why science can afford to ignore these other elements has also been answered by Eddington. Why is it that science forms a closed system? Why is it that the elements of reality it ignores never come in to disturb it? The reason is that all the terms of physics are defined in terms of one another. The abstractions with which physics begins are all it ever has to do with. By starting with 'point-events,' for instance, we can, mathematically, grind out one expression after another, until we come to the mathematical specification of 'matter.' From this specification we can continue until we arrive back at our starting point. We are doing what the dictionary compiler did when he defined a violin as a small violoncello, and a

violoncello as a large violin. But what we have left out of this description is the process by which the mind of the scientist makes contact with one of the entities — namely, matter — which appear in this mathematical chain. It is in virtue of his recognition of this entity that the cycle of definitions has a meaning for him, and gives him genuine information. Similarly, to one who has seen either a violin or a violoncello, the dictionary definition gives information. But as long as the abstractions of physics form a closed cycle, it is obviously immune from all disturbance from factors it has neglected.

It is not quite clear that this immunity will endure. The above analysis applies only to 'field' physics, which, as we have mentioned, covers a very large part of physics. But it does not cover the whole of physics, and the hope that it could be made to do so grows steadily less. In atomic and subatomic phenomena we seem to be faced by a state of affairs that lies right outside the cyclic scheme. The most disconcerting characteristic of this region is that strict causality, a cardinal assumption in science, does not seem to apply. In the motions of individual atoms and electrons there seems to be an element of free will. Determinism has broken down, and the Principle of Indeterminacy has taken its place.

There is great difference of opinion at present as to whether this is a genuine discovery or whether it is a merely temporary technical device. Einstein, Max Planck, and others think that strict causality will ultimately be restored in physics, while such men as Eddington and Schrödinger think that determinism must be definitely abandoned. If the principle of indeterminacy comes to be definitely established, it will obviously have important philosophic consequences. It will make it easier to believe that our intuition of free will is not an illusion. Moreover, instead of regarding the course of nature as the mere unrolling of a vast machine where every product is predetermined, we shall be freer to attribute to nature a genuine creative advance. And the distinction between the natural and the supernatural, as Eddington has pointed out, would be appreciably diminished. Indeed, if this principle is definitely admitted, it will lead to the greatest revolution in scientific thought, and in the philosophy based on it, that has yet occurred.

VII

So far we have dealt with the limitations of science as a method of acquiring knowledge about reality. We have seen that the new self-consciousness of science has resulted in the recognition that its claims were greatly exaggerated. The philosophy based on science had made 'matter and motion' the sole reality. In doing so, it had dismissed other elements of our experience — those that seemed to us to have the greatest significance and which, finally, made life worth living — as illusory. Science, in spite of all its practical benefits, had seemed to many thoughtful men, perhaps to the majority, to have darkened life. That the new attitude of science, as explained by such men as Eddington and Jeans, has obtained such widespread attention is not, therefore, surprising. It was the metaphysical doctrines which accompanied science that were found so depressing. This is a striking testimonial to the fact that man is, after all, a philosophizing animal, for the purely practical aspects of science met with almost universal acclamation. And the wonderful vistas opened up by science seem to have been sufficient,

in themselves, to inspire many men with optimism and a sense of freedom.

Professor Millikan, an eminent man of science, has eloquently expressed this outlook. He points out that our civilization is the first one in history that has not been based on slave labor. This is unquestionably a great gain. Also the amenities of life are now more numerous and more widely distributed than they have ever been before. And we may have every confidence that this advancement will continue. The sciences of geology, palæontology, and biology have revealed an orderly development of living forms from the lower to the higher which has been going on for many millions of years. We may well suppose that it is part of the order of nature that such development should continue. Millikan quotes, —

> A fire-mist and a planet, —
> A crystal and a cell, —
> A jellyfish and a saurian,
> And caves where the cave-men dwell;
> Then a sense of law and beauty,
> And a face turned from the clod, —
> Some call it Evolution,
> And others call it God, —

and comments, 'That sort of sentiment is the gift of modern science to the world.' And the fact that we ourselves are playing a part, a conscious part, in this evolutionary process is, he thinks, of 'tremendous inspirational appeal.'

But it may justly be objected that all this is consistent with the old scientific philosophy which made man a purely accidental outcome of matter and motion, and which presented the universe, large and magnificent as it is, as entirely purposeless. The doctrine of progress, seen against that background, loses a good deal of its inspirational appeal unless we are content to find the whole meaning of life in the rearing of better and better human beings until, with the final death of the physical universe, the whole irrelevant human adventure comes to an end. The matter is not much better if we suppose the physical universe to be continually renewed. Our religious impulses cannot be satisfied with anything less than a belief that life has a transcendental significance. And it is precisely this belief that the old philosophy of science made impossible.

We conclude, therefore, that the truly significant change in modern science is not to be found in its increased powers to aid man's progress, but in the change in its metaphysical foundations.

A PRIEST'S REPLY TO A SCIENTIST

The Religion of To-morrow

BY ROYDEN KEITH YERKES

I

In the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr., writes to a friend, a priest, a letter in which, as a scientist, he makes three points: —

1. We can agree at least in this: that the attitudes toward life engendered in me by science and in you by religion are utterly irreconcilable.

2. I should not be writing now if I were one of those who can feel only pity for religious people. I must admit that my feeling is closer to envy.

3. If there is any fundamental beauty beyond the tragic beauty of universal futility, or any hope but the blind hope of the wishful ego, we should like to know it.

This is far from the old hackneyed warfare between religion and science in which the chief actors were, on the one hand, inductive scientists who had revolted from the grotesque, geocentric, selfish, and material religion of their youth and knew no other, and, on the other hand, religionists who knew naught of the inductive method of reasoning. The scientist, as he calls himself, longs for the subtle peace of the religionist, but to him its price seems his own integrity, and he cannot sell his soul.

What is a scientist? What is science? What is religion? What is a religious person? The words are used with such varying connotations that one must define his terms before he speaks of either.

A religious person is a Greek Metropolitan, a Buddhist, a Moslem, a Holy Roller, a Roman Catholic, a Scottish Covenanter, a Quaker, or a New Thoughtist, to mention only a few kinds, and religion is what is believed and practised by them. If 'religion' is to be defined in a generic way, it must be a sort of least common multiple of them all.

Chemistry, physics, astronomy, and botany are sciences. There is the science of engineering, of medicine, of music, of navigation, and, for all we know, of politics, of industrialism, and of salesmanship. If 'science' is to be defined generically, it must include these and many more activities. If some clever manipulator of words should achieve these two definitions, would they be irreconcilable?

II

Even in its narrower sense, science is not as definite as one might suppose. He who studies the stars and he who studies protoplasm are both scientists, and both their subjects are strictly branches of science. The only bond of union between these two men is their method of study.

Science is therefore that method of

study which proceeds inductively. The scientist observes phenomena and collects facts; he collates these facts and tries to ascertain whether there is any law which governs the phenomena; if he finds such a law, or thinks he finds it, he tries to predict when and under what circumstances similar phenomena may be expected to appear. These three stages — the collective, the collative, and the predictive — mark the development of every science.

Some sciences, such as mathematics and astronomy, are well advanced in the predictive stage. Others (to mention them might be invidious) seem not so far advanced, but have definite hope of progress. Any systematic study which has this definite hope would seem to be entitled to the name of science.

Not everyone who is busied in a scientific field is given the name of scientist. The bacteriologist, whom all admit to be one, would hardly grant that every physician is. Most astronomers would be loath to apply the name to astrologists. Sophomores in college who are commencing the study of physics would not be called scientists. He would seem to be a scientist who is engaged in his study with the purpose of arriving at the third or predictive stage.

The term 'scientists' is popularly and more narrowly applied to describe the men who are engaged in the scientific study of any material things in the universe, be they stars or bacteria, and who have learned some of the laws which govern their activity. These are the men who have made the physical universe better known to us, and who have enabled us to cope more easily with our environments. May their tribe increase.

III

Every scientist to-day knows that most of the theories (supposed to be laws) which gave rise to the studies and practices of his predecessors have been discarded, and that many hypotheses which were once accepted as axiomatic have been proved fallacious.

Alchemy gave way to chemistry, and the history of chemistry must include the activities of many who are recognized to have been hopelessly wrong. These men, however, labored not in vain; they prepared the way for their more learned successors, and, by every token, they were the scientists of their day. Modern chemistry is more closely related to alchemy than the casual observer may suppose. Nor is it difficult to imagine that, within a short time, the accepted chemistry of to-day will be radically altered by new discoveries in atomic activity.

The history of medicine describes many kinds of diagnosis and many systems of therapeutics. The last generation has seen undreamed-of developments which will probably be transcended in the next decade. The reason that such progress has been made in the science is that so many devoted men have gladly given their lives to its pursuit although they obtained no appreciable results. They had the quality of faith which needs not to see results; it has only to believe in its methods.

Scientists accept the principle that any theory which does not satisfactorily explain all the phenomena in its field will have to be altered or even discarded. They are humbly prepared to discover new phenomena which may compel them to revise many of their conclusions and explanations.

No scientist presumes to speak with authority in any field other than his own. The astronomer will not propose a bacteriological theory; he will make inquiry of a bacteriologist in whom his fellows have confidence, and will accept

his statements, however surprising they may be. The true scientist is marked by humility and reverence.

IV

Like every other phase of civilization, religion has taken many forms in many races, and has undergone many transformations in the same race. For it to take a fixed and final form would be to spell the end of its usefulness. In our own country it has no common form, but appears in more varieties than in any land.

Even Christianity is a name assumed by a great many different religions which would not apply it to each other. Roman Catholics are Christians; so are Quakers and Unitarians and Baptists; and about the only common element to them all is a belief in the name 'Christ,' which they apply to figures varying all the way from Guido Reni's *Ecce Homo* to the salesman hero of *The Man Nobody Knows*. The din of voices is akin to the babel of the therapeutic world. Speaking philosophically, Christianity is becoming rather than being.

Different as are the religions of the country, like all the religions of the world, they resemble each other in three features. Periodically the adherents of a religion meet together for some sort of ceremony or rite which we call worship or *cult*. There is some more or less official explanation or rationalization of the cult which we call *creed*. By the ceremonies and their explanations there is some regulation of the lives of the adherents which we call *conduct*.

The purpose of this cult, creed, and conduct, which, together, make up the religion, is always to enable the adherents to effect a union with the Great Something Other than themselves, and thus to cope the more effectively with the spiritual immensities of life which sooner or later beset us all — stress, perplexity, sin, sorrow, failure, death.

V

Religion in America has suffered much from the hands of its friends. We Americans recognize the principle of authority in nearly every department of life. The electrician does not presume to dictate to the physician, nor does the astronomer to the dentist. The grocer does not essay to speak with authority upon the steel industry; the hatter does not offer instructions upon bridge building. There are, however, two glaring exceptions to the rule.

Every American considers himself, with no special training whatever, of equal authority with every other American in the subjects of religion and politics. The condition of these in our country indicates that both have been conducted by amateurs who knew nothing and cared less about the experience of the race. Democracy in politics and Protestantism in religion have been responsible for the widespread theory that no special training is necessary to be an expert in either of these subjects. The invasion of this principle into the medical world is responsible for the hosts of novel '-pathies' and '-practics' against which the medical profession has consistently taken the scientific stand for which it is, in turn, branded as bigoted, narrow, mercenary.

This was the reason that emotional revivalism flourished so well and so long upon American soil. Untrained and untaught men with a sincere zeal for moral reform would artificially create an atmosphere of excitement, and aggressively and volubly reiterate words and phrases of whose meaning they were ignorant. Listeners who

were equally ignorant were caught by the spell of their glibness and fired by the contagion of their emotion. These were described as 'getting religion,' which, as a phrase, became popularly confused with the hysterical moral inertia and intellectual monstrosity which shock and revolt everyone who learns a few of the facts of the universe and of history, and which positively repel the scientist in any field whatsoever.

VI

In many American religious bodies which are antithetical to revivalism of any kind, the cult has resolved itself into a sacred concert whose object, like the object of the revival, is to gather the crowd. In others it has become an unintelligent performance separated entirely from the ratiocinative processes of the worshipers. In both these instances there has been an inevitable result upon the creed, for the creed is always the explanation of the cult.

In the first instance, the creed has lost all semblance of philosophic unity and has become an aggregation of pious opinions and aspirations or a collection of moral maxims. In the other, the creed has become a body of fixed phrases, frequently couched in terms of a discarded philosophy, to be learned by heart and repeated by rote whenever occasion demands. Illustrations of both these conditions could be easily adduced, but, inasmuch as we Americans have not the grace of impersonality in discussion, they had better be omitted.

It is small wonder that a scientist turns in vain to either of these groups for the courage and strength and peace his soul desires. The first group has no answer to his inquiries, and the second does not understand their nature. He will hearken only to that religion which has very definite theories, as he himself has, and whose theories are consonant with well-known facts and phenomena.

VII

Religion is not dying in America; it is in process of transition to a form new to many, but not so new to many others. The details which it will assume may not all be accurately foreshadowed, but one may make a few predictions of its general nature.

It will, for a long time, be almost esoteric in character. Like the activities of true science, it will be based, not upon foundations of mass appeal, but upon deeper and more basic principles, which will be apprehended only by the few who devote themselves to it. Its spread will be, not by accretion or by deliberate attempts at extension, but by the silent and almost unnoticed method by which the seed grows into a mighty tree. Its hero will be, not the successful salesman, but the humble servant, the kind of man of which the true scientist is made.

It will not be something novel and invented, but will be as closely linked with traditional religion as modern chemistry is with alchemy, or as modern physics with Archimedes. Saint Thomas Aquinas will be as important in its history as are Newton and Copernicus in the history of astronomy. Its behavior toward tradition will be neither the fawning adulation of the cringing slave nor the hysterical hatred of the recent fugitive. It will look to the rock from which it is hewn.

It will have a restrained and symbolic cult, which will not be a realistic outlet for emotions, a sacred concert, or a perfunctory performance of habit, but will be an objective presentation of the spiritual ideal of man, an awakening of a sincere desire to realize it, and

an actual means of approximating it. In this cult a sermon will not be considered necessary, for, when men preach, it will be because they have something to say, and not because they have to say something. Choirs and preaching, the expensive overhead of present-day Protestantism, will not be regarded as essential to cult, but will be among its adornments when desired and possible. They will always be kept in their proper place of expressive adornments and will not be allowed to usurp the centre of the stage.

It will have a creed which will not be a congeries of 'inspirational' exhortations and verbose platitudes or a collection of unintelligible phrases, but will be a sane, definite, and cogent explanation of the worship. This creed will be no more fearful of the phrases of antiquity than we are of such phrases as 'rising sun,' 'setting sun,' or 'falling stars,' but will be focused upon phenomena and ideas rather than upon words.

It will have a definite discipline, America's great lack to-day, which alone can produce character, and which will have an unmistakable effect upon the lives of its adherents, whose conduct will be marked by courage and humility and self-control, by strength and dependableness, by ingenuousness and calmness and selflessness, by faith, hope, and charity.

The most powerful commendation of this religion will be, not the invincibility of its logic, but the profound conduct of its devotees. It will not appeal to the ambitious or the selfish or the contented, for these want, not religion, but service, and their conception of God is of the Chief Bell Boy of the universe.

The approach to this religion will not be by comprehension to be followed by practice, but, like the approach to all art and science, by practice which generates apprehension. The practice of the cult will first be an act of faith, like that of the scientist, who sees not the results of his work but trusts that by his methods they will appear at the proper time.

The motives for the practice of religion will be absolutely devoid of the desire to continue the wishful ego or any other selfish incentive. Men will learn that the law of the spiritual development of the race is the very opposite of the law of physical development. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; complete devotion of self is the first law of the spiritual world.

We know much of the lives of those whose chief contribution to society has been material progress. We know comparatively little of the biography of those whose contribution to the race has been spiritual — of Moses, of Isaiah, of Gautama, of Confucius, of Socrates, of Shakespeare. We know comparatively little of the biography of Jesus of Nazareth.

VIII

The scientist points grimly to the tragic beauty in the universal futility of material things. To seek beauty, tragedy, or futility in the universe is to seek immeasurable and imponderable spiritual values, and for this search a spiritual equipment is necessary. The search itself is a spiritual activity.

There is neither beauty nor discord, neither tragedy nor comedy, neither futility nor purpose, in the inexorable activity of matter. A machine has no purpose. He who made it and he who drives it may each have a purpose, but the purpose is external to the machine and is not in any way a part of it. The poor machine is not even conscious of

its own purposelessness; it has not even the elementary beginnings of a spiritual life. The material universe is, in a sense, a machine.

When that strange biped, man, entered upon the scene, seeking not only for food and shelter and mating, but for purpose, a new kind of life was inaugurated which has had its unfolding in manifold spiritual activities. This elementary seeking is related to the more complex spiritual development as the protoplasm is related to the human body. That it has not been wholly futile has been due to the incentives given to it by inspired men.

Man's physical development has proceeded upon his obedience to and coöperation with a Something external to himself — call it Power or Law or any name that pleases. Man is *not* the lord of nature, but is still its helpless slave, dependent for his very life upon meticulous obedience to its laws. The discovery of this has been due to students of science who for countless centuries have given themselves, with admirable devotion, to its patient pursuit. Long may their labors continue, and may they be crowned with success.

To the appreciation of spiritual values and coöperation with the Great Something Other that controls their development, students of religion have given themselves with a devotion that is equally unfailing. They have made many mistakes and many discoveries, and have not always been able to distinguish between them. This, however, we have learned: that to religion alone can we look for the things that are unseen and eternal. The alternative is the conscious pursuit of the material for its own sake, the aggregation of things, which can only lead to the ultimate destruction of the race by itself. And this is hell.

TECHNOCRATIC PYROTECHNICS

BY JASPER JARROW

I

'ONE man at a switchboard!' That slogan of Howard Scott, the Chief Technocrat, has kept me awake nights. 'Just imagine,' he says, 'a New Jersey rayon factory without human labor, save for one man at a switchboard!' Such a spectacle is a warning that nearly all of us will soon be thrown out of work.

Already the Technocrats have made 300 charts to prove it. These charts show that we have engines with 9,000,000 times the output of the average human being, working eight hours a day; and of this 9,000,000-fold acceleration, 8,766,000-fold has occurred since the year 1900. The Technocrats are now making more charts, 3000 of them — or 3,000,000, I can't remember which. Long rows of ciphers don't mean much to me.

Anyway, when the 3000 or the 3,000,000 charts are finished, they will render speechless all the politicians, including Huey Long; and the Technocrats will then take over the control of the country. Under the new régime, nobody will have to work except persons between the ages of 25 and 45; and they will have to work only 132 hours per year. That will be sufficient to maintain twice as high a standard of living as that reached in the year 1929. Think of it! When the Technocratic calendar is adopted, instead of having sixteen holidays, and all the rest workdays, we shall have sixteen workdays, and all the rest holidays.

This reveals the basic truth that physical wealth is not measured in terms of money or labor, but in terms of energy. And with the discovery of that truth, as Howard Scott profoundly says, 'the bankers, the industrialists, the Marxists, the Fascists, the economists, the soldiers, as well as the politicians, are things of the past.'

'A clean sweep,' my friend Slocum says. 'Nobody left but the Technocrats. The great flood of invention is rising, and not even two of a species will be saved this time!'

That is the trouble with Slocum: he refuses to take anything seriously. Still I keep discussing the economic muddle with him, because he works on statistics in my office.

Most economists don't know enough to answer the Technocrats, so they make fun of them. Technocratic fiction, George Soule says, is a new kind of bedtime story, to give children pleasant dreams while the house is burning down. The Technocrats are intellectual terrorists, Virgil Jordan says, proclaiming the Technocrack of Doom. Simeon Strunsky sees the chief Technocrat as nothing but the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* who sets out to make our flesh creep. He is not an engineer, with a 300,000-horsepower turbine to operate, but just a plain human being, with that most primitive of all human tools — an axe to grind.

Well, let the economists laugh while

they may. They will soon be discarded, Howard Scott predicts, along with other historical antiquities. What have economists ever done for their country, anyway — what, except write books for each other, explaining why nothing can ever be done about anything? Leave natural law alone to work out our problems for us. No wonder that is a popular plan. Somebody observed long ago that the most powerful impulse of the human race is the instinct to sit down. The Technocrats have made us sit up.

It is startling to hear Howard Scott say that 'the progression of a modern industrial social mechanism is undirectional and irreversible.' I did n't know exactly what that meant, but Slocum says it means that we don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.

Slocum is clever enough and well informed; but he is not an engineer, so he simply cannot comprehend the revolutionary nature of this new science. 'Old stuff,' he calls it. He seems to think the country has gone Technocrazy. 'The Technocrats,' he said the other day, 'have filled our economic cornfields with scarecrows. Yet there is nothing new about them; the same old figures, dangling on sticks. They are clad with grandfather's discarded suits, threadbare, full of holes, and stuffed with statistical straw that has been kicked around the barn floor for a long time. Still, under the pale moonlight, the rustling of the straw-stuffed limbs in the wind startles us.'

'It certainly does,' I murmured. 'One man at a switchboard!'

'That *is* a shocking thought,' exclaimed Slocum, with a grin.

II

For my part, I can't see anything funny about it. 'Be serious for once, Slocum,' I begged, 'and hear what the Technocrats say. Remember, too, that they have reached these conclusions only after ten years of chart making. They declare that displacement of man-hours by kilowatt-hours is inevitable, and that unemployment must increase in geometrical progression, unless we abolish capitalism. What do you make of that?'

'Fireworks,' he grunted. 'Technocratic pyrotechnics.'

'But,' I objected, 'Howard Scott has proved that the whole price system is crumbling under the tense pressure of immense energy and power. Now honestly, Slocum, is n't that revolutionary?'

'No more so than a pinwheel. Everything Scott says goes round and round, emitting sparks, and then stops where it started. He is a pseudo-scientist using the methods of a psycho-showman.'

I did my best to get Slocum to see the tragic import of the facts. 'You don't seem to realize,' I said, 'that your own job is doomed by the machine. Even to-day, a single turbine has a capacity of 300,000 horsepower. That is three million times the output of a human being, working eight hours a day. But a turbine runs twenty-four hours a day; and forty of these turbines have the energy output of ten times all the adult workers of the United States.'

Slocum interrupted me. 'Then,' he concluded, 'all our workers must have been displaced by machines already, for already the equivalent of more than forty of these turbines is at work.'

'You don't understand,' I answered as patiently as I could. 'Men are still employed in some industries because the maximum displacement by machinery has not yet been reached, and some men are still employed to *tend* machines. The next step, the Chief Technocrat says, will be to install machines to *tend* machines.'

Slocum wanted to know whether the

next step would be to install machines to *tend* the machines that were *tending* the machines, and then to install machines that would *make* machines to *tend* the machines which were *tending* the machines.

Ignoring his irrelevant question, I went on to explain that one man with a machine can now produce 9000 times as many electric light bulbs as one man could produce by hand in 1914.

'But,' he objected, 'if the Technocrats could be induced to consult the standard work on the subject — *Real Wages*, by Paul H. Douglas — they would find that, between 1899 and 1913, output per man-hour, *in all industries combined*, increased no faster than 2 per cent per year. Nothing startling about the figure 2 — unless you add a few irresponsible ciphers. That is n't all. Douglas shows that, between 1913 and 1921, output per man-hour remained about the same, while inventions swamped the Patent Office. As a matter of fact, Carl Snyder exploded the myth of vastly increased world production, even before the Technocrats exploded their first skyrocket.'

Slocum took out his notebook. 'Here are a few figures,' he said, 'which show exactly how fast invention has reduced employment. The first spinning machines enabled one person to spin as much cloth as 700 could spin by hand. But did the machines throw 699 out of every 700 out of work? Not exactly. In 1835, employment in the British textile industry was 218,000. More efficient machines were then installed. Employment rose to 379,000. Still better machines were put in operation. Employment rose to 689,000.'

I was about to raise the objection that a single industry may not be typical, but Slocum continued reading his notes. They show that total employment in England during the most prolific era of invention, just prior to the World War, rose 48 per cent, while the population rose only 38 per cent.

'Why worry about machines?' Slocum continued. 'They produce jobs as well as goods. That is what they did in the United States between 1919 and 1928. They made so much work in connection with airplanes, automobiles, trucks, radios, motion pictures, and electric refrigerators, that they offset all the technological unemployment in all the other industries combined. The Department of Commerce statistics show it.'

Slocum warned me not to pursue the inquiry any further if I wanted to be thrilled by Technocratic fireworks.

That set me thinking. It would take a thousand patient monks a lifetime to produce one issue of the *Atlantic* with quill pens, even if they failed to observe union hours. Yet there are more printers at work per thousand of population to-day than there were scribes at work before the day of printing presses. And surely there are more taxicab drivers in New York City, alone, than there were hackney coachmen in the whole country before Henry Ford began inventing things.

Still that is not the whole story. 'Slocum,' I asked, 'do you realize that the Technocrats announce that a road-making machine is now possible which could tear up and repave Fifth Avenue from one end to the other in twenty-four hours, and that one of these machines could do seven blocks in one hour, and four machines could — well, let's do a little figuring.'

'Yes,' Slocum agreed, 'let's do it. If one motor car can cross the continent in four days, then four motor cars can cross the continent in one day. And if one man, using the latest Super House Constructor, can build a house in ten days, then ten men can build a house in one day; a thousand men can build a house in fourteen minutes; and a mil-

lion men can build a house in eight tenths of a second. The Technocrats are right; economics is obsolete; nothing can be trusted but mathematics.'

III

'Houses are different,' I objected. 'See what has happened in the steel industry. Do you question Howard Scott's figures? He says that in 1900 the steel industry produced 11,000,000 metric tons, with 600,000,000 man-hours; but in 1929 it produced 58,000,000 metric tons with only 770,000,000 man-hours — a drop from 70 man-hours per ton to 13 man-hours per ton.

'By analogy,' I pointed out, 'you can easily see what the development of energy will do to employment in other fields. At that rate, in another thirty years only one worker out of nine will be employed. You can learn a lot by analogy.'

'You certainly can,' Slocum agreed. 'For instance, there is the flea. It jumps 1300 times its own length. There is no reason, therefore, why a man six feet high should not develop power enough to jump — let me see — well, at least a mile and a half at one leap.'

'But,' I objected, 'jumping is not solely a question of physical power.'

'Neither is employment in a thousand vocations,' said Slocum. 'A single turbine, for all I know, may have a capacity of 300,000 horsepower. But all the turbines in the world cannot develop even one horsepower capacity for teaching school, or editing a newspaper, or creating beauty, or caring for the sick, or governing a city, or ministering to human souls who are weary and heavy-laden. The services we most need are individualistic by nature; they cannot be furnished by mass production.'

I had to admit that there was something to that argument; one man at a switchboard could not write poems, or fill teeth, or discover the cause of cancer.

'Or even,' Slocum added, 'run the Technocrat's publicity bureau. That requires something besides turbines: that requires fireworks.'

Slocum insists that, from all their charts, the Technocrats fail to draw one obvious conclusion — namely, that we should very greatly increase the proportion of our national income, and thus the proportion of employed workers, devoted to the production of *services*. We could easily, he admits, produce *things* three times as fast. There is, to be sure, a bare possibility that we could not spin our machinery around 3000 times as fast; perhaps the Technocrats have misplaced a few ciphers. But certainly we could spin it around *three* times as fast. There is no point, however, in producing three times as many coats, cameras, cabbages, cigarettes, and commodities in general. Why not go in for the durable satisfactions of life? There is no danger of an overproduction of physical health; no danger of an excess of fine arts; no danger of learning too much about the fine art of living. Nobody fears a glut in the market for education. And none of these services can be rendered by machines.

Then, again, as Slocum pointed out, the Technocrats allow their conclusions to get the better of their mathematics — which is a casual thing for engineers to do. They play up a single machine, used in only one out of a thousand farm operations, and leave us gasping over the spectacle of a machine doing the work — *all* the work — of 3000 farmers. More fireworks! If the Technocrats had n't announced that they will refuse to bother to answer criticisms, I should ask them how one farmer on a giant harvester can contrive to prune trees, doctor cattle, collect eggs, ana-

lyze soil, repair windmills, and keep cashbooks, to say nothing of keeping the farm hands contented. It appears that there are better places to study farming than New York City.

Thinking all this over afterward, I became less excited over Technocratic Pyrotechnics. It really is difficult to see how one man at a switchboard could pick raspberries. Perhaps Slocum is partly right, after all. He says the Technocrats set out to produce screen tragedies, but they turned out to be animated cartoons.

IV

The Technocrat's proposal to abolish money, however, is another matter; so the next day, when I met Slocum on the train, I reminded him that the 300 charts of the Technocrats prove that the whole price system has broken down under the impact of technology, and money is obsolete.

'It soon will be, at the present rate,' Slocum replied. 'Money in circulation and bank deposits have fallen off more than twelve billions, and what money is left has adopted the share-the-work programme. But what of it? It is also true that only one blast furnace out of four is now in operation. Does that prove that blast furnaces are obsolete, or does it prove that they produce no pig iron when you don't use them?'

I suggested that the use of money might be shrinking because money is useless as a measure of value. 'You must admit,' I argued, 'that energy is the basis of all wealth. Money has nothing to do with it: money is not wealth. How, then, can you measure worth by money?'

'Lend me five dollars,' he said, 'and I will demonstrate.'

I refused to be diverted. 'Take the current issue of the *Atlantic*,' I said. 'How much is it worth? Forty cents, you say. That shows that you don't know anything about it. You are confused by the price system. How can you measure worth without a fixed unit of measurement? The basic question is how much energy it took — how many ergs — to produce the magazine.'

'I see,' said Slocum. 'All you have to do to find the real worth is to figure out how many ergs it took to write the leading article; how many ergs it took to attach rejection slips to all the leading articles that were restored to circulation; how much power was consumed in cutting the trees which furnished the pulp which went into the paper which was fed to the machines of the Rumford Press. And so on into the night. By the time you have added all the ergs, you will know exactly how much one copy of the *Atlantic* is worth. But by that time you won't care. Your only problem will be how to develop enough ergs to escape from your padded cell.'

You can't reason with a man who talks that way, any more than you can reason with Voliva. Slocum thinks the world of business must be a money world, because he has never seen any other kind.

When I told him that, he asked, 'Well, then, how much is a magazine worth that nobody will read? How much is a woman's hat worth, pre-war model? Can you figure that out with an ergometer? Technology can do wonders. It can make a million hats an hour which will wear twenty years, but it can't make one woman who will wear a hat twenty years.'

Such remarks show how hard it is for a man to shake himself loose from the superstitions of the price system. Of course there will be no mistakes when the Technocrats decide what is to be produced: all decisions will be mathematically correct. Worth will be measured in ergs. 'Technocracy will smash the price system!'

That dazzling skyrocket, Slocum says, was set off to startle an already awe-struck world. And the world gasped! But Slocum wants to know why the price system was not smashed long ago? Invention has put so many ergs to work, he says, that already modern man's productive capacity is at least a hundred times greater than that of primitive man. If the price system can stand up under that, why not under twice as much smashing? Or three times as much?

I wonder what the answer to that question is. For my part, I can't even see how we are going to buy things with ergs, after the Technocrats have abolished money. I have heard it said that the ancients used cows for money; but cows have gone out of circulation. They were not easy for ladies to take along when they went shopping, and it was not easy to make change — not, at least, without damage to the cows. But how can you make change with ergs, and how can you spend them at the corner store, and how can you send them to Brazil in payment for coffee? And how can you make out a pay roll, in terms of ergs or joules or calories, to pay the architect who made the plans for the Empire State Building — now, alas, called the Empty State Building — and to pay Al Smith for the countless weary days and, one suspects, sleepless nights which he has spent in vain attempts to rent the offices? A circus manager in Budapest has just paid his municipal taxes with seven lions and thirteen apes, but how could he pay his taxes with seven ergs and thirteen joules? That is not at all clear to me.

It is hard enough to translate Technocratic language into English, but it is harder still to translate kilowatts into office work. There is the case of Valeska Becker, for example, the typist who attended the meeting of the First Humanist Society in New York and dropped in the contribution box a promise to give to the cause of humanism twenty kilowatts of her energy. Now twenty kilowatts equal about fifteen horsepower; that is easy enough to figure. But how much typing can fifteen horses do? The First Humanist Society cannot collect Miss Becker's contribution until it figures that out.

V

After all, there may be causes of this depression which do not appear in the 300 charts, and which would not appear in 3,000,000 charts of the same sort. Perhaps there is more to mankind than machinery. There are states of mind, for example, not yet measurable in terms of ergs. Then, too, there is the Smoot Tariff of Ill-Will. (Would that lame-duck tariffs went into oblivion with lame-duck Senators!) Then, again, once upon a time there was a World War. And somewhere I have read that corporation profits increased 39 per cent from 1927 to 1929, and that the people who wanted to spend more did not obtain enough money, and the people who did n't want to spend more tried to save too much. Have the Technocrats heard of any of these economic dislocations? Apparently not.

The basis of Technocracy, however, is clear enough. Everybody knows that it is possible to measure energy in units of work — the erg and the joule — or in units of heat — the calorie. Now an erg is always the same thing. A dollar may be worth, in buying power, as Howard Scott says, 'so much to-day and more or less to-morrow, while an erg is the same thing in 1900, 1929, 1933, or the year 2000.'

Even so, Slocum asserts, the erg has nothing on the gold dollar. A gold dollar also is the same thing in 1900, 1929, 1933, or the year 2000. It is

always 25.8 grains of gold. But the fact that the dollar is always the same thing does not make it always the same in purchasing power. How then, Slocum asks, can the *erg* remain the same in purchasing power?

I am sure I don't know; but the Technocrats must know, for they have made 300 charts. As I said before, I am a dub on the economic golf links, with a handicap of fifty. The very thought of money is a mental hazard. When it comes to trying to figure out why we don't provide ourselves with enough money to buy what we can easily make and eagerly want, I slice every shot and soon lose the ball.

I can't even see how the Share-the-Work Movement answers the challenge of the Technocrats. How can *two* men, with ten dollars of wages divided between them, buy any more than *one* man with ten dollars all his own? But somehow they can: the great bankers of the twelve Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees say so. They assure us that sharing the work will inevitably result in increased buying — 'an acceleration of consumption.' Mr. Hoover goes even further. He says that *nothing* we could do at this time would so greatly accelerate our progress. And an engineer — static or technocratic — must know all about acceleration.

What confuses me is that when we come to money problems arithmetic goes back on us. Ten dollars are ten dollars; but somehow five plus five are much more. Perhaps that explains what has always puzzled me: how a city saves money by cutting down its school expenses ten thousand dollars, and then adding five thousand for poor relief and five thousand for the care of criminals. That must explain, too, why the sales tax and the farm allotment plan go so well together. All we have to do, it seems, is to take a billion dollars from buyers in taxes on sales, and hand the billion to the farmers. Then the people will have a billion dollars more to spend, and business will boom. Where will the extra billion come from? I can't make that out. The Technocrats are as easy for me to understand as the Democrats.

The plan of the Democrats, Slocum says, is simple enough. All you have to do is to stock a nice large island with cats and rats; skin the cats and feed the bodies to the rats; skin the rats and feed the bodies to the cats; and there you are, all set up in the fur business!

•

As for Technocracy, I don't see how machines can ruin us, if only we provide ourselves with money enough to buy what the machines produce. The price system works well enough, as long as we have the price. It worked well enough from 1923 to 1929. Money is not obsolete; just now, however, it is not obtainable. But a dearth of money is not an act of God: it is an act of our banking system. We, ourselves, made the system. We shall probably make a better one as soon as we learn to think straight about what ails us.

'That's the discouraging thing,' I said to Slocum. 'Everybody is turning to the Technocrats to show us the way out, but we are n't getting out.'

'That is what the church in Memphis seems to think,' Slocum replied. 'Did n't you read the announcement? The Reverend Mr. Holcomb will preach on the question, "What are we learning from this depression?" and the choir will sing, "Search me, O God."'

That is the trouble with Slocum. He never takes anything seriously.

AMETHYST

BY EDWIN CORLE

THE desert road curved through the rolling brown hills covered with Joshua trees and straightened itself out for the long, gradual drop into the sweltering little town of Baker. Old Man Thompson had been resting at Yucca Grove. When the shadows of the sagebrush and Joshuas told him that it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, he ambled to the road, adjusted his improvised knapsack, and walked slowly along the grease-soaked strip of hard surface known as the Arrowhead Trail, or U. S. Highway 91. He had sixteen miles of Mojave Desert between himself and Baker. But it was all down grade. Even if he had to walk the whole distance, he could make it in approximately three hours.

Old Man Thompson was not exactly pleasant to look upon. He was tanned, and so dirty that it was difficult to differentiate between tan and dirt. He had a five-day stubble of gray beard. His clothes were soiled and torn, and smelled of sage and perspiration. Only his clear blue eyes were pleasant, and they twinkled in satisfaction as he plodded on, looking not at the road but at the broad vista of arid desert dropping away before him. Far on the horizon he could see a long white splotch. That was Soda Dry Lake.

A car approached from the rear, and Thompson stopped and turned. He did n't expect to be picked up, but it might happen. Motorists rarely stopped for him. The car was a sedan. As it came on at a high rate of speed, Thompson saw that it contained two passengers — a man driving and a woman beside him. So sure was Thompson that it would speed by that he did n't bother to raise a supplicating hand. He just looked at the driver. As the car approached it slowed down. It ran perhaps twenty-five yards past him and stopped. Thompson scurried after it. The man opened a rear door, and with a mumbled 'Thank y', sir,' Thompson climbed in. The door slammed. The man threw the car into gear, and in a few seconds it was speeding on down the highway.

I

I had sixteen miles to do before I come to Baker, and I was n't thinkin' about much of anything except the amethyst. I calculated I could get into Baker by seven o'clock, and might loaf around a gas station there until some truck driver come in. If he was headin' west, I figured I had a good chance to bum a ride with him into Yermo, where I could find Joel Curtis. Soda Dry Lake was just showin' up on the horizon and I knew Baker was just beside it, but I could n't make out the town yet. A car was burnin' up the road behind me and I stopped and took a look at it. There was a man and a woman, and I figured there was n't no chance. But blamed if he did n't pull up for me, so I hopped after him and got in.

'Going into Baker?' he asked me.

I told him I was, but that I was tryin' to get to Yermo, which was fifty-two miles beyond Baker. He said he was goin' on, so he'd take me to Yermo. I felt lucky. The woman did n't say nothin'. She did n't even look back at me. So I sat there and watched the speedometer climb up to fifty-five. It kind of hung around there. He was a good driver.

'Goin' into Los Angeles?' I asked.

'Yes,' he says.

And with that he shut up and did n't say anything for a few minutes. The woman did n't say a word, and I guess the man did n't want to talk much. But I had my amethyst in my head and I kind of prattled on.

'When I get to Yermo,' I said, 'I can get my old friend Joel Curtis to grub-stake me.'

They did n't say nothin' at that, so I went on talkin', not carin' much if they listened or not. I told them I had been doin' a little prospectin'. In fact I had spent a lifetime doin' mostly a little prospectin'. I told them I had been all over the Mojave country from Twenty-Nine Palms to Death Valley. I've seen most all of it. I know that desert like few men know it. I always figured I'd strike it rich, and I did. All I got to do is cash in on it. What I need now is some money or somebody who can promote a mining project. Joel Curtis in Yermo will fit me out, but he ain't got the money to fix up a mine.

Amethyst is funny stuff. It ain't like gold. It never starts no amethyst rush. But it's a mighty lucky strike if you got the real quality. And that's what I know I got. It's pretty stuff and hard to find. A lot of damn fools call it quartz and pass it by. Real amethyst is a kind of quartz, but you got to know how to tell it once you find it, and you got to know how to work it, too. No use minin' it for six months if you could do it in three. You got to know how to work your lode so as to get all there is out of it just as soon as you can. That's where I shine. I can take that amethyst lode and make twice as much as most any man, because I know how to get it.

I told them that I figured from the looks of this lode and the looks of the stuff that I can clean up a fortune in two or three months. And it won't cost me much to do it, either. So I said I was feelin' pretty good about it. And if I can find somebody with a little money to come in with me, that's all I want. Just need a few hundred dollars or so, and we'll be rich. That's the way to make money anyway. Take it out of the earth. None of this speculatin' on paper. Look at 'Death Valley Scotty.' Look at what he's done. There's a lot of wealth in the old Mojave, but you got to know how to go after it. Well, I got my hands on a piece of it. Old Man Thompson strikes an amethyst lode. Let 'em laugh at that.

'Where is this amethyst mine of yours?' asks the man all of a sudden.

I could tell he was interested, but I was n't goin' to give out no information. So I explained to him that a man can't find a fortune and then tell another man where it is. You gotta use some sense. I told him that my lode was on the east slope of the Shadow Mountains, right near Mesquite Dry Lake. Well, it's on the east slope of the Shadows all right, but it's one hell of a distance from Mesquite Lake. So I knew I was n't givin' anything away by telling him that.

I brought out some pieces of amethyst — as fine as any I've ever seen anywhere. I showed him these. 'Course he was drivin' and could n't examine 'em much. I could tell he did n't really know much about 'em. But they looked right pretty, and the sun, which was gettin' down toward

the horizon, picked 'em up. When he held 'em up he could see through 'em, they was that clear.

All this time the woman had n't said nothin'. But he handed her a couple, and she admired 'em.

'They're beautiful, are n't they,' is all she said, and gave 'em back to me.

'Madam,' I says, 'I could show you a lode of amethyst as big as this-here automobile.' I was makin' that up, for the lode was long and not over two feet high, and a good bit of that was n't no amethyst. But I wanted to give her something to think about. But it hit her husband more 'n it did her. He let a whistle out of him and took another good look at one of the pieces. He asked me if I was goin' to have an assay. I told him I did n't need no assay. I *know* amethyst. 'Course I will really have an assay, but it don't mean a thing to me. I *know*.

The man wanted to know how I found this lode. So I explained how I'd been prospectin' on the east slope of the Shadow Mountains. Then one day one of my mules walked off. I trailed it for a couple of miles up a canyon. Near the head of the canyon I found the mule. While I was up there I figured I'd have a look around. I had never been up that canyon before. Well, the result was that I ran on to amethyst in less than an hour. I dug around till I got the lode and was sure of it. Then I collected these pieces, packed down to Valley Wells and left the mules, and struck out for Yermo and Joel Curtis. I had n't cracked a word to nobody about it, and I told them that they was the first people to see Old Man Thompson's amethyst.

'I'm gonna call that mine "The Lost Mule,"' I said. 'Kind of fits it.'

Well, I went on talkin' about amethyst, and I told 'em a lot of things that they did n't know about it. At first the man seemed to think there would n't be any real money in it because amethyst ain't like rubies or diamonds. But I explained that this-here stuff was better than average. I told him how it was the peroxide of iron or a little manganese that made amethyst what it was, and made it more valuable than just common quartz. I told him he would n't find any amethyst finer than what I had. It was just like stumblin' onto Captain Kidd's treasure. All there was to do was to take it.

Pretty soon the woman asked him if he was going to telephone to Los Angeles from Baker.

'No,' he says. 'I've changed my mind. That deal can wait a few days.'

I stopped talkin' to see if they was goin' to talk some more. But they both shut up, and pretty soon he began to ask me more questions about amethyst, and how it was mined and marketed, and a lot of other details.

I explained what I knew about it, and we went straight through Baker without stopping. I could see this man was mighty interested in makin' money in a mine. The idea of quick, easy money pleases everybody, I guess. At any rate, he wanted to know a lot of stuff about claims and rights and ownership, and a lot of legal stuff that I was n't very sure about myself.

As we talked, the sun began sinking down behind the Cave Mountains to the west of us. It was a regular Mojave sunset. The mountains got purple and the sky was crimson and all the long shadows come out and stretched across the floor of the desert. It got cooler and the mountains began to get darker. The crimson went carmine. The desert got gray, and all the sagebrush kind of melted together until it was all one piece. It was still light, but she began to go fast. The carmine went purple and then blue, and the black sky in the east began to creep over and soak up the blue. Vega came out and pretty

soon the North Star, and then it was desert night.

But they did n't pay much attention to that. The man turned the lights on and kept goin' at fifty-five miles an hour. We talked some more, and he asked how to get in touch with me. I told him to write to Joel Curtis at Yermo, and that I always see Joel once in two or three months. Then he gave me a card with some Los Angeles address on it, and he said we'd get together right soon. I was glad to have him interested in my amethyst, and he said he had a lawyer in Los Angeles and that they'd both come out to Yermo and fix up a business deal with me, if they could arrange it, in a day or two. I said that was all right with me, and I gave him a piece of amethyst to take in and show his lawyer. He said he'd need it anyway in order to find out if I was right about the quality. I told him that I was sure of it, and that I ought to know it if anybody did.

Pretty soon the lights of Yermo showed up ahead. All incoming automobiles have to stop at Yermo on account of the California laws about fruit. So when the inspection officers began to look 'em over to see if they was bringin' any fruit in from Nevada, I got out of the car and left them.

II

Myra had n't said a word since we crossed the state line. I was irritated, and justly so. Perhaps Jack Patten was a good business man. That did n't mean a thing to me. Just because he was going to take an option on a subdivision prospect, that was no reason why I should try to beat him to it and get the option first. Women are very unreasonable about business affairs. I knew that I had n't made the money that Jack Patten had made in the last year, but that did n't worry me. He was about to jump into a new subdivision near Los Angeles. I could n't see it.

Real estate is still sluggish. It's all right in the long pull, but I did n't feel that Patten's new venture was good right now. I could beat him to it and wire or telephone my option on that land. I could grab it from under his nose, but I was really hesitant about the wisdom of such a move. Myra wanted me to close the deal and wire in my acceptance of the option from Las Vegas, Nevada. I would n't do it. Let Patten have it, I argued. We talked it over until we hit the state line. Myra was very persistent and told me I was a fool if I did n't beat him to it. Baker was the next town. She tried to make me promise to stop at Baker and wire to Los Angeles from there. And when I would n't agree to that, she got into one of her temperamental moods and would n't say a word.

It made me sore. I might as well have been driving alone. We hit the head of the long drop into Baker. An old desert rat was trudging along the highway, and, acting on an impulse, I stopped and picked him up. I knew Myra would n't like it, and maybe that's why I did it. I really did n't want to pick up the old devil, but I just did it without thinking. Some people call that a hunch.

'Thank y', sir,' he said, as I let him in the rear seat.

I nodded and we drove on. Myra did n't say a word, and I did n't care.

'Going into Baker?' I asked him.

He sputtered and said he was. But he added that he wanted to go on to Yermo. That was more than fifty miles beyond Baker, but, as I was headed that way over U. S. 91, I told him I'd take him there. Myra never even looked around at him. We went on for a little while and nobody spoke.

'Goin' into Los Angeles?' the old-timer asked me.

'Yes,' I said curtly, and made no further attempt to strike up a conversation. I was really sorry I had stopped to pick him up. These seedy prospectors are usually taciturn old devils, but this one seemed to have something on his mind. Pretty soon he broke the ice again.

'When I get to Yermo,' he said, 'I can get my old friend Joel Curtis to grubstake me.'

Nobody commented on that remark, so the old boy began to talk some more. I was preoccupied. I was wondering if Jack Patten had a money-making scheme after all. I was wondering if Myra was right, and if I was stubborn and foolish in not beating Jack Patten to it. I was wondering if I should stop at Baker and close that deal ahead of Patten. At first I did n't listen to the old boy in the back seat. But presently I became aware that he was speaking of prospecting. Naturally, that was all he knew.

My mind went back to that real-estate deal. Jack Patten would close it to-morrow. If I wanted it, I still had time to wire or telephone into Los Angeles. I *could* close the deal from Baker. We were only ten or twelve miles from the town. That gave me about fifteen minutes to make up my mind. Myra was angry. She was disgusted because I hesitated. Well, let her be. After all, I ought to know my own mind.

Meanwhile the old duck in the back seat was rambling on about prospecting and amethyst mines and what not. I forgot about real estate, and Myra, and Jack Patten, and listened to the old-timer tell about how he had discovered a natural supply of amethyst, and how it would make him rich at last. His homely story was very unromantic and matter-of-fact. But it seemed that he needed money to get the project under way. You never can tell about these old boys. They often hit something good when you least expect it. If he had a real amethyst mine, I was interested.

'Where is this amethyst mine of yours?' I asked.

But he was a shrewd customer. I could n't see his eyes, as he was in the rear seat, but I'll wager there was a twinkle in them. He said something about not being able to tell me the exact location, but he mentioned the Shadow Mountains and Mesquite Dry Lake. Then he produced some pieces of amethyst that he said he had taken from the 'lode,' as he called it. I examined the pieces, though I really did n't know much about them. They looked very pretty when the sun hit them. Myra was still sitting in grim silence. I despised that pouting, so I handed her some of the pieces of amethyst. She was really interested in them.

'They're beautiful, are n't they,' she remarked, and handed them back to the prospector.

'Madam,' he said, 'I could show you a lode of amethyst as big as this-here automobile.'

That was probably a damned lie, but I could n't resist an exclamation. You never can tell about these old desert rats. He might be telling the truth, and if so, there was money in his discovery. I took another look at the amethyst and made a pretense of knowing something about it. I inquired if he was certain of the quality, and if the samples should n't be subjected to an assay. But he was so sure of his find that he rather scoffed at the idea of any kind of test. He declared he *knew*.

I was really quite interested in this story. If it was half of what the old boy claimed, there was money in it. I tried to get him to talk some more, and I asked him how he made the discovery. He went into a disjointed story about a mule that wandered away, and in trail-

ing it up a canyon he found this amethyst. Immediately he dropped everything and set out for Yermo, where he had a friend who would grubstake him. He said we were the first people he had spoken to about his luck.

'I'm gonna call that mine "The Lost Mule,"' he said. 'Kind of fits it.'

I did n't care a whoop what he called it as long as he really had something. I pretended skepticism and belittled amethyst as a valuable stone. But the old man seemed to have a decent knowledge of the stuff. He explained why amethyst was superior to ordinary quartz, and insisted that his was as fine as any he had ever seen. There's a great lure to any kind of a mining game, and I really had hopes that I might have been lucky in meeting this old-timer just when I did. It seemed fatalistic, especially as I had stopped and picked him up on sheer impulse.

I don't know how it impressed Myra, but I saw that she was still thinking of making money in real estate. As we approached the little desert town of Baker, she asked me very pointedly if I intended to telephone to Los Angeles. It was an ultimatum. She meant, 'This is the last time I'm going to speak about it.' But I was adamant. I was n't going to be pushed into that real-estate deal when I did n't want it.

'No,' I said very positively. 'I've changed my mind. That deal can wait a few days.'

Myra did n't say anything. If she wanted to be stubborn, I could be just as stubborn. Moreover, this amethyst story was beginning to interest me. If this old boy was on the level, and I had no reason to suspect otherwise, I intended to have a finger or two in that amethyst mine. So I returned to that topic and inquired more about the mining and marketing of it. The prospector liked to talk about that, and he went on at a great rate as we passed through Baker without stopping. I tried to get some line-up on the legal side of it, and find out just what was the best means of organizing the proposition as a business unit. The old-timer was n't any too sure of his ground when it came to business, and it was obvious that I could handle him easily as long as I gave him rope enough. I had visions of cleaning up in amethyst.

It began to get dark as we talked. The sun went down and I was glad of that. Driving into a setting sun is hard on the eyes. The desert looked rather pretty. The sky was red and the whole business looked like a painting. If an artist could really get those colors on a canvas he could make a lot of money. I could n't help thinking that it was much wiser to make money by taking amethyst out of the desert than by trying to paint a picture of it. That confounded amethyst mine was running through my head. I began to wonder if I had n't stumbled onto something really big — some quick cash. I knew I could never rest until I had convinced myself one way or the other about the old boy's story.

It got dark and I switched on the headlights. Every time something glittered in the road I thought of amethyst. I asked the prospector for an address. It seemed that he had none. But his name was Thompson, and he could be reached through his friend Joel Curtis in Yermo. I gave him my card and told him that he would hear from me. He gave me a piece of his amethyst and I planned to have it properly valued in Los Angeles. If it is half of what he claims, I'll take my lawyer out to Yermo and we'll sew that old bird up so tight that he and his mine will never get away from us. No matter what I said, he was positive of one thing — the high quality of that amethyst. He ought to know. It all sounded like a mighty good break to me.

When we pulled up in Yermo for the state agricultural officers to inspect the car for fruit, he climbed out and went on to look for his friend Joel Curtis.

III

There are some things about Ralph that are absolutely maddening. I can't stand indecision and over-caution. I knew, and Ralph knew too, that Jack Patten was going to clean up by purchasing the old Dominguez Rancho and subdividing it into city lots. We had talked it all over, and we agreed that it had everything to make it a good proposition. It was close to Los Angeles, the city had to spread in that direction, it could be bought for a song, and Ralph had enough money to swing the deal by himself.

We knew Jack Patten had an eye on it, and we knew we could beat him to it, and freeze him out. And still Ralph hesitated. He had n't made a cent in the last year, and now that things were beginning to pick up it was time to get in while real estate was still cheap.

But he was afraid to plunge, and he kept thinking up excuses. He has no gambler's instinct and no aggressiveness. Sometimes I get so disgusted I wonder what I ever saw in him. Jack Patten is an opportunist, and he wins big or he loses big. He's not afraid to take a big risk if the chance for a profit is big too. That's the kind of a man I admire. I could be happy with a man like that. And instead I live with this careful piker who ought to be a grocery clerk. I have done my best to goad Ralph into action, but he always has that superior, condescending attitude. And what does it ever get him? Nothing. The more I thought of his dull business sense, the more disgusted I became. By the time we reached the California line I gave up, and we drove on in silence.

Just as we reached the top of the long, straight grade that goes downhill all the way to Baker, Ralph began to slow down. He stopped the car, and I saw that he meant to pick up a vagabond who was walking on the highway. That was his childish way of getting even with me. He was angry because I told him what I thought he ought to do. He knew I detested hitch-hikers, and yet he deliberately stopped for this man — something he hardly ever does unless he is driving alone. I ignored the whole thing. I did n't even look around to see what kind of a person we were picking up. But I could tell by his voice when he said, 'Thank y', sir,' that he was an elderly man.

'Going into Baker?' asked Ralph.

The man said yes, and added something about Yermo, and of course Ralph agreed to take him all the way to Yermo. Ralph did it just to irritate me, and I was furious, but I did n't say a word.

'Goin' into Los Angeles?' he asked.

'Yes,' Ralph replied, and that ended the conversation. I thought of Baker. We could n't be more than fifteen or sixteen miles from the town. And it was about four o'clock in the afternoon. If Ralph would only wire or telephone into Los Angeles, he could close that deal for the Dominguez Rancho at once. But if he went through Baker it would be night before we got to Yermo, and thus too late to wire from there. And I knew that Jack Patten would close the deal himself the very next day. He told me that a week previously. Ralph did n't know that my information came from Jack Patten himself. And I would n't tell him, for among other things the fool is jealous. And he should be, for I have reason enough to know that Jack Patten is interested in me. Suddenly, for no reason at all, the old man in the back seat spoke.

'When I get to Yermo,' he said, 'I can get my old friend Joel Curtis to grubstake me.'

I did n't want to talk to him, so I said nothing. Ralph did n't answer, and I knew he was wishing that he had n't picked the old fellow up. Then the old man began to talk. He said that he was a prospector, and that he knew the desert; and he rambled on about mines and amethysts, and I tried not to listen to him.

My mind went back to Jack Patten. The last time I spoke to him he had made a few cryptic remarks. I think he knew that I was n't legally tied to Ralph. He's no fool, and the more I thought about it, the more I could recall a double meaning — a kind of hidden suggestion in his words. The more I pondered over it, the plainer it became. Yes, I was sure that Jack Patten meant some things that he did n't quite say. I knew he had been divorced some years ago, and as I thought about Jack Patten I realized what I could do if I wanted to. After all, what was there to bind me to Ralph? Nothing. He could n't be compared to Jack in any way. There was nothing to stop me if I wanted to leave him. I looked at him, driving steadily on and listening to the old man's talk about amethysts.

The old duffer said he had found an amethyst mine. He talked about how much money it would bring, and how it needed to be promoted. He seemed to be very sure that he had struck it rich, and I could tell by Ralph's expression that the old man's story impressed him. He rambled on about prospecting and making money in amethyst, and how he was going to cash in on his discovery.

'Where is this amethyst mine of yours?' Ralph asked him.

The old fellow hedged, and mentioned something about mountains and a dry lake. It was obvious he was n't going to give away the location.

But he was in dead earnest about his mine, and brought out some samples of amethyst that he had discovered. Ralph looked at them, and I knew perfectly well he did n't know anything about them. Then he handed them to me. The color was very beautiful — a kind of light violet tint in some and a rich violet in others. All the pieces seemed very clear and free of flaws.

'They're beautiful, are n't they,' I said, and handed them back to the old man. He was proud of them. And, like most of those old liars, he proceeded to enlarge upon the story.

'Madam,' he said, 'I could show you a lode of amethyst as big as this-here automobile.'

I said nothing, but Ralph let out a whistle of surprise and took another look at one of the pieces. They went on talking about amethyst and its value and how the old man happened to find it. I knew Ralph was interested in the old man's story, and I wondered what Jack Patten would do if he had stumbled onto the same thing. If the old man really had a valuable amethyst mine, Jack Patten was just the kind of a man who could develop the business end of it. Several ideas began to occur to me. If that amethyst was really a good thing, there were several things that might be done. I could forget it; I could let Ralph handle it; I could speak to Jack Patten. It was this last that interested me. There was no telling what that might lead to.

'I'm gonna call that mine "The Lost Mule,"' said the old man. 'Kind of fits it.'

It seems that he had found the amethyst when he was looking for a mule that had strayed from his camp. He went on discussing the characteristics of amethyst, and Ralph put in a few meaningless questions. The pros-

pector seemed to know what he was talking about, and I could see that Ralph was becoming more and more excited about the possibility of making some quick money. This story of a rich mine in the desert had put real estate out of his head. We were very close to Baker, and it was now or never on the real-estate deal. Although I knew what his answer would be, I asked Ralph if he was going to telephone to Los Angeles from Baker.

'No,' he said. 'I've changed my mind. That deal can wait a few days.'

I could have guessed the answer almost to the word. He would n't think of doing two things at once. It never occurred to him that here were two opportunities, and he was going to sit back and let them both slip through his fingers. That moment decided something I knew had been inevitable for a long time. Ralph and I were through. It was all over that minute, and I began making plans for the future as we drove through Baker without stopping.

Ralph and the old prospector went on talking. Let them waste words. They did n't count. It would be Jack Patten and I who would own that amethyst mine. The idea pleased me, and I wondered what Ralph would think if he could read my mind.

The sun began to go down and the desert began to cool off. The western sky became gloriously red. It changed from scarlet to crimson and finally to mauve. I had a suit of that color once, trimmed with silver fox. When we get control of that amethyst mine, I'll have a dozen of them if I wish. In spite of my better judgment I allowed my imagination to play with the innumerable things I could do with money. It was pleasant to speed along in the spreading night and think of what was to come.

I heard Ralph ask the old man for his address. He mentioned Joel Curtis at Yermo, and I made a careful mental note of the name. I decided not to say a word to the old man, — his name was Thompson, — but I was sure that Jack Patten and I would appear in Yermo before another forty-eight hours had gone by. Ralph spoke to the old man about bringing a lawyer out to Yermo and arranging a business deal if the amethyst was really good. I wanted to tell him that he was wasting his breath, but I merely smiled to myself. There will be a deal, but Ralph won't be in it.

They went on with their plans, and I went on with my own, and presently the lights of Yermo appeared before us. When we stopped for the state fruit inspection, the old prospector left us and went his way to look for Joel Curtis.

IV

Down the one and only main street of Yermo walked Old Man Thompson. He passed the Oasis Café and Kaly's barber shop. Two or three local wags, who stood in the lighted doorways and looked out into the night, saw him go by. Old Man Thompson nodded to them and went on down the street to Bud Schaeffer's pool room. Here he had a good chance of finding Joel Curtis.

The local wags looked at each other and grinned. They told each other that the old nut was back in town. Old Man Thompson is in town again. He'll have some loco story about a new mine. He always thinks he's found a strike at last. Funny sometimes to see him get hold of a stranger and fill him full of a crazy tale about a new gold strike. Harmless old nut. What was it he thought he had last time? Turquoise? Carnelian? They chuckled and spit in the street. Well, this time it will probably be amethyst.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

If one voice, not another, must speak first,
out of the silence, the stillness, the preceding —
speaking clearly, speaking slowly, measuring calmly
the heavy syllables of doubt, or of despair —
speaking passionately, speaking bitterly, hunger or hope
ordering the words that are like sounds of flame:
if one speaks first, before that other or the third,
out of silence bringing the dark message,
the grave and great acceptance of the rock,
the huge world, held in the huge hand of faith:

and if it says, I hold the world like this;
here in the light, amid these crumbling walls;
here in the half-light, the deceptive moment,
here in the darkness like a candle lifted —
take it, relieve me of it, bear it away;
have it, now and forever, for your own;
this that was mine, this that my voice made mine,
this that my word has shaped for you —

if this voice speaks before us, speaks before
ourselves can speak, challenging thus the dark;
waking the sleeping watcher from his sleep,
altering the dreamer's dream while still he dreams;
so that on waking — ah, what despair he knows!
to learn that while he slept the world was made —
made by that voice, and himself made no less,
and now inalterably curved forever —

yes, if to wake, to cease to dream, be this,
to face a 'self' made ready while we slept,
shaped in the world's shape by the single voice —
if thus we wake — too late — and find ourselves

already weeping, already upon the road
that climbs past shame and pain to crucifixion —
seeing at once, with eyes just opened, the world,
vast, bright, and cruciform, on which so soon
ascending we must die —

and to look backward,
but know no turning back; to go forward,
even as we turn our faces to the past;
still gazing downward from the hill we climb,
searching the dark for that strange dream we had,
which the voice altered and broke —

ah, can it comfort us,
us helpless, us thus shaped by a word,
sleepwalking shadows in the voice-shaped world,
ah, can it comfort us that we ourselves
will bear the word with us, we too, we too
to speak, again, again, again, again, —
ourselves the voice for those not yet awakened, —
altering the dreams of those who dream, and shaping,
while still they sleep, their inescapable pain?

THE STATE OF BEING BORED

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

MESSRS. H. W. and F. G. Fowler, the compilers of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, define 'boredom' as 'being bored; ennui' — which only goes to show that there is a point beyond which conciseness ceases to be a virtue. There are, to be sure, words of which little need be said, but for many others which closely concern us as human beings the definitions should be the distilled essence of centuries of experience filtered through the minds of truly wise men. 'Boredom' is such a word, and to define it merely as 'being bored,' appallingly true though this may be, is only to aggravate the misery of the sufferer who, as a last desperate resource, has gone to the dictionary for enlightenment as to the nature of his complaint.

I do not profess to be even a moderately wise man, but I think I can im-

prove upon this Fowlerian definition. Boredom is a lesser malady of the soul, of yet undiscovered origin, whose effect is to deaden completely, for the time of its duration, one's interest in life; and its most dismaying symptom is that the victim truly believes, despite all past experience to the contrary, that this numbness of the spirit is never to be relieved.

This is as near as I can come to conciseness that offers at least a dim ray of enlightenment, and, at the same time, a grain of comfort to the bored person.

Someone may say that my definition does not cover his case. He may insist that he suffers acutely from his attacks of boredom. If this is true, then I can assure him that, whatever his affliction may be, it is not boredom. It would be impossible to suffer acutely from boredom — we have here a contradiction in terms. True boredom causes a dull, grayish-hued misery that has nothing of pain's positive, colorful, capricious, anguished surprises. There are none of these in store for the genuinely bored person. He is like a man in a room with hermetically sealed windows, breathing air that has been used over and over again. One doomed to listen endlessly to the unctuous, buttery voice of a radio announcer would know something of the same quality of hopeless despair.

Anatole France called it a disease of well-born souls. Such a statement springs from pure snobbishness. Surely Anatole France must have known that the whole of organic creation suffers from the ravages of boredom, and that the well-born suffer least, for they, usually, are articulate in wretched as well as in happy states of consciousness. My sympathy goes out to those who can find no such relief; for whom boredom is wretchedness without a voice.

II

There is an old French saying that appears, on the surface, to offer hope to persons in a bored state: *Il faut savoir s'ennuyer*. I have pondered this saying, turning it this way and that in my mind in an attempt to read out of it some occult meaning, and always with out success. One must know how to be bored — if this is anything more than sheer nonsense, I have yet to discover what. So far as my experience goes, the only virtue in boredom is to increase enormously one's joy in life when, as unaccountably as it came, the disease leaves one. There is no convalescent period; the victim is cured at once, leaping from misery to perfect health in one vigorous joyous bound.

It seems strange to me that the pathology of boredom has not attracted more serious attention on the part of our spiritual diagnosticians and surgeons. It has been left almost entirely to the investigations of laymen, and even the most enlightened of these are often at error in their discussions of the disease. Aldous Huxley, for example, confuses boredom, which is a comparatively trivial complaint, with that most dread of all spiritual diseases, acedia. For this latter there is no cure but death. Few indeed, I hope and believe, are its victims. I have never known one in the flesh, and but two in books — James Thomson, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, and Herman Melville. If anyone doubts that Melville was a victim of acedia at its worst, let him reread the latter part of *Moby Dick* once more. Let him attempt to look into the abyss which Melville saw, and he will have an inkling, at least, of the infinite capacity for despair possible to the human spirit.

I turn with relief from this truly awful malady of the soul to the discussion of our comparatively trivial

complaint. There must be a cure for boredom — not a universal panacea, perhaps, but some quite simple remedy that would be effective in many cases. Physical exercise is often recommended. I have tried this, sometimes beneficially, but more often without result. I have sawed and split firewood for hours at a time, and had my labor for my pains, the more so because I live in the tropics. I have climbed mountains, and boredom has climbed with me, enveloping me in a yellowish fog the moment I reached the summit, and descended with me again. I have gone to bed with a weariness of body that would have been most grateful had not boredom denied me all enjoyment in weariness. No, physical exertion is not a certain cure — in my case, at least.

I doubt whether our spiritual maladies can always be traced to some purely physiological cause. I believe that a man may be a perfect organism, every part of his physical machinery functioning splendidly, and still suffer from boredom. Conversely, he may be afflicted with all or most of the ills flesh is subject to and yet be free from this one of the spirit. Its causes, I think, lie deeper than is commonly supposed. It may be that boredom has its part in the rhythm of life; it may be subject, in some measure, to the law of periodicity supposed to control our happier states of consciousness. If this is true, then it is useless to seek a cure. The best we can do is to prepare for our attacks with fortitude — they usually give warning of their approach — and to endure them with resignation.

III

One way of enduring them is to seek companions in misery. Not in the flesh! Heaven forbid! Two bored persons aggravate one another's wretchedness; but one bored person may find comfort through seeking, in books, the reactions to boredom of those who have suffered in the past. And not only in books: in music, as well. Tschaikowsky's 'Troika en Traîneaux,' for example, is one of the best musical descriptions of boredom I have ever heard, and what a three-horse sleigh has to do with the matter has always puzzled me.

The poets have been splendidly articulate on the subject of boredom — after the event, of course; some of the best minor poems in the language have been inspired by ennui. A curious fact is that they have been written largely by the lesser hierarchy of poets. One might think that the greater souls, the stronger singers, are almost never attacked. My belief is that they suffer often enough, but refuse to admit it even to themselves. They refuse to accept boredom as a malady that can touch *them*, and so, instead of maintaining a patient silence during their attacks, they insist upon writing as though nothing were amiss with them. One has only to run through the collected works of any of the major poets to see how often they tried to delude themselves.

The most notable poem in English descriptive of the happy state following an attack of boredom is, of course, Milton's 'L'Allegro.' To be sure, he speaks of 'loathèd Melancholy,' but when he goes on to tell us of her parentage and where she was born, we know at once that he means thrice-loathèd Boredom. Melancholy has a fair and seemly twilight home, and she herself is a gentle, mild-eyed, by no means unwelcome spirit. Milton would never have said 'Hence!' to her. And consider the tempo at which he proceeds: —

> Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful Jollity. . . .

Could one who had been entertaining sweet Melancholy have written, after her departure, with such evident relief, such joyous abandon? I venture to doubt it.

No English poet has surpassed, or even approached, Tennyson in extracting from boredom its volatile essences; for they are volatile, or can be made so by a great artist seeking them in the chemistry of suffering souls; and as they evaporate they give off enchanting odors. Of all poems dealing directly or indirectly with the disease of boredom, 'Mariana' is my favorite. Never has its effect been described more magically, with greater insight, than here, particularly in the stanza: —

> The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
> The slow clock ticking, and the sound
> Which to the wooing wind aloof
> The poplar made, did all confound
> Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
> When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
> Athwart the chambers, and the day
> Was sloping toward his western bower.

IV

That hour, of a truth, is the one most to be loathed and dreaded. The 2.30 to 3.30 P.M. aspect of boredom, on a day of bright sunshine, makes the morning and evening aspects seem cheerful by comparison. A strange perverseness seizes bored persons toward the middle of a cloudless afternoon, causing them to seek, not relief, but, if possible, increased misery. At any rate, I have found this true in my own case. I seem to be under some malign influence that leads me to the dreariest of all possible places at this worst of all possible hours.

Formerly it was my custom to seek out one of those dingy nondescript business streets to be found in any American town or city, where, in the middle of the block, there is certain to be an even dingier, utterly forlorn dairy lunchroom. Into this place I would go, toward three o'clock in the afternoon, huddle into one of its chairs (with a broad arm for dishes), near the fly-specked window, and gaze — for an eternity, it seemed — into a finger-marked mug filled with lukewarm, chocolate-colored coffee. Every man knows that pleasure, if it be keen enough, is scarcely to be distinguished from pain. It is equally true that wretchedness piled upon wretchedness, layer after layer, squeezes out of the poor victim, beneath, a thin trickle of pleasurable emotion. I don't know why this should be, but so it is. If one can be wretched enough, one can, in a sense, find pleasure in wretchedness. I believe that . . .

May I leave this sentence hanging in the air? It does n't in the least matter what I was about to say. A glorious thing has happened: boredom has left me, as mysteriously as it came. I will confess, now, that this dissertation was begun in a desperate attempt — the first I have ever made — to find a vent for the misery of the bored state; therefore I sat down at my table, and, without having the least notion of what I should write, I began writing, and continued to the words 'I believe that . . .' Here I paused, my attention having been attracted by a leaf shadow on the corner of the table nearest the window. Of a sudden I realized that it was surpassingly beautiful, and wondered how I could have failed to notice it before. In that instant I was cured. How is this to be explained? I have not even time to stop for a reply.

> Haste thee, Nymph, already here!
> And leave me not for many a year!

FOLKS TALK ECONOMICS

Two Kinds of Americans Speak Their Mind

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

THE last time I was in this country during a presidential election was when Wilson was keeping us out of the war. I did not return to the United States until Mr. Hoover had begun to explain away the depression. During the recent campaign, I found myself visiting many parts of the United States. From Wilson to Hoover must have made a vast difference in the appearance of the country, but of that I cannot speak, for I had seen none of it before, the west bank of the Hudson and one trip to Washington having satisfied my boyhood desire to see America first.

The United States, then, is a tourist country to me. I can recognize, on a screen, the Yalu River or the Sungari. I know every hidden corner of Shanghai, and once could tell where I was in Leningrad by the tone of the chimes. But Cleveland or Toledo, St. Louis or Des Moines, Lima, Ohio, or Cairo, Illinois — strange places these, foreign spots to be studied. I can distinguish a Hunanese from a Cantonese by his intonation, but a North or South Carolinian is just an American to me.

Here, then, was an opportunity to look into things. Unlike the Britisher who wants to know why his American cousin is so peculiar, or the Frenchman who wants to discover that every American is by heredity a Shylock, I am an American — for better or for worse. Born in Utica, I never knew anything of the United States, except New York, until I had seen much of the rest of the world. A stranger in my own country, if I am to know anything of it at all, I must get down to its soil just as in China, almost fifteen years ago, I had to go among the masses to discover what a Chinese is.

What is an American? How does he live? How does he think? What kind of government does he like? It is a novelty to be studying the Iowa soya bean after spending a decade upon the Manchurian soya bean. It stirs the imagination to seek the centre of power here after having grown a gray hair or two looking for it in Japan.

To have witnessed the political campaign in New York would have been futile. New York seems always to be out of harmony with the rest of the country. It reminds me of the Legation Quarter of Peking, where great men write historical dispatches about China, and the thing never happens as they say it will. There is a wall about New York — a wall of sophistication. New York knows too much; it thinks too much. The place to watch a presidential campaign is easily in the Middle West, in Ohio and Indiana, in Iowa and Minnesota. That was a discovery for me, for I once thought, when I was a child, that New York was the United

States and the rest of the country just provinces.

And that brings me to Mr. Norman Thomas and his vote. New York prophesied for him two or three millions this year. That he failed to make the grade is as significant as anything that happened in the election, for it revealed a striking fact about the American temper.

II

It was Trotzky, I believe, who, in his pants-pressing days in New York, referred to the American Socialist Party as the third line of American capitalism. In those days the Socialist Party was fairly militant — not as stimulating as the I. W. W. or the Anarchists, but also not as 'proper' as it is to-day. Whether Trotzky really coined this 'wise-crack' is not as important as that the vote for Norman Thomas fully justifies the judgment, for the Socialist Party in the recent canvass did not garner the votes of employed or unemployed labor, of the angry farmer frightened lest he be reduced to peasantry, nor even the protest vote of the *petite bourgeoisie* which is resentful at having been shaken down in the stock market. Thomas got hardly any votes in these groups.

He captured the votes of the bourgeois intellectuals — professors and students in the universities, clergymen and writers, the distressed sons and daughters of owners of tainted dollars, Christian men and women who would gradually improve mankind by the non-revolutionary process of sweetness and light. His strength lay among the technocrats — the planners for a new order, the writers of vast reorganizations of mankind. He has himself expressed surprise at the smallness of his vote; yet 800,000 self-conscious intellectuals is a large number even for the United States. His vote represents the assertion of independence, rather than of protest, by the intelligentsia.

In Minneapolis and Chicago, I found a more notable friendliness to Thomas than to Roosevelt, but his followers either changed their minds on election day or did not vote at all. Those who had proposed to vote for him because of dissatisfaction with the economic and social order probably stuck to him. Those who wanted Hoover out deserted Thomas lest a vote for him might keep Hoover in the White House.

If the election was a protest, it was directed against Hoover, not against capitalism; against the depression, not against poverty; against going broke, and not against the unplanned economic structure of the United States. It was Hoover who had done the people a wrong, not any system. It was Hoover who was to be retired, not the Constitution.

To grasp the significance of the smallness of Mr. Thomas's vote it must be remembered, if some are already forgetting it, that economic conditions in the United States during the three years preceding the election were such as to encourage voters, particularly employed and unemployed workers and impoverished farmers, to resort to radical if not revolutionary measures to force the government to serve them. It has been just that form of human experience in other countries that has sometimes resulted in violence, but more often in a tendency to Leftist politics.

Were Mr. Roosevelt a popular personality, were he of the stature of his late fifth cousin, did the people believe that he could achieve a miracle, it might be assumed that the masses looked upon him as a Moses who would lead them to Manna. But at no time during the campaign was he held forth as a superman; he himself avoided promises of marvels. The masses, then, were not stirred by the vigor of his

leadership, nor were they lulled into satisfaction by the glorious vistas of his accomplishments.

They wanted a change, it is true. They sought that change within the capitalist system and within the existent political system. They disregarded Communism, Socialism, and Marxism. They may have listened to speeches, and some may have read them, but it mattered little, for the speeches came late in the day. The decision had been made immediately after Al Smith failed at Chicago. It was a choice, not between two political conceptions, but between the men, Hoover and Roosevelt, and the people chose Roosevelt. That appears to be the normal course of American politics.

III

The American Socialist is a protestant, not a revolutionist. He would ennoble the lot of mankind by improving, not only the conditions under which men live, but the men themselves. He would by gradual processes alter man's lot so that the benefits of natural increment might descend upon all men. Thus the hours of labor would be reduced; leisure would be more generally available; adult self-education would become more attainable. Not only the rich and the bourgeoisie would have purple bathtubs and streamline cars, but all men would relish the glories of imagining themselves Roman Emperors. This is to be achieved by constitutional changes, by endless legislation, and by commissions and experts and statisticians who would regulate production and control distribution in the interest of the average man. The American Socialist differs from the Russian Communist in that he would reach the Marxian goal by elections and legal changes, not by revolution.

But is this not the programme of Mr. Hoover? Has he not sought to raise the standard of living of the average American until that person has so many things that his wife can only find in bridge a substitute for sewing and baking? Have not the hours of labor been reduced by numerous labor-saving devices, and has not Mr. Henry Ford's philosophy, that the laborer must have enough money to buy the goods he makes and enough time to spend the money, become part of the Hoover credo? Has not the American farmer become the master of a mechanized civilization so that his hens lay by an alarm clock and his cows pour forth cream to the tunes of the radio? Has not the motor car become a necessity of rural life even more than of urban life? Has not the government become so complex that the bureaucracy has gradually been usurping the authority of a democratic Congress? Have not Americans been improved by a thousand bureaus, committees, commissions, and organizations? Have not the people been standardized as the varieties of nails were standardized under the Hooverian creed of saving waste? Has not the eradication of hookworm made the South vigorous, and the education of mountaineers moved their minds from honest moonshine to commercial bootleg bourbon?

In a word, mere improvement of the lot of man is not a sufficiently attractive novelty to stir the American worker or farmer to become a Socialist. He does not want more improvements; he wants security. He does not want to be improved; he wants to be sure that he can eat. Mr. Roosevelt does not give him a greater assurance that he will be able to eat than Mr. Thomas does, but Mr. Roosevelt talks his language. He says, in effect: —

'Boys, Hoover and the Republicans have had twelve years of opportunity and now we are all broke. Let's have

a change. Elect me President and I will try to fix things so that you can eat. I am no Boy Wonder. I don't know everything. But the other fellows made a bad mess because they had got involved in too many promises and obligations. We don't make many promises and we have no obligations. We start with a clean slate. There is a good chance that we shall be able to get this thing straightened out somehow.'

Now, that is the kind of language that the average American likes to hear. He does not care for florid discussions of basic ideologies. It all sounds to him like some foreign lingo — and he believes still that he can find salvation without the aid of foreigners and their foreign ways. He does not expect his official to set him right altogether. He just wants a change in personnel. He believes that the old boys went stale on the job. They got all tangled up with connections in Europe, in Wall Street, in the high places of church politics. The average American wants beer, not because he prefers it to whiskey, but because it symbolizes his opposition to all the troubles that came with and after the war.

To the intellectual this is a horrifying picture. Is it possible, after all, that the American worker or farmer does not grasp the essential difference between Marxism and Fascism, between government by technocrats and government by postmasters? Curiously enough, the average American does not. Not only does he fail to grasp the intricacies of the theory of Surplus Value, but he cares nothing about it.

His greatest concern, if he is a farmer, is that the American dollar shall be a medium of exchange, and not a medium of control. If he is a worker, that there shall be enough jobs to go around, but if there are not, that he shall still have a job. If he is a manufacturer, that the American public shall have enough money to buy the goods he makes. If he is a taxpayer, that taxes shall not be so high that he cannot pay them, nor yet so low that the town looks like a dump and the schoolhouse does not match the one in the next town. If he is a banker, that obligations are met when due, but that the public shall not be so thrifty that it is altogether without the incentive to take on new obligations.

He does not seem to generalize much; he prefers to cite specific cases. He does not romp all over the country for a solution of his troubles; he prefers to deal with local questions from a local angle. The average American thinks in terms of things and immediate conditions. His mind does not drive him to a consideration of principles and philosophies. He will read an article and listen to a lecture, but he makes a mental reservation that the writer or lecturer could not do the job if he had it to do. He often asks why, if the boy is so clever, he does n't go out and make his pile. Only a few generations removed from the frontier and the pioneering days on the farm and in industry, the average American still admires the doer rather than the knower. He discounts the philosopher and the expert because his own experience has taught him that there are nine ways of skinning a cat, and that you may have to try all nine before the skin comes off. Henry Ford's reproduction of the Edison Laboratory represents a specific American concept: it shows that there is no knowledgeable short cut to achievement. You work and you toil, you blow off a finger and burst an eardrum; in the end you make an electric light or a phonograph, and you become a millionaire.

The Socialist finds that this trial-and-error method is unsuited to the twentieth-century development of production and distribution. He would plan the structure anew. He would re-

organize it, remodel it, change it, according to his plan which has been worked out by experts in each fraction of each field. He would so alter the processes of production and distribution that the government would control everything, and the individual be left only the task of producing and accepting fixed rewards for his labor.

It is true that his programme includes shorter hours of work, wider opportunities for education, a greater care for the health of the workers, and many other laudable proposals. But it does not include the possibility of the Iowa farmer's having a son who might make a rubber hose that would bring him a million. Until the average American is convinced that the doors to great wealth and prestige are closed to him, he will vote for Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hoover. When he is convinced that he has become economically and socially stratified, he might vote for Mr. Thomas or Mr. Foster. But that day has not yet come. The depression has made a dent in the complacency of the average American. It has not bowled him over.

IV

As one gets about this world a bit, the varieties of governmental forms grow increasingly interesting. Nowhere the same in form, each government seems to have the same objective — namely, peace and prosperity in the state. If the objectives are identical, why not the form of government? Why not have a single, standardized form of government — one that would fit Americans, Germans, Russians, Rumanians, Japanese, and Siamese?

Such standardization does not happen because it runs contrary to the habits and traditions and needs of the various human beings that constitute national units. Each group is the culmination of centuries of experience and habits. Tell a Chinese that he is a democratic person, and he writes eleven constitutions in almost as many years; tell a Russian that he is a democrat, and he creates a dictatorship; tell an American that he needs a change in government, and he makes a change in personnel.

The American form of government is a natural outgrowth of the Hanoverian British system, as simplified by Puritans and codified by lawyers. It tends toward legalities because the lawyers made it; it tends to protect minorities because the Puritans feared the effects of suppression by the majority. The struggle to maintain the equality of thirteen colonies has perpetuated itself in forty-nine constitutions, one national and the rest governing each of the states. There are forty-nine sets of laws; forty-nine governments; forty-nine political systems. Nobody knows how to operate such a machine except the lawyers who made it, continue it, and run it.

The American is accustomed to its intricacies, and expects a Senator from Idaho to have as much to say as a Senator from New York. He expects to be unable to buy cigarettes in Kansas, yet to be able to get an easy divorce in Nevada if he has the fare to go there. When a long-distance judgment of Mr. Hoover's administration comes to be made, it will probably be found that the people resented his attempt to simplify the structure of government by poking the Federal authority into everything.

The average American hopes to have nothing to do with this confusion except during elections. He expects to be protected from it by the politician. He selects the politician as a man, not as the embodiment of an idea. A politician must first of all be a good fellow, a chummy, warm person; then he must

be able to keep his fellow citizens away from the law. Congressmen are continued in office for the favors they do, not because they are statesmen. If the local folks want a tariff on a particular commodity, the Congressman is expected to get it, no matter what effect this local need may have upon the national well-being. If he cannot look after his own people, they want to get somebody else who can. For them, it is all quite simple.

When the story was told in Illinois during the election that Big Bill Thompson had said in a speech, 'You went to England for your President, to Czechoslovakia for your Mayor, and now you are going to Jerusalem for your Governor,' it was thought that Big Bill was a clever boy. The issue in that state was high taxes, but the politicians tried to make it pork because a Jew (who may or may not eat pork) was a candidate in a pork-growing state. More than two hundred thousand voters in New York wrote Joseph McKee's name in the ridiculous space on the voting machines because McKee stood for a principle, but most of the voters cast their ballots for the Tammany candidate because Tammany represents New York's ideal of political protection: it stands between the citizen and the law.

V

The planner, the technocrat, represents a wholly different conception of government. He would make the law triumphant. He would have the law determine absolutely every activity of each individual American. He would be just, and do no favors. His followers would sit in councils and solemnly vote on the size of next year's corn crop. He would transcend state lines and have Washington decide on California's necessities and whims.

One of the immediate reactions of the intellectual to what he regards as chaotic governmental processes is his criticism of Congress. Most intellectuals want to abolish Congress altogether. For the elected representatives of the people they would substitute experts. Surely representation should be on a basis more scientifically sound than mere regionalism. Particularly incensed do they grow when they think of Southern Senators, to whom they often refer as 'gentlemen from the Bible Belt' — gentlemen who salt their politics with Fundamentalist Christianity, who think in the language of Daniel rather than in the terminology of Bukharin, who use Congress to bargain for a penny on sugar rather than as a forum for disputation about principles of human development.

As one moves eastward from the Mississippi, one hears Congress sworn at more vigorously. What is to be expected, one is asked, from a Congress that is narrow-minded and provincial, that wants France to pay, that will not take seriously the finest plans of the most superior economists? By the time New York is reached, Congress is anathema. Huey Long! Borah! Johnson! And now McAdoo!

It is not only the self-conscious intellectual who grows irate. The banker, the professor in the university, the Nordic who sniffs at government by Tony Boloneys — all these have lost their enthusiasm for Congress, and would substitute for it a government by experts. To them, democracy is bankrupt. Government should be by the natural aristocrats, by the chosen of God — that is, by those who have money and position and can trace their ancestry in the United States back at least to a great-great-grandfather. They want an oligarchy, a Council of Superior Minds who would put into execution the findings of the commis-

sions of experts, in the interests of the state and for the welfare of the less fortunate.

But even in these years of depression nobody wants a government like that — nobody, that is, but the technocrats themselves. To the average American, that would be just carrying Hoover's commissions and experts to a logical absurdity. 'Is it not a fact,' he asks, 'that government has already gone into too many enterprises? Is it not a fact that the railroads are in trouble because of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Mr. McAdoo's management during the war? How about prohibition? Let's get back to as little government as possible!' He feels that way about the government except when he wants something from it. Then it must act chop-chop to give him some special consideration.

It may be sound politics in the purlieus of New York or the Politics Club of a university to discuss socialization in Vienna and the need of technocratic government in this country. But the farmer in Minnesota wants to be let alone. He thinks of the Farm Board, and shudders. If the Farm Board could do *that* to him, what might not happen if the governmental grip were tightened? During and immediately after the presidential campaign I visited eight Middle-Western states, and everywhere I found the same sentiment, the same opposition to government control, government interference, government operation. These people want to be left alone to work out their affairs.

The protest vote among these people went to Roosevelt instead of Thomas because Roosevelt functions within the capitalistic, democratic structure which the American understands. Had Mr. Roosevelt blazoned forth any brilliantly original concepts, Mr. Hoover would probably have had another term. It is amazing how little of the campaign was remembered two weeks after the election. I was then again in the Middle West. What did people talk about?

'The trouble with Hoover is,' I was told, 'that he knows it all. Why, he said that if he had n't been in the White House things might have been worse. Is he the only fellow with brains in this country? And what do you think of that speech about grass growing in the streets? That man was licked by his nerve.'

When I tried to pin a conversation down to issues, it always moved to personalities. Will Roosevelt survive four years in the Presidency, or will Jack Garner some day get it? Then somebody tells a smoking-room joke on Garner and Curtis. Mrs. Roosevelt comes into the picture, and Jim Farley. Who's Howe? Is he a second Colonel House, or what? Is Al Smith still sore? What job does Al want?

Now, all this is not unintelligent. It is traditionally American. The President, after all, is only an elevated politician. On a grander scale, he protects the people from the law; he operates the law in their interest. Americans want to know what kind of 'folks' he is, not what his principles are. With rare practicality, they have discovered that principles may be twisted all over the map, but that a decent, hard-working, average-minded, two-fisted person like Lincoln or the first Roosevelt will see them through a difficult time. They never really did care for Hoover because he is not one of their kind: he was elected because Al was a Catholic and a former fish peddler, and his wife came from the Bronx. Norman Thomas could in no way dramatize their opposition to Hoover, because he is not their kind of personality — he is the embodiment of a remote idea. He talks New York.

VI

Many intellectuals, principally in New York and Chicago, but also to be found in other large cities, are now devoting themselves to producing a new economic and political order for the United States. After three years of depression, they believe, we have come to the end of an era in American history, and a new era is about to begin. They would not usher in this new era by revolution and civil warfare, but by planning. They would sit down about a round table and work out a plan. This Congress would pass. If the plan transcends the Constitution, change the Constitution. Amend it until it is a workable document. If Congress will not agree to the plan, abolish Congress.

These gentlemen and ladies divide themselves into many groups. Some are Communists, some Fascists, some Socialists; some are planners within the capitalist structure. All of them have one salient trait in common.

The American intellectual — and every technocrat, of course, is an intellectual — has developed the happy faculty of divorcing himself from the remainder of the American people. This is only to be expected, since his habitat is principally New York or Chicago, or occasionally a university city. He has few contacts with the farmer, except when he makes a special sortie into the Corn Belt in connection with a particular study. He only knows the worker when the latter is on strike and needs protection from the police. An elder generation of intellectuals were farmers' sons, who, when past middle age, could still remember the hay; but now I find that they are mostly bred in cities, which do not reflect American traditions or American life.

The result is that the American people often appear unintelligent to these gentlemen of learning, and the average American returns the compliment by not trusting the intellectual. The planner thinks he sees the exact specifications for the structure within which a new life may be created and lived, and, when America is slow to accept the design, he regards his compatriots as 'just plain dumb.' He grows irritable at the delay, and thinks of a Roosevelt or a Hoover as a fiddling Nero. He is angered by the slowness of Congressional oratory, and would abolish Jack Garner.

Most Americans regard the intellectual planner as a strange creature — interesting and stimulating, but strange. There is something Russian or Italian about him, something that will not fit Toledo, Ohio, or Cairo, Illinois. The farmer, in particular, has been so badly abused by experts that he is a bit frightened by the new crop. He prefers leaders out of his own class — such men as Henry A. Wallace of Des Moines. He prefers his own associations to look after his interests. He wants particular, not general, protection. The small merchant, the laborer, the manufacturer — they all seem to feel the same way about it. In fact, this tendency is so strong in the United States that one notices here the rise of what might be termed representation of economic self-interest by means of the associations which have been established for mutual benefit and protection in each field of economic activity.

The planner, whether Capitalist, Socialist, or Fascist, rarely takes into account the American distrust of plans, schemes, and counsels of perfection which tend to limit freedom of economic or political action. Prohibition failed, not because the American wanted a drink, but because the government presumed to tell him how to live. He reacted to it by making a cult of lawbreaking. Similarly, the Department of Agriculture finds it diffi-

cult to convince farmers that they ought to plant a smaller acreage.

I have no doubt whatsoever that in the course of time many of the ideas of the planners will be accepted, as the American accepted woman suffrage, the popular election of Senators, the direct primaries, the eight-hour day, the income tax, and countless other political and economic changes. But it is not in the nature of the American to swallow an entire plan, because he never can be made to believe that any group of men know it all, or that everything is wrong as it is. He is essentially a conservative person, rather cynical about the great, now not a little frightened by the complexity of the world he lives in, always optimistic about the future, which he takes on faith as he does his God. He tries hard to readjust his mind to the new world which the war has forced upon him, to know about debts and disarmament and the Sino-Japanese conflict in Manchuria, but he would have found life less trying had he been left to himself to grow his crops or make his goods without all this fuss.

As peoples go, the average American is a strikingly intelligent fellow — possessed of that natural canniness which makes it possible for him to be flexible without being gullible. Better informed than most farmers and laborers on this earth, he wants to be shown and to make sure. He regards Republican prosperity as a grand 'souse,' and he now sees pink elephants. He wants to wait a bit until he knows that his feet will carry him — he resents the idea of being carried. He likes to see things work. You tell him of the wonders of Russia, and he asks whether the Russian farmer is better off than he is. And that, after all, is the whole of the matter.

City folks rarely grasp the essential fact that, no matter how you look at it, the people who inhabit this country are in the main these farmers and workers, and that any form of government which we may have here has to depend upon them for support. Even were we not a democracy, but a well-planned despotism like Fascist Italy or Communist Russia, the objective of government would have to be the welfare of these same farmers and workers. They are too intelligent to be driven like Russian muzhiks or Chinese coolies; perhaps too individualistic to trust to experts.

The intellectual's task, then, is not to attempt to change the structure, but rather to work within the structure to convince those who uphold it that changes are to be made in their own interest. The intellectual is nervous and frightened. He fears that the structure will topple down if his doctrines are rejected. Like Mr. Hoover, he believes that he alone knows the way out of the trouble. The average American knows that the structure will not topple. When he has no money to buy coal, he burns corn. He cannot buy clothes this year, but he eats his pig and his chicken. An agricultural people survives because it can eat. That was discovered in China along with the compass, and the American knows it too. He cannot use his tractor; so he goes back to the horse. His motor car is too expensive to operate; he attaches to it an ox and moves on. The average American has stepped back a few paces, as Lenin once told the Russians to do. Going backward or forward, he survives and tells a good yarn about it.

The intellectual is in a hurry. The average American would like to chew a bit of tobacco and think it over. He can wait — things cannot be much worse. He is possessed of the calm psychology of an agricultural people, which the machine age has hardly affected. He votes for Roosevelt — well, perhaps we had better have a change.

A BEAM FROM ARCTURUS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

No trees, no hills, no houses. No roads, nor paths, nor glint of running brooks. Simply the Texas prairie, and night closing down to hem the traveler in. The lone cowboy loosens his girths and saddle strings and lets things lie where they fall. He stakes out his pony a few rope lengths away, and comes back to eat a bite and go to bed. With his slicker spread beneath him, he stretches out on his back; and then, with the nape of his neck comfortably settled in the hollow of his saddle, he spends his evening looking straight up. Inevitably he is a stargazer. Thus it was in my day, and so it had been for a long while before. And when you consider that nearly all the stars have Arabian names, it is evident that the herders and horsemen have been stargazers from the first.

I once fell in with a Texas sheep herder who, for lack of anything else to do at night, would go woolgathering among the stars. He was possessed of a mind that could find its way about almost anywhere in the skies. The way he did it was all a mystery to me except that, in passing from constellation to constellation, his mind would use the bigger stars for stepping-stones. And he taught me to find Arcturus, a simple piece of knowledge which I am now able to pass along.

Everyone is supposed to be acquainted with the North Star. Because the North Star is not of the first magnitude, and hardly distinguishes itself from other stars, the Big Dipper is used in finding it. The two stars at the front of the Dipper point directly toward it, some thirty degrees away. Now Arcturus is found by the very same sort of process, conversely. Following along the curve of the handle of the Dipper, the last two stars point out Arcturus about the same distance away as is the North Star from the other end of the Dipper. It is a star of the first magnitude; it is big and beautiful, with a flamelike warmth of color; and once you have set eye on it, you will hardly ever have need of the Dipper to point it out again. This bold and simple step out into the constellations might be the beginning of a lifelong interest and pleasure in the stars; and if you are young it might cause you to become an astronomer. But, whether it has such effects or not, Arcturus pays.

If someone, in those Texas days, had asked me what *good* Arcturus was, or what useful purpose it might be made to serve, I should have regarded him with surprise. Arcturus is 'the shepherd of the stars.' It is the original diamond in the sky. And though I knew Chicago as the place where all good cattle go, and where they save 'everything but the squeal,' I should have been an absolute skeptic if someone had informed me that Chicago was going to put Arcturus to work. But that is what they are now going to do, or something like it!

II

What they are going to do is to start up the big Exposition with the power to be extracted from a star beam. The finger which will set the wheels agoing will not be the finger of a President. That familiar feat of long-distance button pressing is now passé. It was sufficient to excite the wonder of the nineties; but these are different days. The magic touch will now be accomplished by means of a hookup with a star. Instead of earthly force, there will be heavenly light. Instead of President Roosevelt, there will be Arcturus.

There is something very unbiblical about it. 'Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?' — thus the question is put in the book of Job. And the answer is Yes. There will be direction and guidance of a finger of light extending earthward from this same star of the Bible.

'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?' — thus continues the voice out of the whirlwind. And again the answer is Yes. The star beam, after it has struck the objective of the big telescope, a lens forty inches in diameter, will be directed down the 63-foot tube into a photo-electric cell. Here it will generate a current of electricity which will pass through a system of amplifiers and out on a telegraph wire. Obeying man's behest at every crook and turn, the lightnings thus engendered will go eighty-odd miles to Chicago, where they will throw wide the gates, and start up the machinery, and say most effectively, *Here we are!*

In choosing Arcturus for the work, the planners of the Exposition were guided by reasons and motives largely sentimental. This star is forty light-years away, a distance that may be computed by remembering that light travels at a speed of 186,300 miles a second. Since the former fair at Chicago was held forty years ago, the oncoming star beam is one that was just starting on its way to Chicago at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition. Then too — a point not to be neglected when sentiment is to the fore — the materials which make up this star, as shown by the spectroscope, are the same as those which compose our own sun. Stars belonging to the Arcturian classification are made up of protocalcium, iron, calcium, manganese, protostrontium, and hydrogen; and, since our sun belongs to this order, the choice of Arcturus contains, from the astronomical point of view, a pretty touch of local allusion.

Nor is this view as far-fetched as might appear. Owing to the increased power of telescopes, our idea of creation is constantly enlarging. The astronomer aims his instrument more deeply into some nook of the sky, and discovers whole universes holding sway in spaces heretofore unsuspected. At present writing, there are estimated to be 30,000 million suns in our own sidereal system; and there are more than two million such systems or galaxies. And this is not counting the dark stars, which betray their presence by interfering with the light of others. There are fixed stars or suns millions of light-years away, a distance which makes Arcturus, with its forty light-years, seem rather near. The light of our own sun, on the other hand, is but a few minutes in reaching us. So we may easily understand that an astronomer who has just been on one of those longer journeys into space might feel, as he turned his thoughts to the sun, that he was getting quite near home. And when he is choosing a star to press the button of an exposition here on

earth, he may be excused for taking into account its resemblance to our own sun, and, indeed, regarding his choice with a certain feeling of local patriotism and sectional pride. As a matter of mere utilitarian fact, any other star could have been made to do the work about as well as Arcturus.

From the point of view of the back-yard astronomer, there could hardly have been a better choice. Arcturus is a spring and summer star — one which does not, like Aldebaran or Betelgeuse, require you to stand outdoors and admire it when the thermometer is below zero. Since the cold nights are the clearest, astronomers have to be faithful winter workers; they must pursue their task in even the coldest weather without benefit of fire. Any artificial heat in the observatory would escape through the opening at the top and cause tremors in the atmosphere which would distort the image. A professor of the University of Chicago, getting ready to go to work upon the winter stars, dons a big, shaggy overcoat such as might cause him to be mistaken for a visiting cattle drover. During the unusual cold weather of last fall and early winter, they put on their airplane outfits and brought forth foot warmers reminiscent of horse-and-buggy days. This is a point to be kept in mind when one is deciding whether he will become a real astronomer or only an admirer of the summer skies. Arcturus, culminating in June, is decidedly a pleasant star to look at.

III

The predestined beam will come to earth near the shore of a beautiful lake in southern Wisconsin, this being the site of the largest refracting telescope in the world. The Yerkes Observatory is a long, low, Romanesque building of brown brick and terra cotta; and the big dome which dominates its 326 feet of length and two minor towers gives it a tremendously intellectual look.

Upon entering this dome, 90 feet in diameter, one finds himself on a great expanse of wooden floor — a space sufficient to accommodate a metropolitan grand ball or the four rings of an ordinary circus. Your friend the astronomer touches a button and the floor begins to rise with you; but, since the chairs and stepladders and other furniture all go along, you are not aware of the motion until you perceive that the cast-iron pediment of the telescope is sinking through and growing shorter. You are surprised to learn that the movable parts of the telescope, comprising a total weight of 20 tons, of which the tube alone weighs 6 tons, can be easily swung into position by hand; and that this floor, itself weighing 37½ tons, will rise and fall through a distance of 23 feet, and accommodate itself to any position of the eyepiece. Various attachments for photography, spectrography, and photometry are used to take the place of the eyepiece, the new photometer alone weighing 55 pounds, and being bolted on by means of a ring 19 inches in diameter.

It is not till you look at the great size of these small details, and consider the clock which keeps the tube traveling in time with the machinery of the universe, that you begin to have a true appreciation of this noble instrument. Because clear nights are none too numerous, and because the refracting type of telescope is the only kind that can be used to work upon the sun, its every moment is occupied. The observatory has a large staff of workers, notable among them being Edwin Frost, the blind astronomer who recently retired from the directorship, and George Van Biesbroeck, a new citizen of ours who was formerly astronomer of the Royal Observatory

in Belgium. The new director is Dr. Otto Struve.

The first question that the visitor asks upon viewing such a large telescope is, naturally enough, 'How much does it magnify?' Meaning thereby, 'How much bigger does it make a star look?' And the answer is, 'Not at all.' A star viewed with the naked eye is just a point of light. Viewed with the telescope it is still just a point of light. It remains a shining thing without a visible body. The most powerful telescope is unable to make a 'disc' out of a star. Any feeling that one is going to get behind the brilliancy and pry into details is bound to be disappointed.

This does not hold true, of course, when the astronomer is looking at the planets. The Yerkes telescope will show Mars about the size of a man's thumb nail. This small company of dead worlds, accompanying the earth on its travels around the sun and shining by reflected light, belongs to our own home acre of space. The moon, that planet-of-a-planet, shows up with a most blistery and volcanic surface. But when the telescope is aimed at anything beyond the planets, any magnification may not be looked for. The distances are too inconceivably great. While there must be magnification, scientifically considered, it is of no avail in making the object larger to the camera or the eye.

If the Yerkes telescope were placed at the distance of a star and pointed at our own solar system, the earth and its companion planets would not be visible. Only the sun, greater in size and shining by its own fires, would make itself known. Conversely, when the Wisconsin telescope is centred upon one of these luminaries of the night, all of them suns shining by their own fire, we have no means of knowing whether they have their own planets or not. Such bodies would be too small and too pale for any telescope to distinguish. Outside of our five visible planets and the moon, all that we see at night are suns. Of these suns, Arcturus is a thousand times the size of our own.

The telescope on the shore of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, increases the brilliancy, the light-strength, of any luminary 40,000 times. But that is different from what we ordinarily understand by magnification. This light-gathering power reaches out into space and brings to view galaxies that no eye could ever see, especially when used in connection with the photographic plate. By means of the spectroscope and the photo-electric photometer the astronomer may determine the distance, speed, and composition of stars in a way quite incomprehensible to the layman. It is this greatly condensed light-strength from Arcturus that will hit the interior of the photo-electric cell and knock loose electrons from the atoms composing the inner coating of hydride of potassium. The power coming from the star will thus be transformed into electric current; and this, when amplified, will serve to set machinery in motion.

IV

If I have rather emphasized the inability of the big tube to give contour and body to a star, it is with the idea of lending encouragement to the honorable company of back-yard astronomers. Many of them this spring and summer will be pointing out Arcturus. Let not the humble shepherd nor the desert-dwelling horseman forget for one moment the great achievements of the naked-eye astronomers. Ptolemy was one; Tycho Brahe was one; Copernicus was one. These men had no optical helps at all, only such lensless straight-edges as could be aimed like a gun.

It is also worth remembering, and

reflecting upon, that the calendar as we have it to-day, which remains unsusceptible of any real mathematical improvement, came to us straight from astronomers who worked with the eye alone. Originally known as the Julian calendar, it was devised before the birth of Christ. And so far as it became the Gregorian calendar by virtue of an added calculation, that final perfection also came before the invention of the telescope. Let the back-yard astronomer, inheriting his craft from the shepherds of Chaldea, think upon this and be comforted. Let him not say, as he gazes this spring upon Arcturus, 'O that I had a little telescope, or even a good field glass.' Let him remember that he is dealing with the stars, the thousands of far-distant suns, and not a few mere planets. And if he goes to the World's Fair, let him look aloft and remember that the managers had the shrewdness to include Arcturus among its most powerful attractions.

There is no more democratic body of scientists than those who work in our big observatories. They are not forgetful of what has been achieved by the amateur in the line of pure discovery. They cannot themselves do it all. That field with trillions of suns is too large a flock for any mortal shepherd to take care of. There are variable stars that need a regular checking-up, and these are systematically parceled out among amateur observers. There are even temporary stars, such as the star of Bethlehem is said to have been, and these have need of the opportune discoverer. The mere amateur, boasting nothing more than a pocket telescope, has been known to capture a comet or bring to attention some other heavenly novelty. When this happens he lets an observatory know about it, and then the big guns of astronomy set to work and wrest from it the ultimate secrets of its being.

V

The Yerkes Observatory is in the next county but one from where I live, and I have repeatedly had the idea of going down there and asking certain questions. I wanted to find out something about the new photometer with the hydride of potassium cell at the heart of it. More especially I wanted to look in at the little clear space or window on top of the quartz bulb through which the beam from Arcturus would pass. Finally, on a drear November day such as will prompt a man to do anything by way of a change, I got into the car with my wife and headed south.

Having arrived at the observatory, I got into a wrong entrance; and then I walked along the 326 feet of front looking for the right button to press. A lucky touch at a promising doorway brought forth a young lady who, without asking any questions, ushered me at once into the office of Dr. Clifford C. Crump. Dr. Crump, in addition to being an astrophysicist, is secretary and librarian to the largest lens in the world.

Now ensued a quite unexpected outcome. Early in my visit I happened to make mention of Shakespeare. From that time on we spoke of nothing else. Dr. Crump, who has recently gone back to his first love in literature, responded with all the warmth of a new convert to Shakespeare. He proposed a solemn compact which I agreed to. At an opportune time I was to read a Shakespeare play through with him, and he in turn would allow me to see the universe through the forty-inch lens. It was a bargain such as a man would be foolish to refuse in these dollarless days. I seized upon it with the reflection that a man can sometimes get the most valuable goods in the world for practically nothing.

More than two hours passed before we could bring our visit to an end; and

then it was so late in the evening that only a few minutes remained for us to go and have a look at the photo-electric cell, upon which Professor Elvey had just been doing some work.

When I awoke the next day it dawned upon me that I had asked hardly any of the questions I intended to ask, although I had seen all that I wanted to see. I had to make another trip to Williams Bay with this original purpose in view.

I cannot but regard this as a great victory for Shakespeare. It was a triumph for poetry and the drama in the very inner courts of modern science. Shakespeare was indeed one of the 'earth-treading stars.' Like Sirius or Vega or Betelgeuse, he was made, not for an age, but for all time.

THREE BIRTHDAYS

The House of Exile. II

BY NORA WALN

I

'We know not the beginning nor the end of life.' So Sou-mai's mother spoke on the day when it was known that her daughter carried a new life under her heart. 'Philosophers in China have been busy for centuries divining truth to satisfy the intellect. Doubtless philosophers in all the other lands have been busy in the same way. There are many creeds and many religions. But we do not know what is really helpful to the soul about to be born. So it is best to use all the advised methods to safeguard a child's entry into the world.'

Then she took from a basket she had brought on her arm all the things that had safeguarded her when she carried Sou-mai.

She placed a long sharp knife, blade upward, under Sou-mai's bed, and laid a sword, fashioned of cash strung together with red cord, beside it. She pinned two pairs of scissors, cut from red paper, on the bed curtains, and stretched a tiger skin in the mattress. Pictures of fierce wild animals were pasted on the surrounding walls, on the doors, on the windows, and above the courtyard gate. She purchased two sets of charms against evil, one prepared by the Buddhist and the other by the Taoist priests, and hung them under the eaves of Sou-mai's dwelling.

During the time of waiting, each mother in the House of Lin went to the Temple of Motherhood by the South Gate of the city, and prayed for Sou-mai's child. Sou-mai made sweetmeats of pure honey, white rice flour, and jasmine petals for the God of One Hundred Happy Children, whose image has always a great knapsack on its back from which adorable children are peeping. She stitched a pair of tiny baby shoes of bright red satin and laid them on the lap of the Goddess of Mercy. She lit tall tapers, in holders

made from the root of the sacred lotus, at sunset each evening before the portraits of the Mother of Heaven, of her Lady of the Compassionate Heart, and of the friendly Madonna of the Chair (which Shun-ko bought in Rome when on her world tour).

The child entered the world at dawn on the Birthday of the Sun, after distress, alarm, and delay so prolonged that the Family Elders had met in the Hall of Ancestors to consider the wisdom of sending to Peking for a Western-educated woman doctor to assist.

For a day and a night of Sou-mai's pain, her husband waited before her door. As Mai-da and I were dispatched here and there to various parts of the homestead on errands for the women who attended Sou-mai, we were awed by his stillness. He stood hour after hour, refusing to sit or to partake of refreshment, clutching a fold of his gray gown in the fingers of one hand.

Then when Sou-mai's mother came to the door, just as the sun rose, and announced, 'A man is born,' he disappeared. He returned some time later dressed in his ceremonial robes. After another long wait at the door, *his* mother opened it and told him to come in.

Sou-mai was wrapped in the robe of apple-blossom silk which was her marriage-bed nightdress. She held the child against her breast. I saw her smile as her husband came near to her. Before he took the child she offered, or looked on its face, he put on her pillow, as thanks-gift, a gold hairpin such as each mother of a son wears in her nape knot. In his wife's pin he had had set an oblong of clear green jade.

Then he took the child in its warm wrappings of rosy satin into the palms of his two hands. He knelt to his own mother. He knelt to his wife's mother. He carried his son through every court in the homestead making the new Lin's arrival known, with ceremony, to all the family — men, women, and children — and to the God of the Hearth. Standing under the 'lamp of continuous life,' he told the glad tidings in the Hall of the Ancestors.

Then he gave his son back into his wife's keeping for the 'three days of quietness' when her own mother and her serving woman, Little Tiger, were the only persons permitted to enter the court of her dwelling.

When the sun was high overhead, the Family Elder dispatched couriers to the relatives and family friends with small boxes of fruit, thus without words announcing the arrival of a son in the House of Lin. The relatives and family friends responded with gifts of millet, eggs, brown sugar, and walnut meats, which are the only foods a mother in the Lin clan is permitted to eat during the days that a carpet of sawdust stills the sound of footfalls on the stone-paved courts.

On the morning of the fourth day, Little Tiger brought me a red card brushed with gold characters and translated it as the invitation to attend the 'Bath in the Hour of the Sheep.' She explained to whom each of the similar cards she carried was addressed, and how difficult it had been for Sou-mai to make selection of a 'good-fortune eight' from her host of loved relatives and friends. We eight were the Family Elder's wife, the baby's two grandmothers, his pretty five-year-old girl cousin, two boy cousins of five and three, a maternal aunt, and I.

As gifts we took white eggs, symbols of long life; red eggs, symbols of happiness; bunches of acacia incense, symbols of health; bowls of uncooked rice, symbols of prosperity; and flower seeds, symbols of lovely children. Sou-mai sat propped up on her bed with a heap of lavender and blue silk cushions be-

hind her, and dressed in a pale pink gown embroidered all over with plum blossoms. The black wings of her hair were brushed to a gloss. She wore no jewels except the gold and jade pin in her nape knot. The dimples danced in her flushed cheeks as she unfolded the quilt to show us the little son who slept at her side on his own tiny mattress.

We placed our eggs in a chip basket which stood ready to receive them. We laid our flower seeds on the little boy's bed, asking his mother to plant a garden for him. We thrust our bunches of acacia incense into our bowls of rice and brought them to the child. Sou-mai took the torch that Little Tiger had ready, guided the baby's hand to light them, bade us carry them to the Hall of Ancestors, and there to leave them on the altar.

The maternal grandmother boiled water for the bath, putting in locust leaves as a disinfectant and artemis flowers to give a pleasant perfume. Little Tiger brought the polished copper basin which had been turned upside down and used as a table for Sou-mai and her husband's marriage-night supper, and poured the bath water in. Sou-mai tested the water with her finger and let the little children help to take away the baby's wrappings.

He kicked his fat legs and wrinkled his round face, but did not cry, when Little Tiger held him over the water. His mother told us that his milk-name was Shao-jo. She bade each of us put a handful of water over his chubby pink body. The bath was but a ceremony quickly finished. After it, Little Tiger rubbed him with sweet-smelling oil and we helped to robe him in a soft vest, a 'tummy' binding, a napkin, and a quilted robe of scarlet silk filled with duck down. Then he was put away to sleep at the back of the great bed, on his own mattress, with a tiny screen placed around him to shut out the light.

Then we arranged a papier-mâché sedan chair with its eight bearers and its attendant phœnix, unicorn, tortoise, and tiger, outside Sou-mai's door, so that she could see the Mother of Heaven go back into the sky. The two grandmothers put a trunk filled with gold and silver imitation money under the seat of the sedan chair. Little Tiger took the portrait of the Mother of Heaven from the niche in the wall whence it had watched over the child during the nine months of germination and the ordeal of separation, and placed it in the chair.

Sou-mai said, 'Thank you, Heavenly Mother, for much kindness.'

And we each lit the fuse assigned to us. I had the one in the tail of the unicorn. The heavy procession, built in full life-size papier-mâché, started slowly, gaining momentum as the fire spread its wings.

II

The pear trees were in ivory flower. It was Mai-da's quarter moon of kitchen service, but before she went to help prepare the evening meal she had rolled up our bamboo-paper windows. Tired, I stretched out on our bed to rest for a few minutes before bathing and changing.

With three wives and four serving women, I had been down by the Lotus pond, assisting to rub, blue, and bleach the family wash since sunup, with an interval for only a brief basket lunch at midday. Three courts away Sou-mai was singing to her baby. The contralto lullaby drifted on the perfumed air.

It was the eve of the eightieth birthday of Wei-sung, the Family Elder. Invitations had not been sent out, as it would be bad taste to ask folk to come with congratulations, but the homestead had hummed with activity since the new moon.

Wei-sung was an official of the

government during the Ts'ing dynasty, having won the position by excellence in the literary examinations under the system of the 'Forest of Pencils.' But his posts were always minor ones, in places far distant from the capital. Posts of exile, to which he was appointed with the flowery words of sham honor — as the House of Lin, of Canton origin, was continuously under unproved suspicion of disloyalty to the throne for the last century of the dynasty. He succeeded to the Eldership of the family when his father plucked the flower of life; but he had to wait three years before he was permitted to resign his government appointment. On coming home, he settled into the routine of the House of Exile in quiet contentment, although he had spent only a few days at home since the time he first went to Peking, at eighteen, to sit for his examination.

He was sixty when he came home. In the years since then, so he told me, he had passed through the To and From the World Gate only to perform the Family Elder's duties at the Spring and Autumn Services; and he planned never to go out for other purposes until his body was carried to its final resting place in the Eastern Fields — unless it should happen that he survived the Elder of Wong, in which case he would of course escort the funeral procession of his loved friend.

Once, when his wife urged him to travel, I heard him say, 'Go and see the world if you like. You will soon come home again. I was abroad for forty-two years, and I know that the best of the world is inside our own homestead wall.'

He was sorry for anyone who had to go from home, and slow to complete marriage contracts for the family daughters, as he was sad to break the home circle. It was Mai-da's duty to receive for distribution and to collect for dispatch the letters which came and went by government post. So I knew that he received fat letters frequently from the places where daughters had gone in marriage or where members of the family were staying for study or work, and that he always sent a fat letter in prompt return.

In the weeks preceding his birthday, letters with the same postmarks as those he usually received came addressed to his wife, who seldom had letters. Mai-da lingered with each to learn its contents. Thus we shared in the secrets: that Su-ling had decided not to accept the scholarship for further study at the Sorbonne, but was returning from Paris in time for the Elder's birthday; that the husband of Fu-erh and the companion she had chosen to accompany him to Malay were coming home, bringing two young sons who had not yet bowed to the Ancestors; that a great-grandnephew would come from San Francisco, leaving a maternal cousin in charge of his business there; that Wen-lieh had been granted leave of absence from his army command to honor his Elder; that the granddaughter, married away to far Szechwan, would come, accompanied by her husband; that Wei-chun was arriving in time from Canton, flying home by airplane; and so on with each day's mail, until the personnel was more than I could remember.

Consequently, we were not surprised when orders were given to clean the homestead, to cook foods for the lunch baskets of those who were going to meet the voyagers, to prepare the boatmen for travel, to ask Hau-li for 'welcome' flowers from the hothouses, and to launder all the family linen.

As members of the family arrived, they joined in the preparations for celebration. The courts echoed with the swish of brooms, the beat of flays on dusty shutters, the tap of hammers.

By the birthday eve, the interior of every dwelling house had reached a perfection of tidiness. Pillars and eaves shone with new paint. The sand-scoured court paving stones reflected a white radiance. Even the goldfish in the cleaned pools seemed brighter. The hothouses were filled with an abundance of plants ready to distribute through the dwelling at sunrise the next morning. The carpenters had built a stage for the birthday actors, opposite the Hall of Ancestors.

The birthday dawned bright and clear. The children of the family, dressed in lovely new birthday clothes, accompanied the Elder's breakfast tray caroling greetings, and each dragging a red carpet piled high with cards of birthday greeting. When he had breakfasted, the Elder opened his gifts in the Court of Sunrise, where all the maidens of the Springtime Bower helped him to arrange them on satin-covered tables in front of the Wall of Heaven.

Usually in the House of Exile we dined in small groups, each in our own court. But on the Elder's birthday, and by his request, his wife gave the order that the meal in the Hour of the Snake was to be a joint family meal. Since the weather was unusually mild, the table was not set in the Hall, but in the court, where the pear trees were in ivory flower and the orioles were making a silken hammock nest.

We could all sit down, because the Elder had thoughtfully arranged for a restaurant keeper to take charge of the homestead kitchens from sunrise until sunset on his birthday, as he said he wanted the women of his family to be free that day from domestic concern.

III

Shortly after this meal, guests began to arrive. The eldest grandson received all callers first in the Hall of Dignity, acting as proxy for the Elder, and in this way saving the honored one much fatigue, as the ceremony of congratulation includes the exchange of three kowtows. The guests then passed on through the intervening courts to the Three Eastern Courtyards, where they talked with the Elder as though they had already greeted him.

Before long the Elder, who always keeps the children of the family clustered about him, asked, 'Where is my daughter Sou-mai? Is the baby Shao-jo's birth month not yet full?'

His favorite, Mai-lei, answered, 'Today is the day of his full month, but his mother says that it is a day short of a month because she does not want anyone to consider anything except the fullness of your eighty years.'

'I am the first-born now in the House of Exile. Shao-jo, five generations below me, is the last-born,' the Elder responded. 'What more perfect arrangement could Heaven make than that we be congratulated together?'

He sent the baby's father to stand proxy beside his proxy in the Hall of Dignity, and he dispatched Mai-lei to bring Sou-mai and her son. When they came he kept them beside him until all the guests had praised the mother and admired the child.

Family and guests had put away the heavy garments of winter and wore the elegantly fitted gowns of springtime silk, which are without embroidery and as delicate in color as the springtime blossoms. They wandered at will through the courts. Some lingered in conversation by the waters of the pool. Others renewed friendships in quiet corners on seats in the bamboo grove, or listened to the minstrel from the City of Noonday Rest, who sang in the Poet's Retreat. Many admired Uncle Keng-lin's birds in the Well of Heaven aviary. All accepted refreshments at

the tables and gave attention to the theatricals on the stage opposite the Hall of Ancestors.

The players were from Peking. They were all men. But they filled the women's parts with such skill that I did not know until long afterward that they were men. The plays were given on a stage without scenery, as plays were given in Shakespeare's time; but so vivid was the acting that it created the impression of background.

The theatricals charmed me. I sat listening most of the day. The actors did not speak their parts; they gave them in poetic beaten measure to which an orchestra kept time. The principal guests, as they seated themselves at the refreshment tables, were requested to name a play which they would like the actors to perform. Then the man in charge of the troupe was given the guest's preference, and as soon as the play in progress was finished the new play began. The guests were, of course, politely considerate. If they saw that a play had just started, they said that it was their favorite play, as they knew that the day was too short for the actors to perform a tragedy or a comedy for every guest.

There was never any hesitation or demur from the players. They seemed to have all the plays in their heads and all the necessary costumes in their boxes. With slight intervals for refreshment, the players went on until the star Canopus was clear in the heavens. After sunset the stage was lit by flaming pine knots in iron baskets, held high at each end of the stage, and tended by Camel-back.

We had *The Siege of the Empty City*, *The Death of Chu-ho*, *The Filial Daughter*, *The Naughty Wife*, *Love in a Fishing Boat*, *The Two Cousins*, *The Black Donkey's Complaint*, and *The Dance in a Jade Bowl*.

In the civic plays the orchestra led off with a single skin drum, followed in succession by the castanets, the flutes, the pipe flageolets, the balloon guitar, the reed organ, the two-stringed violins, the chiming gongs, and the small kettledrum. The military plays were announced by a march played on the large drum and the small gongs, followed by the cymbals and the clarionets. When the actors played sad parts, the orchestra was slow, low, and plaintive. When humor was acted, then the accompaniment was a quick, laughing rhythm. And when justice triumphed over wrong, the musicians made their instruments sing the victory.

When Canopus was clear in the heavens, a table was arranged in the Court of Sunrise. It was covered with a vermilion altar cloth which fell to the paving stones on all sides, and the portrait [1] of the God of Longevity was put on it. Six plates of apples, symbols of peace, and six candles, in symbol of the six generations it was hoped the Elder would remain on earth to count, were placed before the portrait, and a satin kneeling cushion was laid before the table.

The Elder knelt first. He burned incense and gave thanks for eighty years of life. Then each member of his family knelt and thanked Heaven for permitting the homestead the blessing of his Eldership, and petitioned that it should continue for another decade.

[1] This portrait is one of the homestead treasures. It was painted four hundred years ago by an artist who knocked at the Gate of Compassion in a bitter blizzard. When the news of his call was brought to the lady who was the wife of the Family Elder of that time, she had him welcomed in, through the To and From the World Gate, and ordered that his rags be destroyed and fur garments, food, and shelter be given him. He painted the picture in return for his entertainment. The god is riding a stag. A purple bat is flying over his head. He has a ripe peach in one hand, a staff in the other, and a gourd and a scroll attached to his golden girdle. — AUTHOR

Then the guests — of whom only the most loved had been asked to remain — prayed, and departed.

When the last guest had gone, and the To and From the World Gate had been closed, the Elder examined his gifts. Each caller had brought something, in addition to what had arrived by post; and three long tables were loaded with presents. Each had an attached card on which was written the donor's name and an appropriate greeting.

IV

In the House of Exile the birthdays of childhood are the Fullness of the Month, the Rounding of the Year, and the Cycle of Ten. After these the only birthday celebrated, until after the half-century is past, is the bride's first birthday after marriage. The birthdays of childhood and the bride's day are family affairs.

The twins, Shao-yi and his sister Ching-o, and the cousins Nan-wei and Ming-chi, were all four born in full moon of Chrysanthemums and completed the Cycle of Ten in the autumn of the same year that the Elder filled his eighth decade.

So when the moon was round in Chrysanthemums, the birthday awnings were spread over the Garden of Children and their courts were decorated with picturesque lanterns, happiness banners, and crimson joy characters. Their dwelling houses were filled with lovely flowers, and the model ships were set afloat on the shallow sand pool with all flags flying.

The relatives sent gifts. The birthday children were dressed in festival gowns, and received congratulations from all the family, who bowed to them in turn. The Family Elders permitted each birthday child to choose an entertainment for the combined party.

Shao-yi asked for the marionette players. A tiny stage was put up for them, and the same plays given as are given in the theatres. The troupe responded to every request. They did *The Women Robbers*, *A Visit to the Moon*, *Submission to the T'ang Emperor*, and Shao-yi's favorite, *The Battle of the Red Cliff*, which had to be repeated three times for his special benefit.

Shao's twin asked for the juggler. He came. He was a child not much larger than Hsing-mu; but he threw plates above his head and caught them on a twirling stick balanced on his nose, danced between sharp swords, turned handsprings while he tossed eggs about and yet did not break one, and finally took a live rabbit out of Ching-o's pocket and gave it to her as a birthday present.

Nan-wei asked for the candy maker, and was laughed at for wanting as a special treat on a feast day this ordinary old man, who comes by the To and From the World Gate every day. But he was invited in, and was one of the most popular features of the birthday. He made nests of birds, ladies' fans, three-sailed fishing craft, prancing horses, a cat with kittens, the God of Happiness, a monkey eating an orange, and whatever was asked for, from syrup which he boiled — on a little charcoal stove that he carried with him — and blew deftly into shape through a hollow reed.

Ming-chi asked for the fortune teller from the Street of the Sound of Thunder. He found signs of good omen in the palms of all the children, and foretold marvelous adventures to come to them all in the future.

At evening the birthday feast, for which the birthday children chose the menu, was served on a long table in the open courtyard. The table was lighted by forty candles arranged in four

groups of ten each, and held in bronze holders made in the likeness of the tortoise. After dark, old Camel-back set off a bevy of skyrocketing stars — one for each child to wish on.

V

When persimmons were ripe, Shun-ko sent me through Mai-lin's Walk, which tunnels the wall between the houses of Lin and Wong, with a basket of gold fruit, and the request to borrow a set of drying racks. I found the women of the Wong homestead in tearful agitation because their Elder had given the order for his burial clothes to be stitched. While I waited for the racks, he came in through the Orchid Door, followed by a merchant with materials from the big shop in the Street of the Sound of Thunder on the Flat Ground.

On the approach of the Elder, his wife motioned the two young women of the family, who were pregnant, to leave the court where we were gathered, as women concerned with the beginning of life must not loiter where consideration is given to the end of life's pilgrimage.

The merchant and the elder wives exchanged greetings. Tea was brought. Two lads, who came close on the merchant's heels, set down the bamboo pole over which they carried his pack. The lads unknotted the twists in the blue pack cloth and spread it out as a carpet on the flat stones. The merchant then gave attention to the display of his silks.

Squatting on his satin-clad feet, with his long dark cashmere gown folded neatly under his knees, the merchant reverently undid the dull gold wrapper around each bale. Reds for the coffin-bed curtains came first. Red is the color of joy. When a man or woman has conscientiously filled seventy years and leaves as fruit of his or her life a numerous, well-behaved posterity, there can be no grief concerning the completion of this life and the beginning of a new existence.

The racks that I had been commissioned to borrow were wanted for work in progress. As I lingered, Shun-ko came to tell me. She stayed and helped to examine the blue silks for the inner trousers and short jacket of the Elder's Heavenly costume. When the women found nothing to their liking, the Elder indicated a length called 'Sky in the Late Summer' from the heap of blue-bell, columbine, flax, cornflower, hyacinth, larkspur, and gentian which, by then, lay in a mass. Swathing of raw silk was selected and the merchant commissioned to tint it a delicate pink. A fine white fillet for the head was chosen. Then the yellow silks for the winding sheet were opened. When we left, Wong Mai-su politely walked back with us to the gate in the dividing wall, discussing with Shun-ko the cut of sleeves in the Ming period. When I asked why the garments would be fashioned as in the Ming period, she answered, 'Because we always enter Heaven dressed that way.'

In a dream two days earlier the Elder of Wong had seen his Soul stand beside him, dressed in traveling clothes and carrying a scroll. So he knew that his earthly scroll was filled. Through a circle of seasons, in which he continued in robust health, he made ready.

Of clothes he had five complete changes, in addition to the riding jacket and cap for the journey, as he desired to be suitably garbed for whatever occasion he must meet. His wife took the pearls from her dowry earrings and sewed them into the lining of his money pocket for emergency, should his cash be insufficient to satisfy the gatemen on the toll road through Hell. His eldest daughter embroidered and filled a

tobacco pouch, and her husband sent an amber-stemmed pipe.

In the House of Lin we bought stuffs and made a quilt on which we stitched appropriate sentiments. The House of Chow sent a quilt of jade-green crêpe de Chine filled with thistledown. Other houses sent 'warmth of affection' coverlets until there were enough for the coffin bed and a great heap lay on a table in the Guest Hall.

The sons prepared the coffin for their father. When it was made, priests from both the Buddhist and the Taoist temples came to bless it. Then it stood ready in the Hall of Ancestors. The Houses of Lin and Wong believe that Li-hua, the blind widow of Lin, is more gifted than any other seer of their knowledge. She chose the soil under the redbeam tree, in the southeast corner of the land the Wongs farm, as the place where the Elder of Wong should give his body to the earth. From the day of choice he labored to build there a place of pleasant dalliance, where the living members of his family would be happy to spend leisure hours. 'I want the music of their laughter and the ripple of their talk,' he said to me.

He planted three poplars, a scarlet maple, a walnut, and a cutting our Elder gave him from the maidenhair fern tree. He brought builders from Peking to construct a pavilion. He set wistaria, to climb over it, and put forsythia before the door.

VI

Winter was late that year. But on the Second of the Pepper Moon, thirteen months after the Elder of Wong's dream, we had a fall of wet snow. Mai-da and I were in Yu-lin's dwelling, learning to do seed-stitch embroidery, when the Elder of Wong's Third Green Skirt came to ask if she might look down the road through the telescope, as she was anxious because he had set out, by sedan chair, at dawn and had not yet returned.

The shrine in which the telescope is housed is kept locked. Su-ling, who brought it home when she returned from the Sorbonne, feared that the children might be tempted to tamper with it. I was sent to unlock and dust the instrument. But it had no power to open a road of light through falling snow. When the Elder of Wong's Third Green Skirt had tried in vain to find her man, she put her head down on the table and sobbed.

Bald-the-third came to us with umbrellas. She took us back to my dwelling place, where she made the woman drink tea laced with corn spirit, and then escorted her home.

She told us that the Elder of Wong had arrived some time before and gone to his bed, where he lay alternating between chill and fever, but stubbornly refusing to swallow either the beef tea his wife had made or the physic his granddaughter pressed upon him.

He did not get up again. On the evening of the fourth day, the daughters of the homestead knelt in the circle of prayer (the cries of virgin daughters are the most audible to Heaven's ear) asking that Heaven's gate be unlatched for the earth-departing Soul. But the Soul did not leave until the light of a new day illuminated the sky, and this is a good omen that the homestead family will continue to eat three meals daily.

According to local proverb, 'In the canal, water is driven onward by water behind; in the world, newcomers take the places of those who pass.' The instant the Soul of the Elder of Wong became unconscious of earthly details, the next heir in line became the Elder of Wong and took control of proceedings. He climbed to the roof of the late Elder's dwelling and begged the

departing Soul to tarry yet a little longer with the homestead family. The family, gathered in mass in the courtyard below, echoed his pleas. When all efforts failed to bring the Soul back, the new Elder ordered the males of the homestead to unravel their queues, the females to twist white cotton in their hair, and candles to be lit before the God of the Hearth.

The body was washed with water from the temple, then dressed for the journey and placed comfortably on the coffin bed, with the changes of clothes, the pipe and tobacco pouch, a book to read, and the necessary passports and money conveniently near to the hands. 'Warmth of affection' quilts were tucked around. The curtain of joy, on which the wives of the homestead had stitched wishes for a long and a prosperous life in the Western Sky, was hung in the Court of Dignity, where the coffin stood.

The new Elder of Wong set a table at the coffin head. On it he put a tablet carved with the late Elder of Wong's personal name in gold lettering. This is the life tablet now cherished in the Wong Hall of Ancestors as the symbol of the spirit in Heaven. He replenished the sesame oil in the basin of the pagoda-shaped Lanthorn of Heaven. Before the tablet he stood the Lanthorn; on its left an incense burner sending forth fragrant purity; on its right a vase of blue 'virtue flowers.'

In the street, to the left of the To and From the World Gate, a red pole was set to announce to all passers-by that a man in a coffin lay within. The Wong gatekeeper went to summon the musicians and priests who had been engaged to chant.

These home details attended to, the males of the House of Wong dressed in gowns and head fillets of coarse white cloth, put on straw sandals, and walked to the Temple of Agriculture to announce to the Lord of the Soil that their ancestor now had need of a place in the earth for his body.

The scribes of the Wong Family brought large sheets of yellow paper into the Lin library which the Elder of Lin offered, as there was need of a quiet place in which to write the funeral invitations. Wei-sung, who is versed in the phraseology of officialdom, prepared the copy for all government servants; Su-ling, experienced in modern ways by three years in Europe, wrote out what should go to the Wong maternal cousins in the port of Tientsin. Although different in phrasing, the invitations were essentially the same, in that they recorded briefly the life of the late Elder of Wong from birth until death, listed the honors he had won, and stated the days appointed for the reception of guests.

The Lin twins and I worked much of the day helping the children of Wong fold the yellow envelopes to hold the invitations. On each we pasted a stripe of blue and of red. Mai-da attended to the posting, carefully accounting the cost of the stamps, and moderately tipping the green-coated postman.

On guest days, a young priest beat a drum in the entrance court to let the family know of each arrival. The family then knelt beside the coffin in order, but the visitor did not address them until after honoring the departed man by kowtowing three times to his coffin and his spirit tablet. Each time the visitor bowed, the family bowed in unison with him, and the courts were filled with the music of instruments and the chanting of priests.

Serving folk then politely conducted the guests from the hall to the banqueting room, and set food before them. Men and women of the house then thanked the guests for honoring their ancestor, and for the Heavenly gift

that each brought. In this exchange of greeting no word of sorrow or consolation was spoken, as such would be a slur on the departed one's chances of preferment in Heaven.

The funeral catafalque was covered with a heavy white satin cloth, and was carried by seventy-two bearers dressed in green embroidered with red characters, meaning long life in the Western Sky. The order of the procession was: the deceased's sedan chair; the boat on which he traveled the canals; his portrait on an easel; the chanting priests, eighteen of them Taoists, eighteen Buddhist, and seven Lamas; a stringed band; one hundred and eight bearers carrying Heavenly gifts; twenty-one bearers of white paper brooms to sweep the road to the Western Sky; the sons on foot, the eldest carrying the spirit tablet, the second the lighted Lanthorn of Heaven; the time-beater with his wooden clappers; the catafalque; the wives wearing white cotton and riding in carts drawn by mules in white trappings; the married daughters in blue carts; friends in their own conveyances; more bearers with Heavenly gifts; more chanting priests; and at the rear another band of musicians.

At intervals silver paper cash was thrown to right and left by the sons to bribe the devils who might be wandering about. Along the route friendly families had erected little houses to honor the Wong ancestor. The procession stopped when the coffin came opposite these, a white mat was spread across the road, and the sons knelt to thank the donors. There was a tablet to the late Wong in each house.

When the procession reached the grave, the beater called relatives and friends to a circle. Then, to the throb of eerie music, each of us threw earth on the coffin. When it was covered, the priests sent the Heavenly gifts to the sky by fire. Some of the gifts were life-size papier-mâché servants, each with his or her name attached; banner men with scrolls of gray, blue, or black silk; papier-mâché horses, carriages, and grooms and a motor car with uniformed chauffeur; pots of cypress bent to animal shapes; silver and gold; a chest of books; a table lute; a set of chess; a three-sailed boat manned by a boatman and his wife; a hen with chicks, and a basket of ripe peaches.

Then the House of Wong took home their spirit tablet, symbol of the ancestor who had plucked the flower of life, and set it in their ancestral hall.

Never in the House of Lin or of Wong have I heard anyone speak of the late Elder of Wong (or of any ancestor) as dead. On all feast days they send him, by fire, gifts symbolic of wishes for good fortune in Heaven. On all days he is very much alive on the lips of his family, who speak of him as having a keen interest in all of their affairs.

During the first sixty days following his departure, they expressed concern for his travail on the road through Hades by wearing coarse cotton gowns, white shoes, and a white knot in their hair. In this time no one went abroad, except by necessity, when the dress was changed to one of black with a white girdle, white cap button, and white shoes. After sixty days they wore gray gowns with black shoes and blue hair strings. The women used no ornaments until one hundred days were passed, when they put on silver. Until three years had gone they did not wear either silk or satin.

(Next month this account of family life among the Chinese will be concluded with a further article, 'Three Marriages')

DEBUNKERY AND BIOGRAPHY

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

THE contemporary records of any actions and lives, partly through envy and ill-will, partly through favor and flattery, pervert and distort truth.
— PLUTARCH

I

THE Jazz Age — that fascinating, feverish, half-mad decade of the 1920's which left us all fatigued and a trifle bewildered — had its sordid aspects both in manners and in literature; but it did deal a deathblow to the rhapsodical, or sentimental, type of biography. The modernists have not invented any mysterious new biographical technique. Such masterpieces as Boswell's *Johnson* in the eighteenth century and Froude's *Carlyle* in the nineteenth have not yet been superseded, and may be studied with profit even by our complacent generation. But, a few exceptions aside, the prevailing fault of biography up to the World War was an unwillingness to expose any deceit or indiscretion in the immaculate hero.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his unfailing common sense, declared, 'We have had too many honeysuckle lives of Milton,' and then proceeded rather clumsily to overturn the author of *Paradise Lost* from his pedestal. Johnson's iconoclasm, however, was due rather to his Tory prejudice than to a passion for the truth. One hundred and forty years afterward the late Lytton Strachey spoke disdainfully of Victorian biographies, 'with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design,' and pointed out that it is 'perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one.' This indictment may have been too severe, but it was badly needed. Strachey himself, not satisfied with merely playing the rôle of censor, was ready to indicate by his own example how biography ought to be written. Because he practised what he preached, the spirit of biography is different to-day from what it was in 1875.

Autobiography, naturally enough, has always been colored by the desire of its author to be rightly understood. The autobiographer has, to quote Leslie Stephen, 'an irresistible desire for confidential expansion,' and his excuse, naturally enough, is to furnish posterity with a first-hand record of the truth.

But even truth may have its blurred outlines and apparent contradictions. It may be taken for granted that no man — not even the egocentric Benvenuto Cellini or the garrulous Jean Jacques Rousseau — ever told quite all about himself. Henry Adams, in his incomparable *Education*, omitted to mention his wife, the lovely lady in whose memory Saint Gaudens designed the noble statue in Rock Creek Cemetery. The shameless Samuel Pepys did not, we may be sure, disclose all his

amours, nor did Thomas Collier Platt reveal all his backstairs conspiracies.

Even after the great man has sorted out his papers, eliminated his imprudent letters, and printed his confessions, the biographer must make a reexamination and form his own perhaps less palatable but certainly less partisan conclusions.

II

It would be pleasant to think that biography, as contrasted with autobiography, is always trustworthy. Unfortunately, however, it, too, involves the fickle human equation. The examination of the emotional reactions of men is captivating, but it is not like dividing twelve by three or measuring the base of the Great Pyramid. Probably no presidential nominee was ever wholly pleased with his campaign biography, no matter how eulogistic. Theodore Roosevelt once said to William Roscoe Thayer, 'How strange motives are! When you did a certain thing, you thought that a single, clear reason determined you, but on looking back you see instead a dozen mixed motives, which you did not suspect at the time.' No attempt to peer into the secret recesses of the human soul ever quite fulfilled the optimistic expectations of the victim.

Nevertheless, whenever the aims of biography have been seriously discussed in our time, it has been generally, though not unanimously, agreed that its primary aim should be to tell the truth, 'dispassionately, impartially, and without ulterior intentions.' Joaquin Miller, in a tolerant mood, once wrote: —

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> I do not dare to draw a line
> Between the two, where God has not.

Such an attitude, although doubtless to be commended for its Christian charity, would, if persisted in, turn biography into a faded and inconsequential art. Far more intelligent is Voltaire's aphorism: 'We owe consideration to the living; to the dead we owe truth only.' It is the biographer's business, after modestly admitting his fallibility, to balance debits and credits, and produce an audit of achievement and character. If he evades this duty, his work should not be taken seriously.

The biographer ought not, however, to be a photographer, but rather a portrait painter, whose theories and philosophies tinge what he writes. It is astounding what different authors with conflicting points of view will accomplish with approximately the same material. A conspicuous instance is that of Abraham Lincoln. Some months ago, two loudly heralded and extensively advertised lives of him came on the market. Examining the two works, a foreigner unacquainted with Lincoln would hardly suspect that they were about the same person. One author conceives of Lincoln as dominated by unworthy motives, perverted by hatred of the South, and largely responsible for both the crimes of the Republican Party and our present industrial maladies. The other regards him as a haloed saint, incapable of even an error in judgment, and ordained, like Moses, by the Almighty to guide his people through a perilous national crisis. It is difficult to determine which book is less harmful. After turning their pages, one reverts with relief and comfort to Beveridge's searching biography, through which Lincoln moves, a very human person, growing steadily out of awkwardness, perplexity, and irresolution into splendid leadership.

It is probable that a reaction toward realism was bound to follow in the wake of the World War. Of that reaction,

Lytton Strachey was the high priest and dominant leader. His imitators, rejoicing in the name of 'debunkers,' inundated the market with ironic and fictionized and sensational lives of the great and the near-great, putting out books of a kind of which Strachey would have been ashamed. A mass of ephemeral biography appeared and vanished almost with the next morning's sun. But, with all its excesses, this spontaneous impulse toward realism had a tonic effect, and biography, like a man after a daring adventure or a wild night, has settled down to take stock after its experience.

III

It may clarify this attempt at criticism if we ask ourselves what, if anything, the art of biography has gained as a result of this outburst. It is doubtful whether any new device has been discovered; but the modern biographer has altered the stress, and in so doing has made his work seem quite different. Now and then belated samples of the old style in biography are published, but they seem as out of date as Italian primitives in the age of Raphael and as unsophisticated as a Vermont farmer in Greenwich Village. Occasionally, too, certain biographies of the nineteenth century, or even earlier, display characteristics which mark them as prophetic of a less artless period. But if we go by averages and speak in generalizations, the trend of biography today is much altered from that of half a century ago — as is the trend in poetry and prose fiction. The effort to suggest what the change really is may involve the use of half truths and shadowy claims. I am sure, however, that such a transformation has occurred, even though I may not be able to prove it to everybody's satisfaction.

'Human life,' once said John Addington Symonds, 'is not to be measured by what men perform, but by what they are.' Few will challenge the statement that contemporary biography is laying its emphasis less on deeds, such as battles and coronations and political campaigns, and more on thoughts and emotions. Although the two can seldom be completely disentangled, personality is considered more significant than achievement.

Three books published shortly after the World War — all by Europeans and each in a different language — were forerunners of this movement: Strachey's *Queen Victoria* in 1921, André Maurois's *Ariel* in 1924, and Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon* in 1926. Each was much discussed and widely popular, and the triad constitute the gospel of the modern school of biography. If one will compare them only superficially with Sidney Lee's *Queen Victoria* of 1902, with Dowden's *Shelley* of 1886, and with Fournier's *Napoleon the First* of 1903, the discrepancy between yesterday and to-day will seem very striking. Another illuminating contrast might be made between Morley's *Gladstone*, a fine book of its type, and Pringle's *Roosevelt*, the best political biography in the United States during 1931. Morley was concerned principally with what Gladstone did. Pringle tried to disclose what Roosevelt was. Compared with Pringle's book, Morley's two volumes seem stilted and formal, and even dull.

In logical elaboration of their theory, these modern biographers have been giving space to matters formerly considered trifling, but which do reveal personality. In this respect they have reverted to Boswell, whose *Samuel Johnson* was welcomed so enthusiastically by the critical world of the 1790's mainly because of its ineffaceable picture of the great Tory in dressing gown and slippers, with his wig

scorched and awry. Readers who were shown the Lexicographer pocketing worthless strips of orange peel or crying ecstatically, 'Who's for punch?' felt as if they had been introduced to him and had shaken him by the hand. A majority of us, deep in our hearts, want to hear about a genius's habits — what he ate and smoked and drank, what kinds of games he preferred, what shade of cravats he favored, at what hour he usually went to bed. We are interested also in his physical attributes — whether he was fat or thin, hirsute or glabrous, nervous or sluggish. An investigation would probably show that most readers of biographies turn first, not to the preliminary chapter on genealogical details, but to those sections which tell what the hero was like. In biography, gossip is almost a virtue.

Consider, for example, such an apparently unromantic theme as disease. It rarely occurs to us that captains and potentates ever wake up with headaches like ordinary mortals, or swallow drugs to alleviate rheumatic twinges. Yet often a faltering in a crisis can be explained by a digestive upset or even by a poor night's sleep. We have learned recently that the whole course of English history may have been altered by Queen Elizabeth's physical limitations, and that a battle may have been lost because Napoleon's stomach misbehaved before Waterloo.

White House physicians, if relieved from the Oath of Hippocrates, could disclose some startling secrets and solve more than one mystery. Not until years later did the American public learn of the throat operation on President Grover Cleveland performed by Dr. Keen on board a yacht during the summer of 1893, at a moment when the stock market had collapsed and a financial panic was threatened. The full consequences of President Woodrow Wilson's breakdown in 1919 and of his months of helplessness in Washington have not yet been revealed.

There are many questions still to be answered. What ailment forced Shakespeare to retire from the dramatic world and go back to Stratford to die at the early age of fifty-two? What was the full effect of tuberculosis on John Keats and Robert Louis Stevenson? In biography the breaking of an arm may be as significant as the fall of a cabinet. Of this fact, Strachey, Maurois, and Ludwig were not ignorant. They satisfied a popular craving, focused our attention on personality, and sold their books by thousands.

IV

In his passion for probing into personality, the modern biographer, aided by the laboratory and the clinic, has made one contribution of more than temporary importance. Even the excellent Boswell was content to reproduce faithfully Johnson's actual words without trying to fathom his thoughts. He regarded himself obviously as a reporter, not as a psychologist or diagnostician. But our really modern biographers, with science to sustain them, have familiarized themselves with neuroses and inhibitions, and have peered behind speeches and printed pages into the subconscious mind.

Autobiographers have become introspective and published the results of their researches. W. H. Hudson, in his *Far Away and Long Ago*, has told us something of the animism of his childhood, and Edmund Gosse, in his fascinating *Father and Son*, has lifted the veil from the inevitable antagonism between two generations. So Freud, from whose fantastic brain have emanated so much of good and so much of evil, has attributed the peculiar qualities and conduct of Leonardo da Vinci

to a remarkable 'mother fixation' which dominated his artistic life. Recent writers have explained the riddles of Thomas Carlyle and Edgar Allan Poe by a theory of sex deficiency. When we observe what these analysts have been able to concoct with almost no testimony available, we cannot help wondering what fantasies would be created if we were the victims.

Sometimes, as in the case of Amy Lowell's *Keats*, this analytic method has achieved brilliant results. It has been less successful with the lyric and erotic Robert Burns. Certain difficulties are inherent in this kind of study. It is seldom practicable to isolate a genius in his own library and test his reactions. We cannot recall Poe from his tomb in a Baltimore cemetery and subject him to physical and psychological examinations. The evidence at our disposal is elusive, dubious, and often contradictory. Carlyle, presumably acquainted with his own deficiencies and potencies, would probably, if resurrected, smile sardonically at recent explanations of his eccentricities. On the other hand, the psychographer enjoys a decisive advantage in that he cannot readily be refuted. He can weave his subtle hypotheses, safe in the confidence that the dead do not rise.

The modern biographer conscientiously practising his profession conceives of himself as uniting the functions of anatomist, diagnostician, cross-examiner, detective, spy, alienist, and judge. He knows very well that he cannot neglect even a whisper. While occupied in his researches, he must spend his waking hours in dissecting the complicated motives which drive a fanatic to immolation for an impossible ideal, or seduce a sensualist into risking his reputation for the gratification of a fleeting desire. His task is fraught with peculiar dangers. If a biographer is obsessed by a theory, he may be tempted to pervert the facts in order to justify his system. If he is not alert and susceptible, he may miss the clue when it is before his eyes. And then, when all the witnesses have been summoned and all the documents scanned, there still remains the baffling mystery of the human soul. If we cannot even understand ourselves, how can we understand people long dead and unable to speak in their own behalf?

Yet, with all these reservations, I am sure that the chief contribution made in recent years to the art of biography is the application of psychology to the interpretation of personality. The author in the United States who has done this most successfully is probably the late Gamaliel Bradford — a patient and sensitive student, dwelling apart from crowds and pavements, but quick to discern human impulses and unbiased in his judgments. His psychographs, though overpraised by some New England critics, are sound in their craftsmanship and their conclusions.

V

Modern biography, then, has rightly insisted on the importance of personality. In the second place, as has already been intimated, it has become definitely realistic, as if in revolt against the fulsome eulogy and saccharine sentimentality of an earlier day. Once no self-respecting biographer felt that he had done his duty unless he had discovered in his hero's boyhood pranks the promise of future grandeur and had evoked some superannuated pedagogue who could remember having said oracularly, 'My lad, you will become President.' The axiom that the dead were immune from criticism was tacitly accepted as orthodox, and no one sought to draw their frailties 'from their dread abode.' Nobody's feelings were injured, and biography remained

tame, innocuous, and untruthful, as flat as distilled water and as insipid as an invalid's custard.

Under Victoria, satire at the expense of the priggish 'Arnold of Rugby' would have been condemned as sacrilege. The Good Queen would not have been amused, and Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, would have risen in his wrath to smite the offender. Neither could have dreamed that a day would come when an Englishman would venture to poke fun, not only at the respectable Dr. Arnold, but even at the monarch herself.

Lytton Strachey was not the earliest biographer to employ irony as a legitimate literary device; but his skill and cleverness brought him prompt recognition from a generation which rejoiced at smartness, irreverence, and cynicism. It was his function to revive the popular interest in biography by making it more attractive. Caustic though he was in *Eminent Victorians*, he was something more than a mere destroyer of reputations. He was a first-class artist, with a wit which excused, even justified, his iconoclasm. His severity of judgment often sprang from his intense hatred of sham, and his estimates of men and women are, in most cases, those which posterity will ultimately accept.

But, as so often happens, lesser authors followed in his train, adopting his methods without possessing his talent. They sought deliberately for idols with feet of clay, and rejoiced greatly when they found a skeleton in a king's closet. If they had had their way, we should have no heroes left. They called themselves 'debunkers,' and boasted that they were rectifying history.

The debunkers have notified us, in a sensational manner, that General Grant was once a ne'er-do-well, and that Henry Ward Beecher succumbed to unclerical desires; but they have taught us little that was new. While they were in their prime, any scribbler could gain a cheap notoriety by portraying Charles James Fox or Daniel Webster as a drunkard. More recently, however, readers have been remembering that Fox and Webster were also statesmen, and that what they achieved in Parliament and Congress is far more important to the world than what they imbibed in their convivial moments. The debunkers performed a service by teaching us to laugh at sham and pomposity, and the art of biography has perhaps profited by their example. But a sincere biographer would rather see a debunker than be one.

The debunkers have not altogether vanished. Human scavengers will always gather where there is money to be made by calumny. The Great Depression, however, narrowed the market for scandal literature, and many of its purveyors are temporarily among the unemployed, or have been taken over by the tabloids. There are still fields in which they might be usefully occupied.

Consider, for example, the case of Roscoe Conkling. Although he has been in some degree overshadowed by his political contemporaries, he was once a powerful 'boss' in New York State and enjoyed in Oneida County a local celebrity as Utica's favorite son. I never saw him, but through the newspapers I grew familiar as a boy with his stalwart, broad-chested frame, attired in the height of sartorial elegance, his curled side whiskers, and his blond hair running picturesquely down into a sharp point at the very middle of his high forehead. Henry Adams classed him among what he called 'stage exaggerations.' He died as he had lived, dramatically, from overexertion during the Great Blizzard of March 1888. When he was buried, there was mourning among his Republican disciples.

The only extant life of Roscoe Conkling, prepared by the pious pen of a nephew, is a perfect demonstration of what biography should not be. Here and there is a detail which arrests the attention, such as the fact that Roscoe's immigrant ancestor was named Ananias — an item upon which a debunker would seize with noisy avidity. But the book is without form or systematic arrangement — an assembly of miscellaneous data, with no thread, either logical or chronological, to hold them together; and Conkling moves through the lifeless pages like a tailor's dummy, expressionless and unconvincing, pushed hither and thither at the caprice of the author.

Some day a lover of history with a sense of literary values will reproduce Roscoe Conkling as he was, with all his inflated self-sufficiency, his florid rhetoric, his vanity, his irresistible vitality, and his magnetism. He will then stand out in the majesty of his Herculean torso and thunderous voice, a consummate actor, acquainted with all the jugglery and tinsel of that political stage on which he played his part. Told in this fashion, his life will have the thrill of a Greek tragedy, in which the doomed protagonist cannot avoid his fate; and the story will move its readers with pity and with terror. When that volume is published, Senator Conkling will indeed live again.

VI

In the third place, the modern biographer has been making a conscious effort to select and arrange his material with regard, not only to proportion and emphasis, but also to vividness. Encompassed as he usually is by a long accumulation of unassorted items, he must evaluate them and bring harmony out of confusion. In preparing his admirable life of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker has been obliged to scan over four hundred thousand separate documents, and to choose from them the really significant details. Even a book containing nothing but the truth may lack animation unless the writer understands the basic principles of organization. Anyone who habitually reads contemporary biographies must have observed how many of them open in a manner to grip the attention and perhaps to supply a motif for what is to follow.

Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, for example, begins with a dramatic account of the death in childbirth of Princess Charlotte of England — an incident chosen by the author for its intensity as well as for its introduction of the young physician who later became the influential Baron Stockmar. Maurois's *Ariel* starts with a few bitter paragraphs on Dr. Keate, the flogging headmaster of Eton, who tried in his school to turn out 'hard-faced men, all run in the same mould,' and who symbolized the system against which Percy Bysshe Shelley was to rebel. Ludwig's *Napoleon* shows us in its opening pages a picture of the Corsican wife, Letizia, greeting her husband on his return from the wars, and thus suggests that Bonaparte's mother, not he, is the central figure of the mighty drama. Much may be learned about the technique of biography by examining the introductory paragraphs of Lockhart's *Scott* or Trevelyan's *Macaulay* — both excellent books of a past generation — and then turning to Pringle's *Roosevelt*.

It is natural that a biographer with a sense of the dramatic should be constantly in search of incidents which appeal to a jaded public. Who knows when or how the course of a career may be suddenly shifted?

Let us revert in our imaginations to an evening in August 1884. The stage

setting is the broad verandah of a summer home perched on the rocky point where the tiny peninsula of Nahant juts farthest into the Atlantic, a few miles north of Boston. It is the house of Henry Cabot Lodge, a young Harvard graduate with reforming tendencies, just beginning to make a stir in Massachusetts politics, and, at the time, chairman of the Republican state committee. To the disgust of many Republicans, including Lodge himself, James G. Blaine had been nominated only a few weeks before as his party candidate for the presidency; and, when Grover Cleveland had been later named by the Democrats, a number of influential independents, including Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, and Charles William Eliot, had come out openly for him, thus precipitating what became the 'Mugwump' movement. Young Theodore Roosevelt, like the older Lodge, had been a delegate to the Republican convention, where they had both unsuccessfully supported George F. Edmunds. After the nomination of the obnoxious Blaine, Roosevelt had retired to his Dakota ranch, disgruntled and perplexed.

Meanwhile Lodge, for reasons satisfactory to himself, had decided to remain orthodox. In midsummer Roosevelt, still in a quandary, journeyed east and was, of course, invited to Nahant. There, on an August evening with no reporter to listen, the two future leaders of the nation sat talking over the situation. What was said, what arguments were advanced, no one will ever know. A day or two afterward, however, the *Boston Herald* published an authorized interview in which Roosevelt said, 'I intend to vote the Republican presidential ticket.' Later he came east again and spoke on the stump both for Lodge, who was running for Congress, and for Blaine. Both Blaine and Lodge were defeated. If Roosevelt had stood out for Cleveland instead of for Blaine, — as, with their political antecedents, both he and Lodge might well have done, — history might then and there have been altered. One is reminded of Robert Frost's lines: —

> Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
> I took the one less traveled by,
> And that has made all the difference.

VII

In the fourth place, biography has recently immensely extended its range. Izaak Walton, with pious rhetoric, announced that his *Lives* were to be 'an honour to the virtuous dead, and a lesson in magnanimity to those who shall succeed them.' Sir Sidney Lee, many years later, maintained that biography ought to deal with 'a career serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude.' But the day has gone by when only the noble and the saintly were regarded as worth reading about.

The other day I opened a volume of our new and comprehensive *Dictionary of American Biography* to glance at the sketch of William Colgate, the benefactor of Colgate University. As I finished the article, I casually scanned the next few pages to learn what other figures among the C's were considered worthy of commemoration. In close proximity to Colgate were the following varied personages: Chang and Eng, the 'Siamese Twins'; John Chapman, known locally throughout the West as 'Johnny Appleseed'; John G. Clarkson, the famous baseball pitcher; John E. Clough, an estimable Baptist missionary; George Coggeshall, a sea captain; Thomas Coke, a Methodist bishop; Frank Nelson Cole, a mathematician; and John H. Converse, a locomotive builder. Here was a diverse group of defunct celebrities, each with

his own peculiar distinction, and each interesting in his individual way.

Among the subjects of full-length biographies during the past decade have been Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, Pauline Bonaparte and Jesse James, John L. Sullivan, Richard Croker, and Anthony Comstock, to say nothing of various rogues, vagabonds, and charlatans. Even the conservative Gamaliel Bradford devoted one volume of his 'psychographs' to *Damaged Souls* and another to *Wives*. The professional biographer, no longer restricting himself to the righteous, is on the watch constantly for people who will not be dull. I once received for review on the same afternoon a biography of Captain Robert F. Scott, the intrepid Antarctic explorer, and a volume on Lydia Pinkham. The gap between these somewhat different benefactors of mankind represents fairly the scope of biography in our times.

This unprecedented extension of the legitimate field of biography has been accompanied by a tendency toward ease and informality of style, often quite agreeable, although sometimes so undignified as to be cheap. The now almost obsolete *Life and Times of George F. Blank*, in two quarto volumes, was usually heavy and repelling. It was unquestionably thorough, even authoritative, but was seldom read for pleasure on a winter's evening before the fire. Indeed, once on the market, it was rarely read at all. Recently I consulted in the Boston Athenæum a copy of a life of Robert Rantoul, Jr., the Massachusetts statesman, which had not been taken out since it was deposited there more than fifty years ago.

In a book of similar intent to-day, the style is less stiff and more colloquial, illustrations are effectively sprinkled through the pages, and an attempt is made to blend scholarship with charm. Some publishers have deliberately sought for biographies which might compete successfully with novels, and, in such notable cases as Faÿ's *Franklin* and Adams's *The Adams Family*, they have been rewarded. In their zeal, they have even committed the unpardonable sin, — the publication of a biography without an index, — thus justly incurring the contempt of Mr. H. L. Mencken. It will be found, however, that the sale of even such an exceptionally popular book as Werner's *Barnum* or Hackett's *Henry the Eighth* is not comparable with that of the 'best seller' in prose fiction.

VIII

Everything considered, then, Strachey and the best of his disciples have made an appreciable contribution to the improvement of biography as a fine art. They have been rebuked by the 'unco guid' and accused of prostituting an ancient and reputable form of literature for ignoble ends. Now that Strachey is dead and his work can be surveyed as a whole, we perceive that his product was not large and that his scope was limited. But we also cannot be blind to his brilliance and audacity, and we feel, without being able to prove it, that his books are of a kind which the world cannot willingly let die. He appeared, furthermore, at a moment when his influence was salutary and stimulating. Historically, his importance is very great.

Of the making and publication of books, even during the Great Depression, there is, and there will be, no end. One amusing consequence of hard times has been the rush of former stockbrokers, prize fighters, cowboys, bartenders, manufacturers, and artisans to literature as a possible means of livelihood, requiring little capital and no exceptional ability. This is not so absurd as it seems. Even the most

humble man is usually confident in his heart of hearts that, if he had cared to do so, he could have rivaled Sinclair Lewis, or at least Gamaliel Bradford — for, after all, as one of my friends observed with exquisite tact, 'Bradford was only a biographer.' Indubitably, then, we are to have more biographies, and biographers will earn at least small sums in royalties by selling their books to one another.

Of the various types of books published annually in the United States, biography stands fourth in numbers, being exceeded only by prose fiction, juveniles, and religious works. In 1929, 667 biographies were published in this country, of which 405 were by American authors. Fortunately, these were not all undertaken by self-deluded amateurs. We should be profoundly grateful for the autobiographies of Bishop Lawrence, of Eddie Eagan, of Lincoln Steffens, of Clarence Darrow, and of Prince von Bülow. We have recently had Mr. Howe's *Moorfield Storey*, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's *Emerson*, Mr. Allan Nevins's *Grover Cleveland*, and Mr. Claude G. Bowers's *Beveridge*, each by an experienced craftsman. And there are more to come!

The books just mentioned are all political biographies, and the standard in that field is steadily rising. At the present moment, for example, authorities on the history of the United States since the Civil War are numerous, and they make unamiable reviewers. With unerring memories and eyes brightened by habitual proof reading, they pounce with vulpine glee upon any error of date or name or any erroneous interpretation of facts. Full documentation, with specific references, is required for every statement. For an aspiring biographer, this is a healthful atmosphere, since, if he is not accurate and thorough, he cannot escape the penalty of his sins. The rivalry among political biographers is so intense that each new competitor is consciously on his mettle. The art of biography is profiting thereby.

What, in the light of all this discussion, is the biographer's conception of his function to-day? To be entirely candid, he probably sits down at his typewriter without any clearly defined set of rules to guide him. Not until after the ode has been composed does the poet begin to explain how he conceived it and to evolve his theories of poetic art. So it is, I am sure, with biography. I do know, however, that the biographer must consult every available source of information, — letters, memoirs, diaries, newspapers, and government documents, — and that he can seldom be sure where he will be rewarded. All this miscellaneous material must then be sifted for relevancy and significance. He will, of course, visit the places which his hero frequented and will attempt to get atmosphere and absorb local color. As his investigations progress, he will find that the accumulated details are coalescing around salient points, until a rough plan emerges from the chaos. Then, when he is moved to write, he will remember that, in the long run, sincerity outlasts sensationalism, and that what is fantastic is likely to be ephemeral.

If he has the authentic gift for biography, his portrait will, after infinite labor, be polished and perfected until it merits in some degree the praise bestowed by Dunn upon Froude's *Carlyle:* 'We see, before our very eyes, the pilgrimage of Carlyle from birth to death; we see his Titanic struggle with life; we see him go down into the darkening shadow.' If his readers can see and feel like this, the biographer will know that his work has been well done, even though his book may not be listed among the 'best sellers.'

OLD BRANDY

BY A. W. SMITH

I

PULLING his black coat tails from underneath him, Uncle Fred settled himself comfortably in his seat. The porter was fussing with his bags, fitting them in between the steam pipes and his chair. They'd be off soon. Farewells all said. Everything ready to go.

'Good-bye, Uncle Fred,' they said. 'So good of you to come.'

'Oh, I know,' said Uncle Fred.

'Dear old Uncle Fred,' they said when he had gone.

He took off his top hat and smoothed the nap. He regarded the shine on it thoughtfully.

'Just hand me that hatbox,' he said to the porter.

He fumbled with the brass lock and the strap of the battered, old-fashioned box, oval in shape, dark brown cowhide, lined with red velvet. The porter waited for a moment, but Uncle Fred, hat in hand, had closed his eyes. It had been a long and tiring day.

'Now I should say,' thought Uncle Fred, 'that Edith's interment to-day was the very model of what such sad events should be. Everything in perfect taste and up to the second in punctuality.

'That's the way I like to see things done. Everything right — and I ought to know. Of course, it might be a little hypercritical to suggest that a glass of sherry before we left the house . . . However, on the whole, a model. When I pass on, I must remember to leave a note that there is to be a glass of sherry — or possibly old brandy.'

Uncle Fred still had his hat in his hand, his famous hat. Beside him lay the battered leather box. That hat went with him to all the family funerals. Sewn inside the lining was a strip of parchment on which he wrote the names of the members of the family whose funerals he attended. For Uncle Fred at seventy-five it was a rapidly lengthening list, for it began with Aunt Jobyna and came down to poor Cousin Edith.

Eighteen names in that hat already, and with poor Edith's nineteen. This attendance at the family obsequies had become a passion. Distance was no obstacle; obscurity of relationship only added to his collector's zeal. There was n't another hat like it.

Uncle Fred opened his eyes again on a rapidly moving world. Outside, the snow was falling in great soft flakes. They flew past the windows of the train and collected in the corners of the sills. Windows of houses shone golden; signal lights cast patches of raw color on the clean surface of the snow. The train roared over a bridge under which the water was cold and black in the white trough of its banks. Its ripples shivered the reflections. Black girders, harsh and angular, leaped momentarily across his vision.

From lighted warmth, Uncle Fred, hat in hand, watched the pale fields go

by. He was being carried westward to sunshine again.

But the day had been tiring. A little bracer, just a thimbleful, would n't be a bad idea. In his suitcase was a flask of old brandy, pale as straw, rich and nutty, mild as milk. It was a well-rounded, deceitful liquor which led you on with its very smoothness.

Uncle Fred pressed the bell and asked for a table. While it was being brought, he fumbled in his bag for his flask. He hitched his knees up a little as the table was fixed in front of him.

'Just a touch,' he said aloud. He poured out the mellow brandy into the silver cup, off the bottom of his flask. 'Just a touch — the least taste.'

In a silver cup it was impossible to see how much you had poured, and what with the jerking of the train and one thing and another — 'No harm,' he said; and he passed it under his nostrils to get the full aroma.

'Aah!'

He set the cup down on the polished mahogany of the table. Over his head was a pleasantly shaded light. From the steam pipes rose a grateful heat. On either hand were the lines of black caverns of windows looking out on to the snowy dark, pricked with the flickering lights of farm and village. In the corner of each window was a gathering of snow. At the far end of the car the porter in his white coat lolled against the pale green bulkhead.

Uncle Fred, with half-closed eyes, idly watched his silver cup sliding across the mahogany of the table to the vibration of the train. It followed a course set by unknown forces, and its silver side was reflected on the polished board. Uncle Fred picked it up again before it reached the edge.

'Aah!' he said again, as he put it down in the exact middle of the table. That stuff could n't hurt you — you could drink a bottle of it. It might make your tongue trip a little, but even at seventy-odd it sent the blood hot through your veins, and eased the burden of a tiring day. Uncle Fred's beautifully shaven pink-and-white face, which had been a trifle pale, grew a little pinker.

II

There had been a lot of the family to meet. His mind went back to the black-walnut living room, full of good solid stuff nicely done up in warm red, where they had all come together. The low voices, the velvety leather of dark gray gloves, the soft-footed movements on the thick pile of the carpet — the whole thing was beautifully done, even in his experience. Except, of course, for that glass of sherry, which would have gone down so well before going out into the bitter wind which caught up leaves and scraps of paper at the street corners and sent them flying upwards to the steel-colored sky.

Don't tell him that Tom had n't got some good stuff stowed away somewhere. Tom — he'd always liked a drop. Not that he took too much, — that, at least, was n't a fault of Tom's, — but he liked it good.

Annoying, the way that silver cup jittered across the polished wood of the table. He passed it under his nostrils and sniffed generously.

'Aah!' he sighed as he replaced it. You needed just a sip every now and then. That was the way to take old brandy. Just a sip now and then to wash over the surface of the tongue.

Standing under the chandelier in poor Edith's living room. A real family gathering.

'Poor Edith,' they whispered. 'So sudden, you know.'

'Yes, dreadfully sudden; poor Edith.'

He heard them all, and he knew that their thoughts were not on poor Edith, but on each other.

In the old days, in Aunt Jobyna's time, they talked about Edith all right. Everyone did. They watched her slow, graceful passage through the room — this very room — between bits of solid black walnut and under the glass dingle-dangles of the chandelier.

Years ago, that — nearly forty, or more? When Edith was tall and fair-skinned, and her high breasts rounded under sleek black satin, they talked about her because she was Edith.

He sat opposite to her at dinner and peered through the flowers and round the lavishly piled fruit decorating the silver epergne. There were pears and apples and hothouse grapes, — Black Hamburgs, the delicate gray bloom still on them, — and somewhere a pair of silver grape-scissors with heavily chased loops of handles.

Aunt Jobyna was master in her own house. She took the head of the table and refused offers to carve. She wore a black bonnet perched on the tight sweep of her white hair, even in the evening at her own dinner table. She regimented the guests to lead them in, two and two.

After dinner Aunt Jobyna sat by the fire, the light glinting on the diamonds in her rings. Her mouth was a straight line under the shadow of her moustache, a dark finger mark smudged across her upper lip. There was a mole on her chin.

'Come and sit here, Fred,' she said in her harsh voice, 'and tell me the news.'

His eyes searched into the dusk of the room to where Edith was sitting at the piano, the candles burning blue-hearted in the brass sconces.

'Be careful, boy,' she said, seeing his look. 'What's the news? I'm expecting Tom any moment — his train should be in.'

Outside in the hall Tom's feet stamped off snow on the doormat and he shook his hat. Edith rose to greet him.

'You see?' said Aunt Jobyna. Tom was always her favorite. Tom got Edith — and Aunt Jobyna was at the top of his list.

Uncle Fred reached out just in time to save his silver cup. Just a touch now — and Uncle Fred passed his cup perfunctorily under his nose. These sniffs at the aroma were becoming mere gestures of courtesy to a priceless old brandy.

'Aah!' he said as he put it down.

III

The family was delighted. Edith and Tom made a wonderful pair, so they all said — and most of them had passed on to grace his list. That was the way it happened. They were fated to go. Uncle Fred laughed slowly aloud.

'Ha — ha — ha!' The sound made the porter look in his direction.

Tom was there, too — his name, Thomas Selvage Blaber, right under Aunt Jobyna's. It had all taken time, but it was the price they paid for going against Uncle Fred.

Dear old Uncle Fred — the mythical rich uncle who came out of the West to see them home. They all liked Uncle Fred, with his fluffy white moustache and his pink-and-white face. He looked round the room at the sombre gathering buzzing whispers to each other. Dear old Uncle Fred — they did not know how he hated them all.

In his hand he clasped his wonderful hat — sixteen, seventeen, eighteen names. Edith, nineteen; she had turned him down for Tom.

Nineteen, — it was a silly number, — an odd number, and he looked at them searching for the twentieth. Into twenty you could divide two, four, five, and ten. Into nineteen, nothing.

'Well, well, Fred,' said Frank, shaking his hand, soft leather clinging to soft leather. Uncle Fred had to change

his hat to his left hand before Frank could take his limp fingers. 'Well, well, Fred. Sad, is n't it? Poor Edith!'

'Yes,' said Uncle Fred, mechanically.

'Wonderful personality,' said Frank. 'I remember in this very room when Aunt Jobyna was still with us.'

'Yes,' said Uncle Fred. In this very room — his last, desperate effort; the feel of her skin under the silk of her puffed sleeve, which rasped under the roughness of his fingers.

'Fred! Really!' said Aunt Jobyna, opening that very door. 'I think you'd better go now — and stay away.'

A masterful woman, Aunt Jobyna — but there she was, her name a little blurred, in the lining of his hat.

'You hardly knew Edith, of course,' said Frank. 'But if you had, you'd have realized. . . . When she married Tom they made a great pair.'

'Aah!' said Fred. So here was another. He viewed Frank dispassionately. So here was another of 'em.

'When are you coming West to see me, Frank?' he asked.

'I? At my age, you know, Fred —' Frank said. At his age. . . .

Uncle Fred put out his hand in time to catch his little silver cup before it slipped off the table, and in doing so he nearly upset it. Near thing — got to be more careful. Very deliberately he took his handkerchief from his breast pocket and mopped a spot or two of old brandy from his sleeve.

He sucked his moustache clean with his underlip as he put down his cup.

At Frank's age! Poor Frank, they 'd be saying — and Frank's name was as good as any for the twentieth name. Well, well — poor Frank. And dear old Uncle Fred fumbled in his pocket for his pen.

He took his hat and copied in Edith's name. Poor Edith, he thought sardonically.

IV

The lights burned fuzzily under the cozy shades down the long tunnel of the car. It was all dimly green in there, like the cool inside of an aquarium. Uncle Fred felt as if he were under water. Gray-green blinds had been pulled down over the aching black windows, shutting out the dark. It was all green in there, and the car wove back and forth to the speed of the train.

Just a little one now, and he'd add Frank's name to his list. At Frank's age — Ha-ha! He took his flask and tipped it into his cup. Just that much. He let the last drop run out — pity to waste it. The neck of the flask ticked on the edge of the cup.

He sighed gustily as he put the empty cup down on the table. He shook the ink from his pen on to the floor and began to write. A capital *F*, *r* — letters meticulously formed.

'You're disgustingly drunk,' said Aunt Jobyna from the chair across the aisle, 'but hurry up, all the same.'

There she was: dark smudge of moustache, mole, black bonnet, snowy hair.

'Why — Aunt Jobyna!' he said, half rising.

'Hurry up!' she snapped. 'We're all waiting, and we want to hear the news.'

'Sign on the dotted line,' said Tom with his hoarse, hearty laugh.

'Oh, Tom dear,' said Edith. 'Give him a minute.'

All the others sitting up and down the car craned round in their chairs to look. 'Come on, Fred,' they said.

Capital *F* — *r* — *e* — . He formed the letters slowly, filling the twentieth space. '*Fred*,' he wrote.

The empty cup jittered for the last time across the table and fell with a tiny tinkle to the floor. It rolled away under the steam pipes. Even that failed to rouse Uncle Fred.

A CIVIL WAR BOYHOOD

II. Soldier of the Union

BY JOHN W. BURGESS

I

WHEN I returned from college at Lebanon to my home in the southern part of Middle Tennessee, I little dreamed of the hardships and sufferings through which, during the next two and a half years, I should be obliged to pass. I was but a little over seventeen years of age, too young for a soldier's life, but surrounded by conditions which gradually forced me into it.

By the first of April, 1862, the Federal armies had occupied Middle and West Tennessee nearly, if not quite at all points, to the southern boundary of the state. Companies of Confederate cavalry and bands of Confederate guerrillas and bushwhackers, however, made raids through the southern tier of counties and dealt summarily with all they could reach who showed any sympathy with the incoming Federals. It was at about that time that the first detachments of Federal troops began to pass through the region of my home. I remember vividly to this day the Indiana regiment which led the advance with its flying flags and its band playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' It was the first time I had seen the flag of my country for a year, and, young as I was, I greeted it with swelling heart. I thought it had come to stay uninterruptedly, and did not realize the vicissitudes of war. The Unionism which, during the preceding twelve months, had been in my spirit and had been denied utterance was incautiously allowed to express itself. Notice was taken of this by the disappointed and angered Secessionists in the neighborhood, and I was marked for persecution.

While the Federal troops were pouring through the country on the way to Pittsburgh Landing, Huntsville, and Chattanooga, I was comparatively safe. After the battle at Shiloh on April 6 and 7, the Federal forces farther eastward began to move toward Shiloh for the contemplated siege of Corinth, and the section in which I resided was again left open to the raids of the Confederate bands of guerrillas. Under this condition of things, it was only a question of a little time until the persecution against the Unionists would be revived. A body of Free-lances, led by a notorious brute named Biffle, now appeared in our neighborhood and began to take the property of the Unionists, arresting many of them as prisoners of war and executing some of them. The Secessionists of the region acted as informers, and took this occasion to wreak their vengeance upon their Unionist neighbors for every personal grudge which existed between them, as well as for political differences.

One day, about the middle of June, a trooper of the Biffle gang presented

himself, fully armed, at the gateway of my father's residence and summoned me to come out to him. The day was very hot, and I was sitting without a coat on the piazza. I walked down to the gate and was told by the man that he had come to impress me into the Confederate military service. I said to him that I must go back into the house and get my coat, to which he made no objection. My father was in the house. On learning the errand of the trooper, he took down a couple of loaded rifles from the gun braces and handed me one; thus armed, we went out to the gate. My father asked the man to state his business again, and, after hearing him through, bade him be gone. We both covered him with our rifles; swearing vengeance, he galloped away.

My father then said to me, 'He will return shortly with others, and they must not find you here.' He called a Negro and ordered him to bridle and saddle the swiftest animal in the stable, a beautiful mare which I had named 'Little Fanny.' At the same time my mother was preparing a few articles of clothing and a little food. In less than half an hour, I had taken leave of home and parents and was speeding through the dark forests toward an unknown destination.

Confident that my pursuers would turn northward, under the supposition that I should seek the nearest Federal force, my father had directed me to ride southward to Pulaski, the county seat, and try to find and join one Constantine Moffit, a Unionist friend, who, my father knew, was on the point of going over into West Tennessee, where the Federal armies were in full control. Following his directions, and after a day or two of wandering in the woods, I found Moffit and we two started immediately for a crossing of the Tennessee River into the western part of the state. We rode southward to the shallows of the stream near Florence, Alabama, a place called the Muscle Shoals. At this point we waded and swam our horses across and reached the southwest bank in safety. Turning then sharply to the right, we rode down the river toward Shiloh.

II

It was late in the afternoon when we started on our perilous run toward the Federal lines. All night long we sped onward, speechless, almost breathless, expecting every moment to be stopped by the challenge of a sentinel or possibly by a bullet. Over the battlefield of Shiloh and along by the ruined church we galloped at top speed, with something near terror in our hearts as the moonbeams, playing through the openings in the trees upon the rising mist, roused in our imaginations pictures of a battle between the spirits of the men who had recently fallen there in fierce physical combat, and whose bodies lay buried just beneath our feet. Faster and faster we spurred our steeds onward over the watercourse which bounded the battlefield on the north, through the towns of Purdy and Henderson, and about noon of the following day we rode, thoroughly exhausted, into the town of Jackson, then the headquarters of the armies operating in West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi. We had covered nearly a hundred miles in less than eighteen hours, and the beautiful little animal which had brought me to safety dropped dead in her tracks before the entrance of the Provost Marshal's office, where we ended our wild ride.

The Provost Marshal questioned us closely as to who we were, whence we had come, whither we proposed to go, and what state of things we had left behind us in Middle Tennessee. He

was gratified to learn that we were Unionists escaping from Confederate conscription, and was interested in what we told him of the region and its people. He required us, however, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, which we did unhesitatingly. He also advised us to enlist in the United States Army, and told us that we should be of great service as scouts on account of our knowledge of the country and our experience and efficiency in horsemanship.

It was a hazardous thing to do, for, had we been taken prisoner in any such adventures, we should certainly have been executed as traitors to the Confederacy. However, I took the risk, of which I was not more than half conscious, and for the next eight months I participated in this exciting service. This phase of my military experience culminated in the first days of January of the year 1863, when the Confederate general, N. B. Forrest, undertook, with a force of some six thousand picked cavalry, to destroy the railroad connection between General Grant's forces in Northern Mississippi and their base of supplies at Cairo, Illinois.

At that time the Mobile and Ohio Railroad had its northern terminus at Columbus, Kentucky, and the stretch between Columbus and Cairo was traversed by boats on the Mississippi River. The railroad ran from Columbus through Union City, Trenton, and Jackson to Grand Junction, and thence farther southward. In the last days of December, 1862, and the first days of January, 1863, Forrest, coming from Middle Tennessee, struck the railroad near Trenton, some sixty or seventy miles south of Columbus. He drove in the small Federal force stationed there, burned some small railroad bridges, and turned northward with the purpose of destroying the railroad bridges over the two forks of the Ohio River and the trestlework in the swamp between the two forks. This he accomplished, and then turned his column toward Columbus. By this time, however, Grant had sent reënforcements from the southern part of Tennessee, and Forrest, fearing an attack in the rear, suddenly wheeled southward and met the Federals at a placed called Parker's Crossroads, near the town of Lexington in West Tennessee, where he suffered a severe defeat and lost about half his command, making his escape with the other half across the Tennessee River into Middle Tennessee. While he lost the battle, he accomplished his purpose in so demoralizing General Grant's transportation facilities as to force Grant to give up his plan of attacking Vicksburg by advancing from the north into its rear.

III

After the battle at Parker's Crossroads, the troops with whom I was connected, a Missouri regiment, were sent into the swamp region between the forks of the Obion River, called the Obion Bottom, to repair the railroad. Here I suffered the greatest hardships of my life. We were wading in the water most of the time, and the swamp was infested with poisonous insects and reptiles and hideous toads and turtles. We could scarcely find a spot elevated enough to sleep on at night, and when we did find such a spot and built a fire on it, snakes and lizards and scorpions would crawl around it and over us, and insects and night birds of every description would fly around, stinging us and striking us with their wings and beaks and giving utterance to the most terrifying cries and screams.

After a month of almost superhuman efforts, amid such dire surroundings, we repaired the railroad roughly so

that the supply trains could pass over it, and were about to emerge from our confinement in this terrible swamp when we were overtaken by a storm of lightning and thunder and torrential rain such as I had never before experienced. It was near nightfall, and we endeavored to shelter ourselves with our tents as best we could and await the morning light to guide our footsteps out of this horrible place, but Providence had not reserved this fate for us. In the middle of the night the waters of the two branches of the river between which we were encamped began to rise rapidly and to overflow the lowland between, and it was soon evident that we must escape from this trap at once or never. The bugles were sounded, and we were ordered to turn our steps toward the south fork of the river, since it was the nearer.

The darkness seemed impenetrable, and we had nothing but the flashes of lightning to show us our way. For hours we stumbled on, drenched to the skin, through water holes, over fallen railroad ties and beams and cypress trees. Sometimes we tried to walk on the embankments and trestlework of the railroad, but after many dangerous falls, some of them fatal, we abandoned this expedient altogether and walked sometimes up to our very armpits in the foul, reptile-inhabited waters of the swamp. About daybreak we arrived at the repaired railroad bridge over the south fork of the river. Slowly we filed over this and took refuge in the old stockade, called Davy Crockett's Fort after the famous Tennessee hunter who had erected it. We were a sorry-looking lot, burning with swamp fever and shaking with ague, bitten in every exposed place by poisonous insects, ragged and soaking wet, famished, emaciated, exhausted.

The garrison received us, of course, with the open arms of comradeship; but scarcely had we prepared a little food and begun to enjoy it when the fort was attacked by a Confederate force that had been sent from Middle Tennessee to destroy the work we had done. All day the skirmish lasted, — for in comparison with the battles of to-day it was only a skirmish, — and it was near nightfall before we beat them off and routed them.

That night I was set to do sentinel duty on the battlefield. It was still raining in torrents; the lightning shot its wicked tongues athwart the inky sky, and the thunder rolled and reverberated through the heavens like salvos of heavy artillery. With this din and uproar of nature were mingled the cries of injured animals and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men. It was a night to inspire terror in the most hardened soldiers. To one so young and sensitive as I was it was awful beyond description, and has remained a hideous nightmare in my memory to this day.

It was in the midst of this frightful experience, however, that the first suggestion of my life's work came to me. As I strained my eyes to peer into the darkness, and my ears to perceive the first sounds of an approaching enemy, I found myself murmuring to myself: 'Is it not possible for man, a being of reason, created in the image of God, to solve the problems of his existence by the power of reason and without recourse to the destructive means of physical violence?' And I then registered the vow in Heaven that, if a kind Providence should deliver me alive from the perils of the war, I would devote my life to teaching men how to live by reason and compromise instead of by bloodshed and destruction.

I was simple enough then to believe that this thought was an original idea with me, and I remained simple enough

to follow it as an inspiration from that awful night in January of 1863 in far-off West Tennessee, through many countries and varied experiences and activities, down to the eventful sixth day of April, 1917, when with one grievous blow this vision was dispelled, and my life's work was brought down in irretrievable ruin all about me. Of this sad ending, however, I must not speak here.

IV

After Forrest's raid had interrupted the plans of General Grant to advance upon Vicksburg from Corinth, the chief centre of military operations in the west was shifted to Middle Tennessee. The great battle at Murfreesboro was fought on the same days which saw the rout of Forrest's troopers near Lexington, and the Confederates were driven back upon Chattanooga. It was felt to be necessary to transfer some of the Federal force in West Tennessee to Middle Tennessee in order to continue the advance there and protect the lengthening line of communication. A picked guard from the regiment to which I was attached was detailed to conduct some hundreds of cavalry horses to Louisville, Kentucky, to be forwarded from there to Rosecrans's army, then at Tullahoma, about half-way between Murfreesboro and Chattanooga. I was among those entrusted with this duty.

We went to Hickman, Kentucky, on the Mississippi River, and boarded a steamer for Louisville. We were nearly a week on the journey, owing to the fact that we ran against one of the frequent snags in the river, and in pulling off we ran aground and remained stuck for several days in the mud. At Louisville we were ordered to go on with our charge to Nashville in Tennessee.

While halted in Nashville, I was assigned to the Quartermaster Service, which had in hand, among other things, the procuring and distribution of all supplies necessary to keep the railroad in operation between Nashville and Rosecrans's army. The work was responsible, onerous, and even severe. The Confederate cavalry, led by such intrepid and resourceful commanders as Morgan, Forrest, and Wheeler, attacked the railroad line somewhere almost every night. We had blockhouses about every two miles, with a company of soldiers and light artillery to defend them, but it proved a most arduous and harassing duty. Almost daily there was a call upon Nashville for reënforcements at some point or other, and every available man was required to keep things moving between the Rosecrans army and its base of supplies. The activity was incessant day and night.

For nearly a year I was engaged in this nerve-racking service, and my health became much impaired by the strain. Besides the continual physical exertion, I was exposed to much mental anxiety during this period. I was in a region whose people I knew and by whom I was known. I was eye-witness to the losses and sufferings to which they were subjected, without the slightest power to relieve them in the smallest measure. The fortunes of my own parents and relations, all of whom were loyal to the Union, were, nevertheless, wrecked beyond recovery, and not only was no indemnity accorded, but not the faintest hope of one was held out. The Negroes left their work, and, because of the lack of labor, the lands became immediately worthless; sooner or later they were confiscated for taxes.

While I was stationed in Nashville, the window of my workroom in the Quartermaster's office looked immediately out upon the Chattanooga depot.

Day after day I saw the wives and daughters of the once wealthy and well-to-do planters of my own acquaintance getting out of box cars, clad in tatters, carrying bundles of bedding, and staring about vacantly as if not knowing where to look for food or shelter. Some of them were already stricken with famine and disease, and would sink down exhausted in the streets and alleyways, often to die. Many and many a time I walked through the streets leading from the Chattanooga depot to the Provost Marshal's headquarters and saw scores of men and women, both whites and blacks, broken out with measles, scarlatina, and even smallpox, sitting helplessly on the hard stones or lying in the gutters. Some of these unfortunates I knew personally. It wrung my heart sorely to witness their sufferings and yet be powerless to offer them relief.

There was still another cause of great mental distress to me in the situation in which I found myself. I was regarded by most of those among whom I had grown up as a traitor to my country. It was entirely useless for me to say that I recognized only the United States as my country, and regarded the secession of Tennessee and its connection with the Southern Confederacy as void acts and the Southern Confederacy itself as a delusion. Their political horizon was bounded by the frontiers of the state, and their only conception of sovereignty was 'States' rights.' They would turn their faces away from me with undisguised contempt and hatred whenever we met, and I was made to feel full well that I must never fall alive into the hands of the Confederates. If that happened, I was perfectly aware that I should not even be accorded the honor of facing the firing squad, but should be strung up to the first limb that could be reached. In constant danger of capture or abduction, I spent many anxious days and sleepless nights reflecting upon my possible, and at times seemingly probable, fate.

V

It was just at this period that General Sherman made his noted advance from Dalton to Atlanta. This movement threw upon the troops guarding and operating the railroad between Nashville and Dalton the most herculean tasks and indescribable hardships.

The country between these two points had been so completely devastated that no food or forage could be had from it. The Negroes had by this time all left their work on the farms, and were gathered about the Federal garrisons and camps begging for provisions, clothes, and shelter, and a great many whites were no better off. All supplies for the army of one hundred thousand men and for the starving population had to be brought from Louisville or Cairo to Nashville, and then forwarded to the distributing points and the front.

The attacks of the Confederate cavalry on this long line of railway communication were incessant, day and night. They destroyed the bridges and culverts, tore up the tracks, and burned millions and millions of tons of stores wherever found. The success of Sherman's great campaign depended far more upon keeping open and in constant operation this one line of communication with his base of supplies than upon anything else. In his memoirs, General Sherman paid a well-merited tribute to the men who performed this task — who, day and night, now in wet and cold and again under the burning sun, wading through mud and water, and, without the joy of real battle, fighting off continually the vicious thrusts, here, there, and

everywhere, of the swarms of Confederate horsemen, reënforced by bushwhackers and snipers, did the work of protecting this long line and restoring it with their own hands when broken, as it was a hundred times.

After more than a year of such service I found myself nearly ruined physically, and fell seriously ill. At the same time I suffered great depression through the death of one under whose command I had been, and whom I had learned to respect, admire, and love — General James B. McPherson. I and many others who had come into close contact with him regarded him as one of the most brilliant soldiers the war had developed, and one of the most just and sympathetic men who ever wore an officer's uniform. He was a man with an almost extravagant sense of duty, who never spared himself any labor or hardship. He seemed to be omnipresent, always turning up where he was most needed. He was attentive to every detail, and yet never lost sight of the main object. He was firm, but kind and courteous. He inspired courage, and at the same time devotion. He was young, handsome, genial, and helpful. No general in the army enjoyed so thoroughly and universally the confidence of his soldiers.

The circumstances of his death were most painful, and his loss appeared to us all to be an unnecessary sacrifice. It was the result of his own almost reckless bravery. He commanded the left wing of Sherman's army in its advance upon Atlanta after the furious battle at Peachtree Creek. The Confederates made a sudden and unexpected attack on this part of Sherman's line. Instead of sending a reconnoitring party forward to discover the exact place and purpose of the attack, McPherson himself, practically unattended, rode down his lines in advance and was instantly shot by the attacking force. It was a grave and grievous disaster, and it had a disheartening effect on the spirits of the entire army clear back to the base of its operations.

Sick and tired and depressed, I asked for my discharge, and it was granted.

VI

Upon recovering strength somewhat, I gave my first thought to the problem of what I was to do next. My college education had been broken off in the middle of the sophomore year, and after two and a half years of a very different life — a life which led toward barbarism rather than culture — I did not know whether I could qualify to enter college again, even as a freshman. Nevertheless, it seemed the only thing for me to do, and I resolved to try it.

For more than a year I had been receiving the pay of a second lieutenant — then one hundred and twelve dollars a month, as I remember — and I had saved nearly all of it. The financial question, therefore, did not trouble me. But where to go was the important question. The institutions in the Southern States were all closed, and if they had been open I should hardly have dared, with my Unionist record, to enter any one of them, even within the regions held by the Federal armies. It was quite plain that I must go north of the Mason and Dixon line.

One day, while pondering this matter of such grave import to me, I passed through the street in Nashville on which the principal law offices were situated, and, by chance, my eye rested on the sign of Jordan Stokes. This was the lawyer who had resided in Lebanon at the time I entered the University there; in the preceding article I have already spoken of his cultivated family and of his two elder sons,

who were my closest college friends. Almost involuntarily I stepped into the office, and, recalling myself to the recollection of Mr. Stokes, I inquired about his family, especially his sons, of whom I had heard nothing for two years and more. To my surprise and great interest, he told me that his eldest son, James Fraser, and also his second son, William, were then, and for a year had been, at Amherst College in Massachusetts, and he urged me to join them there. The suggestion struck me most agreeably.

I went on at once to Amherst, and I felt upon my arrival that I had come into a veritable paradise. My friends, the Stokes boys, had been notified of my plans, and, although they did not know exactly the train or even the day, James Fraser was waiting on the platform of the station to welcome me. I had not seen him for nearly three years, and, while he seemed a little more mature, I found the same warm heart and cordial greeting. He insisted on taking me to his own quarters, and in a few minutes we were sitting in his spacious and comfortable study and beginning the recital of our many and varied experiences since that memorable day when we were parted from each other by the retreat of Crittenden's Confederate army through Lebanon on its way to Murfreesboro and the South.

This event brought to its close that chapter of my life which had for its setting the South and the bloody conflict of civil war.

PENNIES AND PANTALETTES

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

I

THE Liberty Boys up around Westminster, Vermont, had nothing in particular against Judge Chandler, but since he was the legal representative of the English king they thought it might be just as well to find out what he proposed to do at the Session of the Court of Common Pleas which he had set for the fourteenth of March, 1775. So they paid him a friendly call and received assurance that he would come unarmed and unattended. Disturbed later by a rumor that the Judge was about to violate his promise, they marched up the hill to a little log schoolhouse, conferred, armed themselves at a neighboring woodpile, then marched down again and took possession of the courthouse till their grievances should be heard.

In the meantime the Tories, headed by the sheriff, got wind of what was up, assembled at Norton's Tavern, took a few drinks for loyalty's sake, and attacked the Liberty Boys in their barricade. During the skirmish that followed, the 'Westminster Massacre,' William French and Daniel Houghton were killed, eight others wounded, and the rest, some seventeen, thrown into jail. And all this before Lexington and Concord.

If those who drive down the Connecticut Valley on the Vermont side will take time to stop at the little burying ground in Westminster and search out the gravestone of William French, they will find this inscription: —

In memory of William French
Son of Mr. Nathaniel French, Who
Was shot at Westminster March ye 13th,
1775, by the hands of Cruel Ministerial tools
Of George ye 3rd, in Courthouse at 11 a clock
at Night in the 22nd year of his age.

Here William French his body lies,
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance Cries
King George the third his Tory Crew
that with a Bawl his head Shot threw.
For Liberty and his Country's Good,
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood.

Now William French had a great-niece, Ann Elizabeth French. At eighteen she married a New Hampshire farm lad named Sidney Morse, a nephew, of some degree of greatness, of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. They settled on the Ashuelot, and here, cupped in by a rim of mountains, lived their long, happy, and useful lives. Ann Elizabeth did her part toward rearing their three daughters, brought up a nephew, cared for aged parents, and made her home the delight of her grandchildren.

With it all she found time to cultivate her mind. She was New England to the core. She read widely. She could paint a passable picture. She wrote with ease.

Recently I happened upon a forty-year-old manuscript written by her describing how school was kept nearly a century ago in a little schoolhouse very near where the Liberty Boys met on the eve of the first bloodshed of the Revolution. The piece is an idyll of the past and was probably written on the occasion of some neighborhood affair for the entertainment of a younger generation.

Here it is: —

II

'Looking forward fifty years seems a long time. But looking backward it does not seem very long since I was a child trudging away to the old red schoolhouse on the hill. A quaint old building it was — square, with a hip roof and a cupola merely for ornament, as there was no bell. When it was time for school to begin or recess was over, — which the boys and girls took separately, — the teacher rapped on the window with the heavy ruler, which was a potent influence in the preservation of order in the school. How plainly, after all these years, I can see that old schoolroom. It was square and — as I first remember it — had a huge fireplace at one side in which roaring fires were kept in the winter. In the summer it was filled with green boughs. Although this huge fire kept the teacher, whose table was near it, uncomfortably warm, the scholars at the back side of the room suffered with the cold in severe weather.

'Later a Franklin stove was placed in the centre of the room on a platform of brick. The scholars' seats ranged against the sides of the room, with a low seat in front for the little ones. How cheerful that open fire made the old room in cold stormy weather and during the noon recess!

'The broad hearth was frequently covered with apples to roast, and often when we found our bread and butter frozen the slices were placed on sharp sticks and toasted before the fire.

'In the summer the school was small, — twenty to twenty-five scholars, — and we had a lady teacher who led us through the intricacies of Emerson and Colburn's Arithmetic, taught the older ones to parse, and the little ones their *a b ab's*. One term I remember our geography lessons were sublimated with map drawing.

'In the winter we always had a man teacher, for the big boys of the neighborhood who had been busy with the farm work in the summer went to the winter school to cipher, compute interest and make out taxes, and learn the Rule of Three. I do not remember that they ever studied anything else. The teacher's time was devoted to them, and the little ones might as well have stayed at home.

'These big boys usually spent their noon recess building snow forts and having mimic battles with snowballs for ammunition. The girls and the younger pupils felt as if they took their lives in their hands if they ventured outside the building.

'But inside was the pleasant room, with its open fire, and we played games dear to childish hearts. We went round and round the mulberry bush. Little Sally Waters sat in the sun. The needle's eye caught many a bonnie lass. We washed innumerable dishes and hung them on the bushes.

'In summer the noon hour was a happy hour, for there was a delightful brook behind the schoolhouse, with lovely pebbles at the bottom. Some were shining white. Others were beautiful green or mottled with purple and brown. Trout inhabited the stream, and there were multitudes of shiners also which we caught in our dinner pails.

'Across the little romantic bridge which spanned the brook was a small meadow where lilies bloomed in their season, red and yellow. The hillside beyond was covered with laurel. When this was in bloom the old schoolroom became a bower of beauty, for every window, the Franklin stove in the centre, and the old fireplace at the side were filled with the lovely blossoms. We hid the platform upon which the stove rested with a carpet of green moss.

'Some little distance from the schoolhouse was the sand bank, where swallows built their nests in holes they made high up in the sides. This was a fascinating place, but as we could only reach their nests by climbing up the steep bank and slipping back and climbing and climbing and climbing again, it was a work of time. The noon hour was altogether too short and we were sometimes tardy at the afternoon session. As a repetition of this offense always brought its punishment, we never dared attempt it but once a year — when we had a new teacher.

'Every winter we had evening spelling school when sleigh loads would drive in from the neighborhood districts. On these occasions the old schoolhouse would be brilliantly illuminated with tallow candles. Roaring fires were built and we thought it a gala scene.

'Sometimes one school would be pitted against another and on such occasions the spellers would be chosen. As I had at that time what Horace Greeley used to call the prime requisites of a good speller, "a good memory and no judgment," I usually held my own with those much older than myself and frequently was among the last to sit down. This caused my childish heart to swell with pride.

'Sometimes at the close of the winter term we had an exhibition, when pieces were recited, songs sung, and dialogues spoken — ofttimes in costume. As I look back it seems as though we always had Farmer Old Style, who would come in in his farmer's frock, ox whip in hand, and prove conclusively to every intelligent mind the absurdity of the idea that the earth is round and turns over every day. "For in that case all the water in my old mill pond would have been spilled out long ago."

'Fifty years ago no cars had pene-

trated so far inland, but there was an old stagecoach which made daily (or was it biweekly?) trips up and down the valley, a huge yellow coach drawn by four horses, with a driver perched high up on a seat in front holding a long whip which he would crack and throw out to tickle the ears of the forward horses. The old coach would plunge and rock in a manner which I am sure would now make me terribly seasick.

'Children in those days were taught to "make their manners" when meeting people on the road. So when we saw the old coach coming we would range along beside the road, — ten or a dozen of us, a comical little row, — boys with bare feet and palm-leaf hats in all stages of dilapidation, girls in sunbonnets and pantalettes to their shoes. When the old stagecoach got abreast of us, the boys would duck their heads and the girls drop curtsies.

'Our stage driver was a jolly sort of man. How every boy envied him and resolved in the depths of his heart that he would drive a coach some day and have six horses instead of four, and a whip longer than that whip! Our stage driver, as I have said before, was a jolly sort of man who always had a pleasant salutation for us, and often (what delight!) would throw down handfuls of peppermints to us. Sometimes the passengers would throw out pennies, and then what a scramble! Often the boys, and the girls too sometimes, would literally bite the dust in eagerness to secure the prizes.

'Now, alas, the cars whiz up and down the valley several times a day near the old stage road. A commonplace modern schoolhouse has taken the place of the picturesque old structure. Other children troop in and out of its doors, but still the brook ripples over the pebbles, the lilies bloom in the meadow and the laurel on the hillside.

'In the little cemetery near by peacefully repose the ashes of generations of my ancestors. The old homestead where I was born and passed my childhood still shelters the fifth generation who have borne the family name and made it their home.'

III

In the old school Eugene Field got a little learning. In this neighborhood many years later Larkin Mead discovered himself while shaping snow men in the village street. On a hill not far away Rudyard Kipling built himself a summer home, and with his brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier, wrote the *Naulahka*.

The State of Vermont has erected a shaft to William French, and Brattleboro a monument to Jim Fisk of Wall Street fame. The crooked paths of the old King's Highway are being made straight. Cars of a different sort now whiz up and down the valley, not several times a day, but several times a minute.

Yet from above Hanover and Dartmouth, down by Ascutney Mountain, and on past the little Westminster burying ground, the grave of William French, and the site of the old school, the Connecticut still winds its tortuous and glassy way to the Sound through America's grassiest valley.

SERPENTINE WALL

The Midst of Life. III

BY MINA CURTISS

August sixth

I HAVE not written you for several days because what I have had in my mind to say to you takes more courage to express than I have been able to muster.

For all these years, nearly five now, I've always pretended that your last word to me was 'beautiful.' And indeed it *was* the last word uttered by the you still conscious of earthly beauty. But once after that you spoke to me in a way that for years pained me so much I could never bear to remember it.

It must have been about two hours before you died that I went out of the room for a moment. A nurse came almost immediately to fetch me. She said that accidentally the bowl of water from which they had been cooling your hands and face had spilled on the bed, and you refused to have the sheets changed or let them touch you. They thought perhaps I might persuade you. I came and stood next the bed. Your face, unshaven for ten days, wan and haggard, looked like Christ's. I mumbled something about the damp clothes being bad for you, but you stared at me and said, 'Go away. Leave me alone.' That anguish is something I cannot even now bear to recall.

I rushed into the corridor, where Jim and Gregory were pacing up and down, too nervous to stay in any one room. I flung myself into Gregory's arms, sobbing, 'He does n't know me any more. He does n't want me there. He told me to go away and leave him alone.'

'He does n't mean it, my dear,' they said. 'He does n't know what he is saying. He's too weak to know.'

But there was nothing consoling in that explanation. For days they had been telling me your mind was wandering, but when I asked you what you were thinking your words always seemed sensible to me. One morning when you were being washed, one of the nurses came to fetch me, saying that you wished to see me at once about something very important. Two things, you said, must be remedied immediately. You must have something beautiful to look at when I was out of the room, and I must devise some way to help you remember the nurse's name. She shook her head in the intolerably knowing way they have, and whispered, 'Delirious.' My rapidly evaporating core of sanity still held.

'Will you please, Miss Sullivan, go in the other room and bring back the largest of those full-blown yellow roses?'

She thought it unbalanced that you should discuss in front of her your politeness to her, not realizing that in

that network of doctors and nurses and the omnipresent technician, sitting night and day by the oxygen machine, the only privacy we could establish was through our understanding of each other.

'That's not what I call her,' you said. 'Is it Carrie or Gracie or Rosie?'

'Sally, darling. Don't you remember? Sally's what you call her.'

'Yes . . . Sally. . . . Print it in big letters. Paste it . . . down there.'

You were gasping for breath, but you pointed to the footboard of the bed. She returned with the rose, and I forgave her pitying grin at the sight of her name on the footboard when I saw the neat way she stuck on to one of the metal pipes that supported the oxygen tent, with two pieces of adhesive tape, the Pernet rose that was to be my alternate.

To me it seemed so natural that even when you were dying you should find it distasteful to be rude or ungracious to a woman you liked, and who was kind to you. I could never understand why it did n't seem so to the others until years later, when I found the explanation in *War and Peace:* —

> His mind was not in its normal condition. The healthy man ordinarily thinks, feels, and remembers a countless collection of objects at one and the same time; but he has the power and strength to choose one series of thoughts or phenomena, and to give to this series all of his attention.
>
> The man in health, no matter how deep may be his thoughts, can put them aside at a moment's notice in order to speak a courteous word to anyone coming in, and then immediately resume them again. Prince Andrei's mind was not in a normal condition in this respect. All its forces were more keen and active than ever, but their activity was entirely outside of his will. They were simultaneously under the control of the most heterogeneous thoughts and visions.

You had lost that power of speaking the 'courteous word to anyone coming in,' but we were still close enough together for me to give it to you. That night, however, just before your consciousness was gone forever, — though, if I believe that, why do I write you now? — you had already left the world of symbols and gestures. 'Go away. Leave me alone' was right. For man is born into the world alone, he leaves it alone, and in a way he lives in it alone, too.

I remember one night when the perfection of our love seemed to me to have achieved the ultimate, the subjugation of time and space, the only whole. But gradually, as my mind rose back to the level of the immediate, I realized that at that moment I had no knowledge of your thoughts, nor you of mine. This shattering of our unity seemed too great a pain. I spoke of it to you, crying like a child deprived of its faith in God. Patiently, holding me in your arms, you explained to me how through long years of illness you had become accustomed to the knowledge which so shocked me: that man's only freedom lies in that solitary core which is born in him, which sustains him through life, and which continues after he is dead. Only weak and fear-ridden people, you said, were afraid to admit the necessity of a private life. Only brave and generous ones could, relying on its sustenance, risk the dangers of complete love.

You, of course, were right. But it has taken me years of experience to corroborate what I learned from you in a moment of faith. So at last I know that between us there could be no last word. As husband to wife, it was right that your last word should be 'beautiful.' And, as man to woman, 'alone' was equally right. But for the symbol of love that cuts the spheres there is only silence.

August eighth

The variety of happenings incidental to life in the country never ceases to excite me.

Before lunch I went down to the pool for a swim. Each time I go down there I am transfixed anew by its beauty. What other pool is there in the world, dammed from a Baptist's swimming hole, shining so clear and golden, translucent to its amber-brown depths? The rich, I am told, have blue or green pools reeking of chlorine, although the water changes constantly. But they have no falls splashing over a dam built by your hands. Nor can they lie and sun themselves on softest green turf fringing a meadow out of which rises, proud and pure, a white birch, high and big and perfectly proportioned.

I was standing on the rock trying to conjure up courage enough to brave that first plunge over which I am always so cowardly, looking Eve-like at my reflection, thinking of what you had written me once about having chosen me to swim forever in your pool because you thought I balanced so well the birch tree on the other bank. Suddenly the *volupté* of my narcissism was shattered. A long snake swam leisurely across my reflection in the water.

I realize it is stupid to hate snakes. I know how the tenets of psychoanalysis brand me. I know the harmlessness of all snakes in this part of the country, but nothing anyone could do or say would diminish the violence of my revulsion. I screamed for the farmer, and succeeded in covering my nakedness with a bathrobe a second before he arrived. I pointed to the snake, which by that time was writhing and coiling in front of its hole by the steps where I always emerge. Calmly the farmer put his hand in the water, picked out the snake, and, to my anxious question 'What are you going to do with it?' replied quite simply, 'Send it downstream.'

I was glad he did n't kill it, for I feel sure that my disgust at the thought of encountering the snake under water could be no stronger than his fear of being thus encountered. One day last summer when I was weeding the garden, a very young garter snake slithered out from under one of the plants almost into my hand. It was so small even I could be only mildly startled, but I called to a young man who was sitting on the terrace. 'Oh dear, John! There's a snake in the garden. Come here quickly.' Before he could reach me the snake had vanished, and when I asked him whether he thought it would come back he said, 'No. It probably just thought, "Oh dear, there's a lady in the garden," and was much more frightened than you.' Sure as I am that he was right, it took all my courage finally to plunge into the pool.

After lunch I was picking blueberries when Nellie's little girl Lorna was brought up to see Nellie by the aunt who takes care of the child. I had been told by Nellie that Lorna took a great interest in me, and that whenever she was taken motoring she asked perpetually which house was Mrs. Sherburn's. As soon as she stepped out of the car she said, 'Where's Mrs. Sherburn? I want to see Mrs. Sherburn.'

'There she is,' said Nellie, pointing at what must have looked to Lorna like a colossal brown figure with hair like a Golliwog (for swimming, as you know, always gives me hair rampant) and clad in faded blue overalls. She stared at me for a moment and then burst into heartbreaking tears. I have never felt so inadequate.

Lorna was named, Nellie once told me, after the lady of the manor in the Scotch village where Nellie originated. She said that even when she was a little

girl she thought Lorna the most beautiful name in the world, and decided to give it to her oldest daughter. I suspect that some of that lady-of-the-manor romanticism has descended to Lorna, who expected to see a Mrs. Sherburn dressed in cloth of gold, sitting on a cushion, sewing a fine seam.

I've a certain feeling of social responsibility in the matter, for perhaps, in an age when the intelligentsia conceive of themselves as so akin to the masses, those few of us who still hold by some sort of view of aristocracy ought to preserve that tradition for the conservative working classes. Perhaps I should go at once, put on my best white-and-gold tea gown, on the train of which it used to amuse you to see the Siamese kittens ride, and present Lorna with tea and cake in languid splendor.

What arrant nonsense I am writing! I shall go immediately and cultivate the dwarf red zinnias in the bed at the corner of the lawn. I can see all the way from here, where I sit under the apple tree, how parched they look. On the other hand, if I sat here indefinitely, one of the summer apples which are nearly ripe might fall on my head and knock some sense into it. There goes an apple. But only on to my foot. No sense to-day.

August ninth

I do wish you could see the flowers in here to-day. They seem to me particularly satisfactory. The big copper kettle in the curve of the piano is filled with dozens of very tall tiger lilies, blending to perfection with the orange velvet folds hanging from the piano. The little gate-legged table on which Saint Barbara stands is transformed into a shrine suitable to her placid if somewhat worm-eaten Gothic beauty by a pewter bowl of deep crimson snapdragons.

On second thought, do snapdragons suitably enshrine a saint? I never see them or pick them without thinking of Lawrence's poem. Do you remember?

'. . . I like to see,' said she,
'The snap-dragon put out his tongue at me.'

She laughed, she reached her hand out to the flower,
Closing its crimson throat. My own throat in her power
Strangled, my heart swelled up so full
As if it would burst its wine-skin in my throat,
Choke me in my own crimson. . . .

I should think in eternity you two would know each other, for you were a man after his own heart — warm-hearted and passionate, tender and wise — and in this world he seemed to find all too few. The same illness carried you both to your graves too early, and had your love for me not achieved the height and depth of his art at its finest, I should not, I suppose, have wept tears from my soul when I read in a newspaper of the death of a man three thousand miles away whom I had never seen or known.

August tenth

Have you ever known Pico della Mirandola? I have just spent an hour with him, and for a reason you might never guess. It's an odd story.

Ever since I can remember there has been a little three-word refrain in the back of my mind — the unconscious summary, I suppose, of whatever situation at the time focused my emotions. The first one I recall dates from my earliest teens, when I cherished an unexpressed passion for the prettiest girl in the upper school. I never spoke a word to her, but always after I had seen her, in gaps of thought when I was alone, I would repeat over and over to myself, 'She turned around. She turned around.' Next, over a long period, I remember chanting, 'He kissed me. He kissed me' — though

for how many years the 'he' remained an imaginary symbol I smile even now to think. From the time 'he' became an actuality the refrain lapsed away, only to return in the last few years as 'My lover's dead. My lover's dead.'

The other morning when I was picking nasturtiums, suddenly those words came from my lips. 'My lover's dead. My lover's dead.' I had felt quite happy until my voice insisted on reminding me of a truth I know too well. Impatiently I said, 'Yes, but other people are dead too. Lots of people. "Picus of Mirandola is dead."' The line is from a poem I once read years ago whose authorship has long since slipped my mind. 'And Picus of Mirandola is dead.' Who, I thought, was Picus of Mirandola, of whom I know only vaguely his time, his name, and his deadness?

I found that he was a young man 'of feature and shape seemly and beauteous, of stature goodly and high, of flesh tender and soft, his visage lovely and fair, his color white intermingled with comely reds, his eyes gray, and quick of look, his teeth white and even, his hair yellow and abundant,' who died young and was greatly mourned. He was one of those glamorous and brilliant young men of the world who, disillusioned with life at court and the power his magnetism drew to him, lived at a time when the excitements of religion and learning were not a solace or a compensation, but a career and a passion.

Pico's neighbor on the library shelf was, curiously enough, another beautiful young man. But two hundred years later the fire of the Renaissance had cooled, and an equally attractive nobleman was driven to the consolation of religion and learning only by the consuming fires of a fatal illness. . . . 'He died in the Three and Thirtieth Year of his Age. Nature had fitted him for Great things, and his Knowledge and Observation qualify'd him to have been one of the most extraordinary Men, not only of his Nation, but of the Age he lived in. . . . He came from his Travels in the 18th year of his Age, and appeared at Court with as great Advantages as most ever had. He was a graceful and well shaped person, tall and well made, if not a little too slender: He was exactly well-bred, and what by a modest behaviour natural to him, what by a Civility become almost as natural his Conversation was easy and obliging; He had a strange Vivacity of thought, and vigour of expression: His Wit had a subtility and sublimity both, that were scarce imitable. His Style was clear and strong. . . . Few men ever had a bolder flight of Fancy, more steddily governed by Judgment than he had: No wonder a young man so made, and so improved was very acceptable in a Court.'

Does it make you flash the smile that still pricks like an arrow into my heart when, closing my eyes, I indulge in the luxury of remembering it, to think that when you are nearly five years dead a woman you loved well persists in finding chiefly your image in a Renaissance nobleman and a Restoration courtier, flung together in the quirks of her mind by their juxtaposition on a library shelf? Smile if you like. I'm glad you lived in this machine-ridden age against which I am forever railing, for, had you lived at a time when Genius was not synonymous with Inventor and God was not a Dynamo, would you have found me so necessary?

Were you here you would say, 'It's a pretty idea, Jinny. But facts remain facts. I appreciate your susceptibility to my appearance and my ways, but by no stretch of the imagination could

I be termed either a scholar, a roué, or a poet.'

I know that. I know that from the outset you knew what so few men ever discover, that the way to an understanding of the human heart, and particularly of the hearts of women, is not through a large variety of hasty and superficial entanglements, but rather through a few deep and well-explored adventures. No, the analogy I see between you and Rochester and Mirandola is less obvious than that. It is based on your, too, having come suddenly to a realization of the poverty and inadequacy of a life which, except for an accident of fate beyond your control, you might always have found satisfactory and amusing.

No one could ever have thought you an invalid, least of all I, who knew how carefully you husbanded your strength — the raw eggs you forced yourself to gulp because it was the quickest way, the quarts of milk you drank, the hours you willed yourself to sleep. A thin-blooded scientist, a plodding man of affairs, might have dubbed the heightened color of your cheeks, the gusto you brought to the dullest detail, feverish. But to the world at large you were a phenomenon of energy, a man strengthened by a long cure. Only once did you let me feel the sword hanging over you — the time you started coughing again and said it was a warning that you must rest for a while. You did rest, and soon there was no trace of it. Ostrich-like, I forgot my fear.

The night you asked me to marry you, you said, 'You must n't think I am asking you to run the risk of becoming a trained nurse. When I left Saranac, the doctors told me pneumonia would kill me. Twice I've had it, and here I am. The third time may finish me, but you'll never have an invalid on your hands. Happiness is the best tonic I know, so we shan't have to worry for a long time.' By the fire on a January night the glow of living was warm and secure. All life was before us. Death, even to you whose neighbor he was, seemed a stranger. For us there was no fear.

How much your two years of exile changed your character and taste I only half suspected. You used to say you were glad we never met when we were both young — I a rebel, susceptible only to the wiles of reformers; you a man about town, enjoying clubs and parties and fashionable women.

Once, when a thread from my past started to unravel, threatening the pattern of our life, you wove it back so neatly, with such imagination and skill, that I was overcome with admiration for your ingenuity and wisdom.

'How do you know the things you do?' I asked.

'I should n't,' you told me, 'if I had n't suddenly been jarred into the necessity of thinking — and even reading. Two years with time for nothing else is bound to teach a man something. But the kind of thing I learned was determined by luck. It just happened that I found myself in the company of one of the few really rare men of this age. If you think I understand you well, it is to him, not to me, that you owe thanks.'

He was the president of a great university, you told me, who at the height of his career, at the time an important ambassadorship had been offered him, was stricken ill and forced into the same exile as yours. Old enough to be your father, but with the same heightened feeling for life that was both the bane and the benison of your disease, he shared with you all the rich experiences of his mind and spirit.

What learning and the Church gave Mirandola, what faith in God gave Rochester too late, the wisdom and

erudition of a great gentleman and scholar gave you in the fullness of life.

You remember when we went to see him he was too ill to receive us, so we wandered by ourselves through the grounds and buildings of the university. Now, when I think of it, it is the majesty, the symmetry, and the proportion I remember. But that first time my sharpest feeling was one of acute æsthetic rapture when we came upon the thin curving walls, only one brick thick, daffodils blooming in the hollow of each curve. That Jefferson should have designed Monticello and the university seemed in keeping with his historical character, but that he should have been both gifted and human enough to take such loving pains with a fragile brick wall annihilated for me the century or more it had stood. 'I love that man,' I thought, and each year when I go back to replenish my eyes and my heart I am newly grateful for the dearth of bricks which prompted Jefferson to so ingenious and beautiful an economy.

After you died I wrote to the President, and he invited me to pay him a visit. Only when I arrived there did I learn that you had not seen each other in fifteen years, not since he had walked with you to the railroad station when you left Saranac.

'It was right for Jack to leave,' he said. 'He talked to me a great deal about it. The doctors told him he could live to be eighty if he stayed there, but they would n't guarantee him more than fifteen years if he left. For him there was no choice, was there?'

'None,' I said.

'Of course, if he'd been an old man like me who had done half a life's work and wanted time to finish, he might have gone back every year or so, for a while, and kept himself going.'

'He hated the mention of the place, except for you and the doctor.'

'Yes, I know. It's no place for the young. But tell me about him. He had a good life, did n't he? I can see that by looking at you.'

'I came into it late, sir. But he did have a good life. He loved his work. He built himself a new house from an old one, and furnished it with rare and lovely things. He cultivated the soil and grew gardens. His workmen loved him, and he knew and gave to me perfection.'

'I loved him too,' he said, and took my hand.

We talked about the university, about Jefferson and architecture.

'We have been fortunate,' he said, 'to have had only one architect since Jefferson, and one who was both gifted and humble enough to express Jefferson's ideas rather than his own. His death was a great blow to me. Only three days before, we were standing on the steps of the Rotunda looking down at the façade. He said, "You know, this place embodies everything that matters most to me — perfect harmony, perfect symmetry." And three days later he was shot by a madman for love of a harlot. I have never forgotten those words of his.'

When, as I left, I begged him not to work too hard, to take care of himself, he laughed.

'They want me to retire,' he said, 'and write my life of Jefferson. If I wanted fame, I would, for I know things about Jefferson other people don't understand. If I wrote his life, I should at least be sure of the fame that comes of having a place in every library in the country. But you know, I don't care about that. I love the university. For me, it is enough to have been the first president of the university Jefferson founded. As for fame — all the fame I want is to know that after I am dead two people who love me will sit down together and talk of me for an

hour or two, as you and I have talked of Jack.'

Last winter he died too. Somehow, in a way I accept without understanding, I feel that you two are again companions. This summer when I stood for the first time in the moonlight at the end of the avenue, looking back through the shadows of the tall elms at the flight of steps leading to the Rotunda, — the pillars and the dome, the terraces on either side, the perfect proportion of the whole, — I could have wept but for the serenity of my happiness. An overpowering belief in the unity of all good things came to me. Granted that you could n't have built the building standing there before me, you might so easily have designed those beautiful and clever brick walls. Indeed, I felt there in the moonlight, as I looked at every varying detail on the colonnades flanking the Rotunda, that somewhere in time or space you must have become Jefferson's spiritual son. For you, above all the people I have known, could express your feeling about life so adequately in brick and mortar. Just as Jefferson copied the designs for the capitals of his columns, not from the acanthus, but from the native tobacco leaf, so you gave to this house the beauty of the past and the significance of the present.

Had it not been for your illness and the pattern the President gave to your thought, you would never have built your house which is now mine, we should never have loved each other, and a hot August afternoon would have passed unburdened by the struggles of my illogical mind.

August eleventh

Sandy was shot to-day. I hate it. I did n't actually know when it was happening, for I asked the farmer to do it while I was away. This morning I was going into town to market, and as I went through the kitchen I asked Nellie where the farmer was. She said, 'He's gone up to his house with the horse.' I took it for granted she meant Betty, the work horse, and that he was going to bring down a load of hay. But part way into town, as I passed John's house, I suddenly realized that Sandy was the horse he had taken, and that the chair in front of John's house was empty because he had gone to shoot him. At the last moment the farmer could n't bear to do it himself. I felt quite sick.

Never again to feel his soft nose in my hand, never again to see the curved arch of his neck, nor to grip his flanks with my knees in that perfectly timed, delicious canter. So few physical excitements endure long enough even to enter into the memory. The sheer exultation of riding Sandy I shall remember even when I am old and decrepit in a wheel chair. But now I have no horse to ride, and one more living thing is dead.

August twelfth

To-day I heard a strange story. I had been sitting on the grassy bank after my swim, dangling my legs in the water, teasing the polliwogs and thinking about Ophelia, wondering whether the tenets of the Church were true, that those who take their own lives are shut out forever from sharing the realms of the welcome dead. As I walked back across the lawn, I saw old Mr. Church cutting the brush in the neighboring pasture.

'Muggy day, Mr. Church,' I said.

'Ya-as,' he said, 'sticky. . . . I see that astrachan tree 's ripenin' over thar.' I looked around. I had n't noticed how red the apples were.

'Yes; seems early for them. Would n't you like some to take home to Mrs. Church?'

'Wa-al, now, I would at that, thank you.' He paused. 'I grafted that tree the day Murdock killed himself.'

'Did you really? I always wondered why that tree blossomed pink on one side and white on the other.' But Murdock, I thought. Who was Murdock? Apparently I was expected to know.

'You know, Mr. Church, I don't think I know who Murdock was.'

'Is that so? That's funny. He used to live thar in your house.' He pointed as though I did n't know my own house.

'Did he really? Did he kill himself in the house?'

'No . . . No . . . He killed himself down the road a piece, by the waterin' trough this side my brother Orange's house. He was on his way home, walkin' up from the village, when it seems he was too heartbroken to go on any more.'

'What was the trouble, Mr. Church?'

'Oh, it was money troubles. Financial, I guess. He'd been down to the city and could n't borrow no more.'

'Was he a gambler?'

'No. He were n't no gambler. Just had his heart set on farmin' the place for profit. Said by God he was going to make a livin' out of it no matter what no one said.'

'He could n't do it?'

'No. Just seems as if nothin' he did ever went right. He bought a lot of goats. Angora goats — you know? Fancy kind. Put 'em down thar on the bank of the brook. Thought they'd clean out the brush for him, but they just sickened and died. His father, old Colonel Murdock down to the city, he's a lawyer. He would a given him fifty or seventy-five dollars a week just to stay away from this place. But it wa'n't no use. He had his heart dead set on farmin' it.'

'How did he kill himself, Mr. Church? With a gun?'

'No. I guess he wished he had. He'd bought some sheep dip down to the village and some wood alcohol. He just mixed it all together and swallowed it down.'

'My God, Mr. Church, how could he? How horrible!'

'Ya-as. They say he suffered something terrible. His inwards was well nigh et up afore he died.'

He was on his way here to this house, I thought. How strange for such a ghost to have remained unknown to us these many years.

'How long ago was that, Mr. Church? It must be a long time now, is n't it?'

'Good many years, I reckon. Was before the time that German fella had the place. And Mr. Sherburn, he bought it from some Poles, did n't he?'

'Yes. That was fifteen years ago, and they'd had it for some time. Were the Germans here long?'

'I've kinda lost track. Might be ten years or so. I could n't exactly say.'

'Around thirty or forty years ago you grafted that tree, eh?'

'I guess so,' he said. 'I always remember that tree, 'cause it was the day Murdock died I grafted it for him.'

'Did you ever graft any others?'

'Ya-as. Thar's that one down by the spring and one out back o' the barn, but I did n't do them the same time.'

'Well, you help yourself to those astrachans, won't you? Take as many as you like.'

'Thank ye very much. I'll take a few. I always liked that tree.'

The Civil War buckle you found that time when you were cleaning out the attic must have belonged to the old Colonel who would have paid his son to stay away from this house.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Forward, March!

In forwarding the claims of this unpopular month to a more tolerant consideration by its many detractors, I do not wish to display the irritating spirit of a Pollyanna. Indeed, I have great sympathy with the remark of the astute old lady who said she had always noticed that if she lived through March she lived through the rest of the year. Even Julius Cæsar quailed at what this month might hold for him, and most of us need no soothsayer to tell us that we are more receptive to disaster in March than at any other season. Our tired nerves and cold-racked bodies are Cassandras whose messages should be heeded.

March is certainly the pariah among the months, and most appropriately is he named after the god of war, for no character could more truly suggest willful trouble-seeking and boisterous unrest. This is the month when people of leisure and prosperity who live in Northern climes seek to escape the rigors of so-called 'spring' by hurrying to zones where March disguises himself as his more peaceable brother April, or even assumes the feminine aspect of his gentle sister May.

But there are many thousands of us who cannot wander in search of the perfect climate, and who must learn to exercise that quality so justly recommended nowadays by nerve doctors and psychologists, 'adjustment to our own environment' — and alas! that environment includes the thirty-one days which separate winter from spring.

We all enjoy lending a hand to pull the rope that hangs the dog to whom a bad name has been given, but poor misjudged March does not deserve hanging, for he is less a criminal than a humorist. We take his follies far too seriously, and condemn him when we should only laugh at him. If our hats fly off when March winds blow too suddenly upon them, if we step on a frozen puddle only to find ourselves up to our ankles in ice water, we must realize that March is making a clumsy attempt to be amusing, for he is a born practical joker who likes to get a rise out of hats and skirts. If we swear instead of laughing, it is the fault of January and February, who have frazzled our nerves; breezy, happy-go-lucky March is not really trying to irritate us.

March has a sense of beauty as well as a sense of humor. The same wind that blows off our hats sets the twigs on the highest tree tops curtsying and balancing to corners as if they were dancing a minuet. It is March who dips the willow wands in sunlight and turns them to delicate gold when winter seemed to have killed all life and color in them. The little brook becomes vocal under its

> crystal fretting,
> Never never petting
> About the frozen time.

Early birds have appeared, —

> a very few
> a bird or two, —

not to catch the punctual worm, but to beg for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, and their hunger drives away their native shyness and gives their flattered host a momentary sense of kinship with Saint Francis.

In March those who are fortunate enough to live in the country where the air is not poisoned by the noxious fumes of motors can detect the smell — perhaps not of green things growing, but of the mud that announces their approach, and even *that* is pleasant after the sting of frost in one's nostrils. March brings a general consciousness that the back of winter is broken, even if the vigorous monster is not quite dead; and if the poor old thing gives a despairing kick or two and tries to resume his sway, we know that April is coming up the hill, and that it is the law of Nature that Age must

abdicate in favor of Youth, and the reign of frightfulness must give place to the rains of fruitfulness.

March is essentially the month of transition. It is a good time to realize the pleasures of retrospect no less than those of anticipation. For these few weeks Nature seems to pause in the outward manifestations of her activity, and we should follow her example and prepare our souls — even as we do our gardens and our houses — for the change that is coming.

'Remove mulch from the flower beds, cut back the hybrid tea roses. Look out for insects!' commands our garden calendar.

'Clean out closet shelves, dust out cupboards. Look out for moths!' cries out practical experience.

'Beware the Ides of March when everybody's temper — including your own — is easily lost! Put away winter grievances in an air-tight bag. Shake out your sense of humor and hang it where the wind can blow through it!' advises common sense.

Philosophers tell us that no actual enjoyment is so keen as the joy of anticipation. The greatest pleasure we have in April consists of looking forward to May; *ergo* April is more desirable than May. This being so, March should take on a new significance, it being the icy, wind-swept corridor that leads to the month of joyful anticipation. This may sound like the specious reasoning of a determined optimist, but it is time that we should take stock of the good points of much-maligned March, instead of always harping on his obvious faults. We must remember that there is not only such a thing as a Funeral March, but a Wedding March as well, and that the month that tolls the knell of passing snowflakes hails also the coming of bride-white snowdrops — and this prophecy of spring is a prophecy that shall not fail.

WILMOT PRICE

STORIES MAMMY TOLD ME

THESE are some of the stories told to a little girl on a sugar plantation in Southern Louisiana sixty years ago. Every night when she was put to bed some delightful adventure would be related by her old Negro mammy, who drew them from a seemingly inexhaustible repertoire. Mammy was middle-aged, very straight, with a kind, intelligent face. She was usually dressed in blue or purple calico, with white apron, collar, and cuffs, immaculately clean, and she always wore a bandanna handkerchief on her head, tied in a mysterious and beautiful way which in Louisiana was called a *tignon*. The tales that follow are typical of the bedtime stories which in those days were told to children by beloved Negro mammies in all parts of the South.

MR. DOG LEARNS TO WHISTLE

What you want Mammy to tell you 'bout to-night, honey? 'Bout why Mr. Dog is always a-chasin' Mr. Rabbit?

Well, in de ol' time Mr. Dog had a tiny little mouf, more smaller dan Mr. Rabbit. He don't mind 'bout dat, 'cepen fer one thing — he cain't whistle like Mr. Rabbit. So one day Mr. Dog ax Mr. Rabbit how come he cain't whistle pretty like Mr. Rabbit, an' Mr. Rabbit he say it's 'cause Mr. Dog's mouf is too little. 'If you's willin',' says Mr. Rabbit, 'I kin cut yo' mouf fer you so's you kin whistle good'; an' Mr. Dog he say all right.

So he lay hisse'f down and let Mr. Rabbit climb onter his back, an' Mr. Rabbit git out he pocket knife an' cut Mr. Dog's mouf — bof sides mos' back to de years! Den he tell Mr. Dog to see ef he kin whistle. But we'n Mr. Dog try to whistle, all de soun' dat come outen he mouf is 'Woof! Woof!' — an' Mr. Rabbit jes' set by de road an' mos' bus' he sides laughin'. Dis make Mr. Dog so mad he cain't see, but w'en he try to ketch Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit he jes' ain't dere — he done lef' lickerty split up de road.

An' fum dat time on Mr. Dog been lookin' fer Mr. Rabbit to pay 'im back fer dis-yere trick. An' dat's how come Mr. Dog is always a-chasin' Mr. Rabbit whenebber he lay eyes on 'im.

MR. ROOSTER'S FINE CLOTHES

Yes, chile, dey wuz fren's in de ol' time — all de critters wuz fren's. In dat day an' age Mr. Alligator an' Mr. Rooster wuz bof co'tin' two sisters, an' one evenin' Mr. Rooster he say to Mr. Alligator, 'Come

along, le's us go an' call on de young ladies up at dey house.'

But Mr. Alligator he say, 'No, I cain't go, 'cause I ain't got no fittin' clo's to put on to hide ma bumpy back.'

Dat make Mr. Rooster feel kinder sorry fer 'im, so he say, 'I kin len' you a fine suit er clo's,' 'cause Mr. Rooster he always have mo' clo's den he kin put on.

So he dressed Mr. Alligator up mighty fine an' dey went to see de ladies. Mr. Alligator wuz so well please wid hisse'f, an' behave hisse'f so well, an' tol' de ladies sich funny tales, dat nobody ain't pay no 'tention to Mr. Rooster. After a while he got tired sittin' dere by hisse'f, so he walked out on de gallery an' flop his wings like dis, 'Plop, plop, plop,' an' throwed back his haid an' hollered, 'I wants all my things back!'

De young ladies dey looks at Mr. Alligator an' dey say, 'Wot you got dat belong to Mr. Rooster?'

Mr. Alligator he say, 'I'se borr'd he hat,' an' he went out an' give Mr. Rooster he hat. Den he went back an' commence talkin' to de ladies.

But Mr. Rooster he flop his wings ag'in, 'Plop, plop, plop! I wants all my things back!'

De ladies say, 'Wot you got dat belong to Mr. Rooster?'

Dis time Mr. Alligator he say, 'I'se borr'd he shoes,' an' he went out an' take off Mr. Rooster's shoes an' give 'um to him. Den he went back ag'in an' commence talking to de ladies.

But Mr. Rooster he flop his wings ag'in, 'Plop, plop, plop,' an' hollered louder den ever, 'I wants *all* my things back!'

An' de ladies say, 'Wot is you got now dat belong to Mr. Rooster?'

But Mr. Alligator wuz 'shame to tell 'em, so he say, 'You'll have to 'scuse me, ladies. It's time fer me to be goin' home.' So he lef', an' w'en he got to Mr. Rooster, bless yo' heart ef he did n't jump on Mr. Rooster an' pull all his tail fedders out.

An' dey ain't never been fren's, fum dat day twell now.

WHY MR. SQUIRREL LIVES IN A TREE

You know, honey, in de ol' time de an'mals use' to crop de lan' jes' like folks, an' Mr. Bear, Mr. Pig, an' Mr. Squerl dey done 'greed 'mong deyse'f to go croppin' on shares.

Well, one day Mr. Bear wuz ploughin', an' he say, 'Dis-yere ploughshare sho' is dull. I gotta ca'y it to de blacksmit' to git it sharpen'.' An' Mr. Pig he say dat all right. So Mr. Bear he lef' wid de ploughshare. W'en he got to de man's house an' ax 'im 'bout sharp'nin' it, de man say, 'I cain't stop ma wuck right now, but I kin fix it fer you dis evenin'. You kin stay yere to-night an' go home by sunup to-morrer.'

So Mr. Bear he say, 'Thank you, sah.'

Well, w'en de man's son Roody comed in, de man say, 'Come on, son, we gwine to kill Mr. Bear.' An' dat night dey kilt Mr. Bear an' salt him down in de barrel.

De nex' day Mr. Pig he say, 'I gotta go see whar is Mr. Bear. Maybe he done los' hisse'f in de woods.' So Mr. Pig he went to de blacksmit' an' ax him is he seen Mr. Bear. De man say he ain't seen him sence yestiddy; but ef Mr. Pig kin wait till he git thoo de wuck he doin' he'll go wid him an' he'p him look fer Mr. Bear in de woods.

So Mr. Pig he say, 'Thank you, sah.'

Well, 'long toward sundown dey start out to look fer Mr. Bear, an' dey look an' dey look, all thoo de woods, till hit's dark night. Den de man say, 'You kin stay yere to-night, an' I'll he'p you ag'in to look fer him to-morrer.'

An' Mr. Pig he say, 'Thank you, sah.'

Soon as Mr. Pig drops off to sleep, de man calls Roody, an' dey kills Mr. Pig an' salts him down in de barrel.

Well, w'en Mr. Squerl seed dat Mr. Bear an' needer Mr. Pig ain't comed home, he got oneasy in his min', an' he say he better go look fer 'um, 'cause maybe dey done los' deyse'f in de woods, or done gotten inter some kin' er trouble. So he go to de man's house an' ax him did he see Mr. Bear an' Mr. Pig. De man say he ain't seen 'em sence yestiddy, but maybe dey done los' deyse'f in de woods, an' ef Mr. Squerl kin wait till mawnin' he gwine he'p him look fer 'um.

So Mr. Squerl he say, 'Thank you, sah,' an' de man tol' Mr. Squerl he kin sleep in de baid wid Roody.

Well, Mr. Squerl wait till Roody wuz asleep, den he take Roody's clo's an' put

'em on, an' got back inter de baid. An' 'fore long de man come in, an', seein' Roody's clo's on Mr. Squerl, he lean down an' say, 'Come on, son, we gwine kill Mr. Squerl an' salt him down.' Wid dat Mr. Squerl he jump up an' grab de axe an' chop off Roody's haid befo' de man come back wid de light. Den he he'p de man salt him down in de barrel, an' arter de man done gone back to baid Mr. Squerl tooken Roody's haid an' chunk it in de barrel.

In de mawnin' de man say, 'Come on, son, le's us see how much meat we-all's got in de barrel,' an' w'en he open de barrel de fust thing he seed wuz Roody's haid. Den he made a grab fer Mr. Squerl, but Mr. Squerl wuz too quick fer him. He jes' frisk he tail an' wuz up in a tree befo' you could wink yo' eye.

De man say, 'Jes' you wait till I gits ma gun,' but he say to hisse'f, 'Somebody got to watch Mr. Squerl so he don't git outer de tree.' So he calls Mr. Bullfrog an' ax him ef he'll watch Mr. Squerl while he gits his gun fum de house.

Mr. Bullfrog he answer, 'Awt, awt, ef you gib me de haid. Awt, awt, ef you gib me de haid.'

So de man say he 'grees to dat, an' he go to git he gun.

Den Mr. Squerl, settin' up in de tree, he look all about to see ef he kin fin' sumpin to chunk at Mr. Bullfrog, but he cain't fin' nuttin', till at las' he feel in de pocket ob Roody's coat an' fin' a plug er terbacker. He bites offen a big piece an' chaws it up good, an' den he th'owed it down — spang! — onter Mr. Bullfrog's haid. It spatter into he eyes, so Mr. Bullfrog is plum blind, an' dat's how Mr. Squerl got de chance to git down outer de tree an' git on home.

An' he ain't never fergot how he save hisse'f fum de man dat time w'en he clumb up de tree. He take to livin' in a tree fum den on, an' frisk hisse'f up in de high branches soon's anybody look like he want to ketch 'im. I guess you notice dat. Well, dat's why.

Ain't you sleep yit, honey? You want Mammy to sing you dat song 'bout goin' to res'?

O ma soul, O ma soul, I'm gwine fer to res'
In de ahms ob de Angel Gabreal.
I climbs up de hill an' I looks to de wes',
An' I cross ober Jordan to de Lamb.

O ma soul, O ma soul, I'll rise up early
In de mawn,
I will arise, an' rub ma sleepy eyes,
W'en ol' Gabreal is blowin' on his hawn.

SARA AVERY MCILHENNY

HORATIUS AT BRIDGE

Horace

BLEST were the days ere my Lydia grew
Peevish, rebellious, disparaging, spiteful;
North to my South, she was trusting and true;
Bridge was delightful.

Lydia

That was ere Chloe, blandiloquent dame,
Buttered up Horace and moved him to flout me;
Loudly he praised and applauded my game,
Boasted about me.

Horace

Chloe, sweet girl, is a partner I prize —
Teachable, clever, attuned to psychology;
While the devotion I read in her eyes
Needs no apology.

Lydia

Though you estranged me with arrogant jest,
Called me a partner of feeble mentality,
Young Mr. Ornytus hails me as best
From this locality.

Horace

Chloe may gently cajole me to stay,
East to her West, with a hope to be rydia;
What if I vow that hereafter I'll play
Only with Lydia?

Lydia

Then my fond youth may commend me in vain,
Though he excel you in charm and sagacity!
Let me be North, and with Horace remain
In that capacity!

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN